

Ste McCabe "Queer Clubbing"

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It's Ironic but true, I've had all kinds of abuse
But the only ignorance I've suffered lately was from
you
I queue up in the cold to be open and free
So why is it I feel bitchy eyes staring at me?
When you have to camp it up just to get inside
Is it any wonder that this is the land of stereotypes?
I don't want to disco dance, and I don't want to
celebrate
Being free in our own segregated little way
So when you speak to me don't try to partonise
It doesn't work when there is buggar all behind your
eyes
I can't afford your friendship, cannot take your pace
It's lucky that I'd sooner tear the skin from my own face
Your bourgeois pretenses do nothing for me
And I was never really a fan of misogyny
So I'm going home to my unwanted straight friends
Who only ever showed support and love regardless of
your trends
Back-stabbing is in, solidarity is out
And now it's only drinking borders that we march about
And when the homophobes come to take us out
They will leave when they see you scratching each
other's eyes out.

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