## Zamora

## "Transvestite i Won't Be Home For Christmas"

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My mom, she's not a woman anymore, She dresses like a man Dresses like a man, She's not as feminine as she Used to be before. Now she is so damned masculine.

I close my eyes My mom's not a woman anymore She's wearing a disguise Everytime she leaves through that door.

My mom's not the same As she was in the past If I misbehave she kicks my ass My mom's not quite the Woman that she was before When my friends come over She likes to wrestle them down to the floor.

And I close my eyes My mom's not a woman anymore She's wearing a disguise Everytime she leaves through that door.

My mom's a transvestite.

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