

Romane Serda

"What Kind Of Self-Respecting Faggot Am I?"

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Guess that I was destined to be the kind of guy
Who never really fits in, and never keeps in time
So now I've started askin' the question on my mind
What kind of self-respecting faggot am I?

I moved to San Francisco, it seemed the place to be
But I'm not into disco, and bars intimidate me
My only can of Crisco is where it's s'posed to be
What kind of self-respecting faggot am I?

Don't own a single record by Barbra, Bette or Judy
Heard of Bette Davis, but never saw her movies
Guess I'm irresponsible, it seems I've shirked my duty
What kind of self-respecting faggot am I?

I don't read magazines like GQ
My hair's too long, my clothes are out of style
And when the conversation turns to Broadway shows
All I can do is sit and smile

I don't brunch on Sundays, don't own a set of weights
I wouldn't dream of screwing 'till after several dates
I know it's quite pathetic, I might as well be straight
What kind of self-respecting faggot am I?

It's so hard to be a homo, it's hard to play the game
When you don't own a poster of Marilyn (what's her name?)
I know it's hard to fathom, it's really quite a shame
What kind of self-respecting faggot am I?

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