

# Cyndi Lauper, Madonna Whore

What are you thinking when you're looking at me  
What can you tell me of reality?  
I'm only woman... not just a Fantasy  
and the flesh and blood is warmer than some color transparency

Every woman's a Madonna; every woman's a whore  
You can try to reduce me but I'm so much more  
I don't want to be your mother; won't be shoved in a drawer  
cause every woman's a Madonna, every woman's a whore, that's right

What are you thinking when you push me away  
Was it some promise in your youth you made?  
Holding out for something or hoping to be saved  
Does it make you feel power or are you just afraid of me?

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I don't know  
if you say so  
got so many do's and don'ts my head is spinning  
Hey Romeo, j-j-j-just let get go  
maybe everything could use a little sinning

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