

# Real Men

Pansy Division

What's a man now?  
What's a man mean?  
Is he rough or is he rugged?  
Is he cultural or clean?

Now it's all changed  
It's gotta change more  
I think it's gettin' better  
But nobody's really sure

Take your mind back  
I don't know when  
Back when it always seemed to be just us and them  
Girls who wore pink  
Boys that wore blue  
Boys that always grew up better men than me and you

And so it goes  
Go 'round again  
But now and then we wonder where the real men are

Oh, whoah  
Oh, whoah, oh, oh, oh  
Oh, whoah  
Oh, whoah, oh, oh, oh  
Ahhh

Even nice boys, dancin' in pairs  
Golden earring, golden tan, blowing in their hair  
Sure they're all straight  
Straight as they lie  
All the gays are macho, can't you see the leather shine

You don't wanna act dumb,  
Don't wanna offend  
So don't call me a faggot now unless you are a friend

and tall  
And handsome and strong  
You can wear the uniform and I can play a role

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