

## **Ste McCabe**

# **"Broken Record"**

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I'm moving on and up in my life  
So what's that in my back?  
Well surely not a knife?  
You say that it's all in my mind  
If I've been here once I've been here a hundred times  
One for the child you mocked  
When I was ashamed of the sound of my own voice  
One for the broken record  
That keeps on playing over and over  
Now there's too many to count  
For every fuckin day that I walk through town  
One for the queers on TV  
Playing up to every stereotyped they forced upon me  
One for the dead bodies  
That keep on piling up while were dropping E's  
One for these liberal times  
Where homophobia is all in a queer's mind  
Broken record.

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