

## Homophobia

By: Chumbawamba

Up behind the bus stop in the toilets off the street,  
There are traces of a killing on the floor beneath your feet.  
Mixed up with the piss and beer are bloodstains on the floor  
From the boy who got his head kicked in a night or two before.

Homophobia: the worst disease.

You can't love who you want to love in times like these.

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In the pubs and clubs and burger bars, breeding pens for pigs,  
Alcohol, testosterone, and ignorance and fists.  
Packs of hunting animals roam across the town.  
They find an easy victim, and they push him to the ground.

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The siren of the ambulance, the dead pan of the cops,  
Chalk to mark the outline where the boy first dropped.  
Beware the holy trinity: church and state and law.  
For every death, the virus gets more deadly than before.

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