

## Half a Man

Randy Newman

This big old queen was standing  
On the corner of the street  
He waved his hanky at me  
As I went rolling by

I pulled the truck up on the sidewalk  
And I climbed down from the cab  
With my tire-chain and my knife  
As I approached him

He was trembling like a bird  
I raised the chain above my head  
He said, "Please, before you kill me  
Might I have one final word?"

And this is what he said:  
"I am but Half A Man,  
Half A Man I'd like to be a dancer  
But I'm much too large

Half A Man, Half A Man  
I'm an object for your pity  
Not your rage"  
Oh, the strangest feeling's sweeping over me

Both my speech and manner have become much more refined  
I said, "Oh, what is this feeling?  
What is wrong with me?"  
She said, "Girl, it happens all the time "

And you are Half A Man,  
Half A Man Look,  
you're walking and you're talking Like a fag."  
Half A Man,

I am Half A Man Holy Jesus, what a drag