## Romanovsky & Phillips "What Kind Of Self-Respecting Faggot Am I?"

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Guess that I was destined to be the kind of guy Who never really fits in, and never keeps in time So now I've started askin' the question on my mind What kind of self-respecting faggot am I?

I moved to San Francisco, it seemed the place to be But I'm not into disco, and bars intimidate me My only can of Crisco is where it's s'posed to be What kind of self-respecting faggot am I?

Don't own a single record by Barbra, Bette or Judy Heard of Bette Davis, but never saw her movies Guess I'm irresponsible, it seems I've shirked my duty What kind of self-respecting faggot am I?

I don't read magazines like GQ My hair's too long, my clothes are out of style And when the conversation turns to Broadway shows All I can do is sit and smile

I don't brunch on Sundays, don't own a set of weights I wouldn't dream of screwing 'till after several dates I know it's quite pathetic, I might as well be straight What kind of self-respecting faggot am I?

It's so hard to be a homo, it's hard to play the game When you don't own a poster of Marilyn (what's her name?)

I know it's hard to fathom, it's really quite a shame What kind of self-respecting faggot am I?

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