

A Woman's World

Words and music by Peter Brunette

1.

D A7 D G
When a gal has nice bosoms, a pert little butt,
A7 D
And legs longer than Betty Grable,
G
The guys start behaving like stags at the rut
A7 D
Or stallions at stud in a stable.
G
Golly, she's not as safe as a shelled hazelnut
Em A7 D
In a bowl on the dining-room table.
Bm F#m Em A7
And they say, "Hey, hey! It's a man's world, sister."
D Bm A7
They say—hey, hey!—they just can't resist her.
D G
If her spirit's too strong, he thinks he'd better break it,
D
And if she can't be pleased, she can jolly well fake it.
A7
You call that your world? Well, the devil may take it,
D A7 D
Mister.

2.

D A7 D G
There are times when I wish I could look just as plain
A7 D
As some old, discarded umbrella
G
Or some dirty laundry hanging over the drain,
A7 D
A godawful colour of yellow.
G
Maybe then I might not have to fight off each vain,
Em A7 D
Arrogant boor of a fellow.
Bm F#m Em A7
And they say, "Hey, hey! It's a man's world, sister."

D Bm A7
 They say—hey, hey!—they just can't resist her.
D G
 They've got one thing in mind—it's the masculine hang-up—
D
 And if she won't put out, then they're liable to gang up.
A7
 You call that your world? We'll blow that whole shebang up,
D A7 D
 Mister.

3.

D A7 D G
 Frankly, I'm not the sort of a woman you'll find
A7 D
 Resembles a pink passionflower,
G
 Nor am I the voluptuous, velvety kind
A7 D
 That rents herself out by the hour.
G
 There's just one little passion that sticks in my mind,
Em A7 D
 Just one little passion for power.
Bm F#m Em A7
 And they say, "Hey, hey! It's a man's world, sister."
D Bm A7
 They say—hey, hey!—they just can't resist her.
D G
 So when he treats her rough, she's expected to love it.
D
 Well, as for me, I'm just plain tired of it.
A7
 You call that your world? You know where you can shove it,
D A7 D
 Mister.