

Feel like i landed on another planet  
Of clones with gym tits as hard as granite  
Body fascists rule this land  
Where can i find a flat-chested man?  
Feel out place and so alone  
Amidst the hairspray and cologne  
Attitude cuts you like a knife  
Ken dolls on steroids come to life  
In the fluffy city  
The Santa Monica Boulevard scene  
Poodle hair and sausage jeans  
The "International Male" store  
The mannequins and customers are interchangeable  
Makes me want to get a Revolver\*  
The whole place puts me in a Rage\*  
In a town full of out of work actors  
The whole world truly is a stage  
In the fluffy city  
Met a guy, what a joke  
He touched his hair and it broke  
Conversation was a strain  
He crossed his legs and crushed his brain  
Teal tank tops everywhere  
Cigarette smoke choking the air  
Underneath they might be deep  
But i have met so many creeps  
In the fluffy city  
(\* two appalling clubs in West Hollywood)