

Pretenders, Clean Up Woman

I'm the cleaning woman
Here to clean up your mess
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Women think men belong in resorts
We watch the children
They watch the sports
A man wouldn't help us
Even if he could
Whyile we clean up the mess
He's made of the neighborhood

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Women refuse to witness the kill
Of man's safaris and his battles of will
She washes the wound he sustains in his fight
She cradles him in her arms all night

Woman is there
At the end of the day
She works as hard
As a man can play
She carries the blame
She doesn't deserve
She bears his name
When he loses his nerve

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