

Graham Parker, Women In Charge

You might believe that you're running the world,
but you're running the risk of being just another girl,
Lashing out viciously at the competition, it's just an admission, a nervous
condition,
It's more than a push, it's a barge, oh-oh-oh-oh

Everyone's judged by the names in their address books,
and how many black looks they'll pull in return,
After the show when resistance is low, there's an act that you go through
that wins you an Oscar,
The boys gullibility's large, oh-oh-oh-oh
Ain't we lucky, now we got the women in charge?
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We love our affliction, we don't know the difference, the temptation's only
to own someone slow,
All of us here seem to need some assistance, behind every good man,
there's some woman's soft hand
Making the right things enlarge, oh-oh-oh-oh
Ain't we lucky, now we got the women in charge?
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Watch all the macho stuff go out the window, even the big shots get down on
their knees,
Feel all the flack when you find what she's doing behind your back, then
you have to say "please";
Can't seem to exercise those double standards, she's hip to them, sees
right through them,
Boy it's going to get worse, get worse, get worse, get worse

I don't need your advice, stick to the needlework, push all the pins
through your mouth for a change
Just tried to walk but I needed a wheelchair, the phone bills were massive,
and while I lay passive,
My whole life had just been arranged, oh-oh-oh-oh
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