

Romanovsky And Phillips "My Mother's Clothes (the Drag Rag)"

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(This song came out of my first public drag experience
at the age
of 25, which brought back many memories of earlier
private
experiences. For my mother, who still has more pairs of
shoes
than any drag queen I know. -RR)
I remember dressing up in my mother's clothes
She had hordes of high-heeled shoes
And plenty of pairs of pantyhose
She had wigs to make me look a thousand different
ways
And blouses made of silk and lace and evening gowns
for days
My mother's clothes, my mother's clothes
All my dreams came true in my mother's clothes
I remember dressing up in my mother's clothes
In the woods behind my house we'd have our fashion
shows
Secretly we'd gather all the old things she'd dispatch
And soon we'd have a wardrobe with accessories to
match
My mother's clothes, my mother's clothes
All my dreams came true in my mother's clothes
We could be a princess from a fairy tale
Or Florence Nightingale
Curing all disease in our mother's clothes
We could be Miss Lois Lane (Oh, Superman)
Or even Tarzan's Jane
Swinging through the trees in our mother's clothes
We could be a beauty queen (There she is)
Or Mary Magdalene
Sinners we'd forsake in our mother's clothes
(I don't know how to love him!)
We could be Petula Clark (Downtown)
Or even Joan of Arc
Burning at the stake in our mother's clothes
Until we learned it's not okay
For a boy to dress that way
Not allowed to fantasize
We become desensitized
To all our waking dreams

And the endless possibilities
Of roles that we can play
Now some of us still dress up in our mothers' clothes
And some of us just like to watch and some look down
their nose
But we've all got an image that we want to convey
And drag is something each of us does every single
day

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