

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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