

Jimmy Webb, What Does A Woman See In A Man

He stinks to high heaven, half covered with hair
And grunts just like some old orang-utan
While she smells of clean skin and a trace of jasmine
And speaks like a first rate librarian
His stomach hangs out, there's a hump on his back
He eats like Conan the Barbarian
While she keeps herself trim, and her posture is prim
Her manners are quite cosmopolitan
He laughs like a donkey and farts in the bed
And flips cigarettes in the can
But she always acts nice, with no visible vice
Tell me, what does a woman see in a man?
He hangs out in bars and he tells stupid jokes
And seems to think he's a comedian
But she's clever, polite, stays sober all night
And sips on her one Presbyterian
He drives a gas hog like Attila the Hun
And woe to the luckless pedestrian
While she prefers bikes and bird-watching hikes
And sailing and riding equestrian
He has a name like Duane or Leroy
Hers is Vanessa or Anne
Hers sounds like a song
But Duane is all wrong
Tell me, what does a woman see in a man?

(BRIDGE)

Doesn't she know that she's unique
Doesn't she know that he's just a freak -- of nature
Overbearing, insecure, wanting love but so unsure
Loving her because she's pure
And yet, dreaming of orgies in Vegas or Cannes
He preens and strikes poses Olympian
While she shoulders the cross
And lets him play boss
His nurse and long-suffering Samaritan
He brags about knocking the world on its ass
But oh, when the shit hits the fan
She'll bail him out, she's the one with the clout
Only she knows how humankind ever began
What does a woman see in a man?
What does a woman see in a man?