

A Woman's World

A feminist protest song by Peter Brunette

1. When a gal has nice bosoms, a pert little butt,
 And legs longer than Betty Grable,
The guys start behaving like stags at the rut
 Or stallions at stud in a stable.
Golly, she's not as safe as a shelled hazelnut
 In a bowl on the dining-room table.

And they say, "Hey, hey!
 It's a man's world, sister."
They say—hey, hey!—
 They just can't resist her.

If her spirit's too strong, he thinks he'd better break it,
And if she can't be pleased, she can jolly well fake it.
You call that your world? Well, the devil may take it,
 Mister.

2. There are times when I wish I could look just as plain
 As some old, discarded umbrella
Or some dirty laundry hanging over the drain,
 A godawful colour of yellow.
Maybe then I might not have to fight off each vain,
 Arrogant boor of a fellow.

And they say, "Hey, hey!
 It's a man's world, sister."
They say—hey, hey!—
 They just can't resist her.

They've got one thing in mind—it's the masculine hang-up—
And if she won't put out, then they're liable to gang up.
You call that your world? We'll blow that whole shebang up,
 Mister.

3. Frankly, I'm not the sort of a woman you'll find
 Resembles a pink passionflower,
Nor am I the voluptuous, velvety kind
 That rents herself out by the hour.
There's just one little passion that sticks in my mind,
 Just one little passion for power.

And they say, "Hey, hey!
It's a man's world, sister."
They say—hey, hey!—
They just can't resist her.

So when he treats her rough, she's expected to love it.
Well, as for me, I'm just plain tired of it.
You call that your world? You know where you can shove it,
Mister.