

Cole Porter, I Hate Men

I hate men.
I can't abide them even now and then.
Then ever marry one of them, I'd rest a maiden rather,
For husbands are a boring lot that only give you bother.
Of course, I'm awful glad that mother had to marry father,
Still, I hate men.

Of all the types of men I've met in our democracy,
I hate the most the athlete with his manner bold and brassy.
He may have hair upon his chest, but sister, so has Lassie!
Oh, I hate men!

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They should be kept like piggies in a pen.
You may be wooed by Jack the Tar, so charming and so chipper,
But if you're wooed by Jack the Tar, be sure that you're the skipper.
For Jack the Tar can go too far. Remember Jack the Ripper?
Oh, I hate men!

If thou shouldst wed a business man, be wary, oh be wary:
He'll tell you he's detained in town on business necessary.
The business is the business that he gives his secretary!
Oh, I hate men!

I hate men.
Though roosters they, I will not play the hen.
If you espouse an older man through girlish optimism,
He'll always stay at home and night and make no criticism.
Though you may call it love, the doctors call it rheumatism.
Oh, I hate men!

Of all I've read, alone in bed, from A to Zed about 'em,
Since love is blind, then from the mind, all womankind should rout 'em.
But, ladies, you must answer too, what would we do without 'em?
Still, I HATE men!