

J Church "Transvestite Show"

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Come on, come on, let's go,
Let's go check out the transvestite show,
We can laugh at the spectacle,
But someone still goes home alone

He can't sleep,
He never dreams,
He goes to bed in tights and wig,
He goes to bed in tights and wig,
He does not know anything except he is alone

Cuts and bruises from home,
He lived with his mom after the separation,
Her anger and sad cruelty,
A mis-fired, hateful energy

You look so much like your father,
Have I told you about your father?
You look so much like your father,
Have I told you about your father?

Life in unreality,
Subliminal reality,
Cosmetic perfection, cosmetic Darwin,
Superfluous shoulders, an otherwise stereotype

But it's real,
The feeling is seemingly real,
Anger and sadness streak his face,
But yet, he sleeps alone

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