

My thinks I'm gay
I threw that of junk away
On the Champs-Élysées
As I was walking
This is my communiqué
Down the super
All that I have left to say in a tome
I got too many friends
Too many that I'll never meet
And I'll never be there for
'Cause I'll never be there
If I could it all away
Will it come back to me.....?

Like a needle in the hay or an stone
But I got a to declaim
The are to blame
For all my sorrow and my pain
A feeling so
My thinks I'm gay
What's the anyway
When all the people do all day
Is stare into a