

Small Fred, Lost That Pretty Little Gal Of Mine (To

I lost that pretty little gal of mine to Title Nine.
I found her in the stands but I lost her at the finish line
She was so soft and sweet
But now I find I can't compete
I lost that gal of mine to Title IX.
Sure, I put my money on Billie Jean.
But that damn King has taken away my queen.
She learned a topspin
Now she won't let me win
She doesn't want me on her doubles team.
Her old letters made my heart melt
Now they're on her sweater and they're made of felt
In her bikini she used to look so cute
Now she does laps in her navy blue tank suit.
She does windsprints, I do the wash
I stuff zucchini while she's playing squash
On a date I'm so tense
She's itchin' to try her self defense
And violence I cannot bear to watch.
Her old soft spots are hard today
The problem I've got's just the other way
She used to cheer me as I ran my race
Now I find I can't keep her pace.