

## Flirtations

# "The Homecoming Queen's Got A Gun"

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Jimmy

"I grew up in a little town in Georgia, Columbus  
Georgia, to be  
Precise. Actually, in the 'One Of Us' section, we said  
one of us  
Ran away from home at fourteen, and that was me. I  
was tortured in  
School, I was the class fag. People were calling me  
'faggot'  
Before I even knew what that word meant. Then I went  
and found out  
What it meant, and was like 'Oh, there's a name for it?'  
At the  
Time, I didn't find it amusing. I like to be honest about it  
now,  
Because I've expended an incredible amount of energy  
over the past  
Couple of... years, actually over my life, trying to  
pretend that  
That never happened to me, that that's not part of my  
life, that  
I've always been this cool. Huh, God. So, what I'd like to  
do  
Know actually is reach back to those roots that I have  
tried so  
Desperately to wipe out of my life, and share with you a  
fantasy  
From that period... it's more of a nightmare. I was so  
angry and,  
And confused, and lonely and miserable that most of  
my fantasies  
During that period of time sort of ran like the movie  
'Carrie.'"  
It was Homecoming Night at my high school  
Everyone was there, it was bodaciously cool  
I was so excited, why, I almost wet my jeans  
'Cause my best friend Debbie was Homecoming Queen  
She looked so pretty in pink chiffon  
Riding the float with her tiara on  
Holding this humongous bouquet in her hand  
She looked straight out of Disneyland!  
Well, it was just like the Cinderella ride - it was

definitely an  
'E' ticket!  
The crowd was cheering, everyone was stoked  
You know, I think it was like the whole school was totally  
coked  
out or something.  
The band was playing 'Evergreen'  
When all of a sudden, somebody screamed:  
"Oh my God, look out! The Homecoming Queen's got a  
GUN!!!"  
Everybody run, the Homecoming Queen's got a gun!  
Everybody run, the Homecoming Queen's got a gun!  
Debbie's smiling, and wiping her gun  
Picking off cheerleaders one by one  
Oh no! Muffy's pompons just blew to bits  
My God, Mitzi's head just did the splits!  
My best friend is on a shooting spree  
Stop it, Debbie, you're embarrassing me!  
How could you do what you just did -  
Are you having a really bad period?  
Everybody run, the Homecoming Queen's got a gun!  
Everybody run, the Homecoming Queen's got a gun!  
(Stop it, Debbie, you're making a mess  
Powder burns all over your dress  
Bloody bodies all over the quad  
Who'd have thought she'd be packing a rod!)

An hour later, you know, the cops had arrived  
Oh, but by then the entire glee club had died - no big  
loss  
You wouldn't believe what they brought to stop  
Tear gas, machine guns... even a chopper!  
"Throw down your gun and tiara and come out of that  
float!"  
Debbie didn't listen to what the cop said,  
No, she aimed and fired, and now the math teacher's  
dead!  
Oh, it's really sad, but, you know, it's kind of a relief,  
You see, we had this big test coming up next week...  
Everybody run, the Homecoming Queen's got a gun!  
Everybody run, the Homecoming Queen's got a gun!  
(Debbie's really having a blast!  
She's wasted half of the class!)

The cops fired a warning shot and she dove off that  
float  
I tried to scream "Duck!" but it stuck in my throat  
She hit the ground and did a flip; it was real acrobatic  
But I was crying so hard, I couldn't work my Instamatic.  
I ran down to Debbie, I had to find out, like,  
What made her do it, why'd she freak out?  
I saw the bullet had grazed her... right about here.

I knew then... the end was near.  
And I... As... Do y'all mind?  
So as the SWAT team and a gaggle of hall monitors  
escorted her from  
The field, I ran alongside, and I said to her, "Debbie!  
Debbie,  
Why did you do it? Why did you do it?" She just smiled  
at me and  
Said, "I did it for Lonnie." "Lonnie? Debbie, who's  
Lonnie?  
There aren't even any boys in our school named  
Lonnie. There is  
Ms. Wilson, the wood shop teacher.... Oh my God,  
Debbie is that  
Why you spent all that time makin' those tacky  
birdhouses instead  
Of being in the Future Homemakers of America with  
me?" It was too  
Late for answers. And as the SWAT team roared off  
into the sunset,  
I, I surveyed the gruesome scene before me. The ruins  
of that  
Beautiful chicken-wire-and-crepe-paper 'V-for-Victory'  
that the Pep  
Club had worked so hard on... And then it hit me. It's  
still  
Homecoming Week. We can't have a Homecoming  
Game without a  
Homecoming Queen. It was then I knew what I must do.  
So I  
Retrieved her tiara from where it had fallen and I  
placed it  
Lovingly upon my head, willing to assume the  
awesome burden of  
Homecoming Queen, eager to rule with a firm, yet  
sensitive hand...  
All right, boys, sing it for me!  
Everybody scream, the Homecoming Queen is a  
queen!  
He's a queen, he's a queen, he's a queen, he's a  
queen.  
Ahhhhhhh, a big old queen!

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