

Natural Toy

"Not Gay"

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There have been a lot of questions about our sexual
discretions, but we're not gay, not gay

And I'm kinda tired of it so I'll tell ya where to
shove it, no we're not gay, not gay

So here's a little song, you can try to sing along
It moves a little fast, but we're gonna try and pass
To you the information 'cause it needs articulation that
we're not gay

We hang out together and we sing of chains and
leather,
but we're not gay, not gay
And I know it gets confusing but it's really not amusing,
No we're not gay, not gay

Maybe it's just compensation, but we're here to tell the
nation,
Even though we drink martinis,
We can still enjoy bikinis,
Not the ones that we are wearing, but the ones that we
are staring at
We're not gay

You're the Michael to my Crichton,
The Jurassic to my Park,
But we're not gay, not gay

You're the Rosa to my bus,
We don't discriminate or fuss
And we're not gay, not gay

You're Garfunkel to my Simon,
You're the QB to my lineman,
That Garfunkel bit was low,
But you know you really blow,
And not the way that you are thinking,
And this metaphor is sinking,
And we're not gay

And so we near the end,
Though we really are just friends,
And we're not gay

And despite what you are wishin',
No I really wouldn't kiss him,
No we're not gay, not gay

, we know that crying's not for guys,
But this song is so upsetting,
And it really isn't letting us,
Express our deep obsession with
constantly reminding you we're not gay

Not that there's anything wrong with that
We're just really not gay..ay..ay

...You queer

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