

Boy Eats Drum Machine

"How D'ya Keep Your Credibility?"

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Hey, this song is for Marilyn and every drag queen...

Oh brother, it's not like the past
We were wearing stilettos and talking too fast
Passing the mirror hung up in pose
The boys they were fairest in immaculate clothes
Lunch with Janet Street Porter and Marilyn's nose
But this life is a baby, so sad when it grows
Into you and me, ah what the hell we're gonna be?
Where will we go, and what will we be?
If we can't communicate intelligently There's a price on
my head but I'll never
Be free
I said 'how d'ya keep your credibility'?

No more crying
No more trying
Please, no more dying
I just wanna be free

I'm taking the trouble right to your door
Why'd you do it you bastard, don't love you no more
Sinners beside me, saints on the right
And if you slow down, you'll be a turkey tonight
C'mon let's go a little further, don't be uptight
If you feel insecure, well just turn off the light
Where will we go, and what will we be?
If we can't communicate intelligently
There's a price on my head but I've never been free
I said 'how d'ya keep your credibility'?
I said 'how d'ya keep your credibility'?

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