

Mechanical Cabaret

"Tabloid Species"

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It could be the things I say, That I'm not Straight or Gay,
But I'm not the special way you expect me to be today

It might be the way I look, or that I drew all over your
book,
But I'm not the particular way you expect me to be
today

It may be that I don't care, but I don't usually stop and
stare
Or scream abuse at passers-by, Or stick my finger in
their eye,
Just because they're them not me, They're "not my
favourite cup of tea"
Well, The Tabloid Species has run amok, but that's OK
'cos they're all fucked...

Perhaps there's certain things I've done you'd secretly
consider fun,
But then You wouldn't be the peculiar way you are when
you wake up every day

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