

Robots In Disguise, Boys

Let us celebrate the foreign glamour of boys
Their allure is left unexplained
Their features and form alien to girls as described by girls
Scant chance for us to consume the beauty of the male body for pleasure

The body of boys, the blood of boys x8

Kappa jackets, Puma trainers, Farrahs, mullets, flicks
For that 80s comp-boy look
Bunny hops, wheelies (wow!)
BMX boys have a lot of fun
They ride their bikes out in the sun

Leisure centre, down by Cedars, railway line
Graffiti catalogues your weekend
Wait around, hang about, track you down
I spy on you
Looking hard through soft clean fringes

And if I kissed you (kiss kiss kiss)
And if we did it (do do do)
Would I become cool?
And as I kiss you
Gatecrash into
Boys boys boys!
Boys boys, boys boys boys!

And if I kissed you (kiss kiss kiss)
And if we did it (do do do)
Would I become cool?
And as I kiss you
Gatecrash into
Boys boys boys!
Boys boys, boys boys boys!

Biker jackets, long black jumpers, nose rings, DMs, dreads
For that 90s indie look
Guitars, playing records (wow!)
Boys in bands have a lot of fun
They make new sounds to get off on

Planet X, Freak Scene, Wildlife, Carny Bar
Roaches catalogue my weekend
Muck around, doss about, pants down
I lose time with you
Looking through your alternative fringe

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And if we did it (do do do)
Would I become cool?
And as I kiss you
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The body of boys, the blood of boys x12

we like...
your skin
flat chest
shoulders square
cock
sex
broken voices
skinny hips
shape
synthesis
sinew
bass
metal

We like, we like, we like