

Dolly Parton, PMS Blues

(Dolly Parton)

Eve you wicked woman, you done put your curse on me
Why didn't you just leave that apple hangin' in the tree
You make us hate our husbands, our lovers and our boss
Why I can't even count the good friends I've already lost
Cause of PMS blues, PMS blues
I don't even like myself, but it's something I can't help
I got those God almighty, slap somebody PMS blues
Most times I'm easy going, some say I'm good as gold
But when I'm PMS I tell ya, I turn mean and cold
Those not afflicted with it are affected just the same
You poor old men didn't have to grin and say "I feel your pain";
PMS blues, PMS blues
You know you must forgive us for we care not what we do
I got those can't stop crying, dishes flying PMS blues

But you know we can't help it
We don't even know the cause
But as soon as this part's over, then comes the menopause
Oh, Lord, Oh, Lord
We're going to always be a heap of fun
Like the devil taking over my body, suffering, suffering, suffering
Everybody's suffering, huh?

But a woman had to write this song, a man would be scared to
Lest he be called a chauvenist or just fall victim to
Those PMS blues
You know we'd kill for less than that
PMS blues
You don't want to cross my path
Cause a pitbull ain't no match
For these teeth a clenchin', fluid retention
Head a swellin', can't stop yellin'
Got no patience, I'm so hateful
PMS blues, premenstrual syndrome
Got those moods a swingin', tears a slingin'
Nothin' fits me when it hits me
Rantin', ravin', misbehavin'
PMS blues

It's the only time in my life I ever think about wishing I'd been a man
But you know that only means one thing
If I'd have been a man, I'd be somewhere right this very minute
With some old cranky, naggin', raggin' hateful woman
With those old PMS blues
PMS blues
I don't want to talk about it, we both could do without it
Got those treat your kids bad, don't you talk back
Gone ballistic, unrealistic
Awful lowdown, bitch to be around
PMS blues