

Pretty Boys

Veruca Salt

Last night I dreamt you were gay
It was all you needed to say
Finally an answer for why you don't want me that way

Last year I slept in your arms
Slept right through the alarm
But now you live in Virginia, alone on a farm

Boys will be boys,
Boys will be boys,
Girls can't avoid,
Pretty boys

Last July I came untied
My trousers, my bra and my pride
You were so confident that I would let you inside

Back of the bus in Berlin
That was the Summer of Sin
Brian and Reggie pounding the bottle of gin

Liars and lovers, twin brothers never win

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