Robin Williamson "Boys"

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Let us celebrate the foreign glamour of boys

Their allure is left unexplained

Their features and form alien to girls as described by girls

Scant chance for us to consume the beauty of the male body for pleasure

The body of boys, the blood of boys x8

Kappa jackets, Puma trainers, Farrahs, mullets, flicks

For that 80s comp-boy look

Bunny hops, wheelies (wow!)

BMX boys have a lot of fun

They ride their bikes out in the sun

Leisure centre, down by Cedars, railway line

Graffiti catalogues your weekend

Wait around, hang about, track you down

I spy on you

Looking hard through soft clean fringes

And if I kissed you (kiss kiss kiss)

And if we did it (do do do)

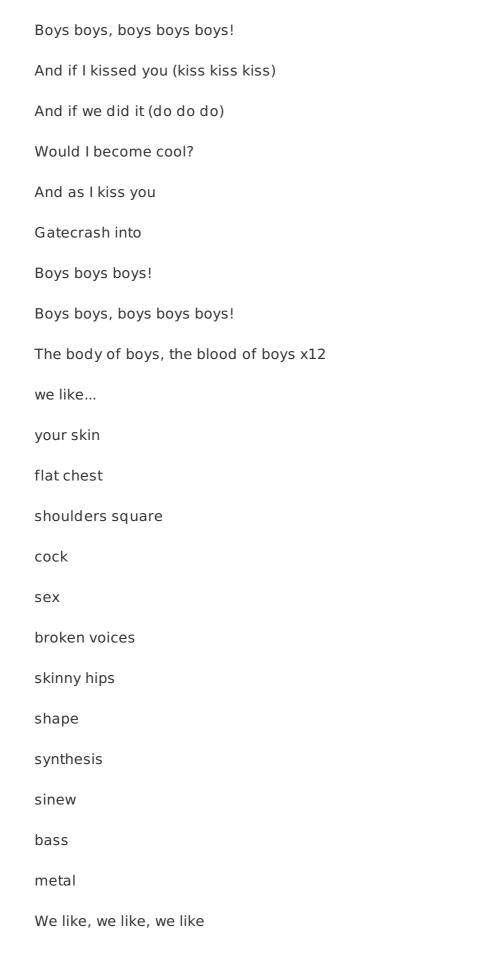
Would I become cool?

And as I kiss you

Gatecrash into

Boys boys boys! Boys boys, boys boys! And if I kissed you (kiss kiss kiss) And if we did it (do do do) Would I become cool? And as I kiss you Gatecrash into Boys boys boys! Boys boys, boys boys! Biker jackets, long black jumpers, nose rings, DMs, dreads For that 90s indie look Guitars, playing records (wow!) Boys in bands have a lot of fun They make new sounds to get off on Planet X, Freak Scene, Wildlife, Carny Bar Roaches catalogue my weekend Muck around, doss about, pants down I lose time with you Looking through your alternative fringe And if I kissed you (kiss kiss kiss) And if we did it (do do do) Would I become cool? And as I kiss you Gatecrash into

Boys boys boys!



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