

TRANSITION

'Be a good boy' Mother said
'Clean your room, make your bed'

'Stop those tears, boys don't cry'
I Grit my teeth and rub my eyes

'Wear *those* trousers, eat that meat'
'Get out from underneath my feet'

'Put that book down, play with trains'
'For God's sake boy, use your brains'

'Do what boys of your age do,
Play football or learn Kung Fu'

'Having you was such bad luck'
'Be quiet now, don't show me up'

To feel like ME is now my goal
I've turned eighteen, can take control

I'll show **her** the horrid cow
I bet I'll show her **right** up now

No more 'bad boy' no more tears
It's payback after all these years

Lipstick on, stuff my bra
Learn to drive my bright pink car

Change of hair, change of plan
I'm now a girl, NOT a man