

If Life Were a Gay Bar

If life were a gay bar
It would begin each afternoon at four
I would head quickly for the tavern and a stiff bar pour

If life was like gay bars
Who would need Zabar's?

I'd survive on vodka and pretzels and potato crisps
Chatting with butch guys and femme ones with lisps

If life were a gay bar, everyone I knew would be a certifiable lush
I would spend every minute discussing recipes and sex until my mind turned to mush

The same jokes would be told, ad infinitum
They would be told no matter what, you would need not invite 'em

If life were a gay bar, you would discuss everything but sports and avoid talking Iraq
Just keep ordering drinks until you get a buyback

If life were a gay bar, things would be so easy
The world would be a beer bottle and delightfully sleazy

If life were a gay bar, whiskey would be the only thing that is ever sour
And every breathing minute would be happy hour

We would talk with fellow patrons who are funny and odd
And revere our bartender as some kind of god

After too much booze, we'd hop in a cab and head home for takeout Chinese
And we'd awake the next day to do it again with such ease

Life as a gay bar, such a wonderful way to life in this life
A beer, a shot, and no nagging wife

We'd know at least one woman who only feels comfy with our kind of crowd
Let's hear it for fag hags, so forceful and proud

We'd covet when a straight guy would walk in not familiar with our scene
We'd charm him and joke with him until he shouts, "God save the Queen!"

This is how life should be, that is all I will say
So let's all raise a glass, drink and be gay!