

Ste McCabe "Rant"

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If you've got 2 or 3 minutes for my life story
Then sit back while I revel in my glory
It started with football and me running away
Skipping in the back yard and no-one else would play
Well it's not an unusual narrative
For a gay boy in a backward town to find it hard to live
While Thatcher was cooking up the section 28 scheme
And setting up the picture for my teenage years, ok
Find the sickest boy in town
He'll be hiding his arse when I'm around
Think of the sickest rumours
And all of your friends turning Judas
Now you can call me bitter, call me nasty
Hate my guts and make me happy
But I am not about to forget
When teachers turned their backs, and to it I was left
And as for football I remember when and where
Gerrard would call me queer and spit in my hair
So you will forgive me if I turn over
When world cup fever takes the country over
With a flag that's been adopted by a racist party
Find the sickest boy in town
He'll be hiding his arse when I'm around
Think of the sickest rumours
And all of your friends turning Judas
See, it's not about fitting in
Hell I don't even know what the fuck a twink is
See, I know one day that I'll be 65
And with 13 cats, I'll be puking in a high-rise
Dreading my own miserable demise
And saying "Those were the days, those were the
days..."
And then I'll laugh myself to death
Ha ha!

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