

3Pc**"Bill Bixby"**

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The fire in her eyes, is murderous and mean
She tried to take me out with porcelin spoons and
figuerines
Lucky I have been that she weighs in at a measly buck-
10
Drivin' in my car she's tried to yank the emergency
brake
One more strike against me and I know my life she'll
take
So I grabbed up my guitar and I loaded, loaded up my
car

It's a shame that we all don't live back in 1953
When beatin' on your wife was as common as just
skippin down the street
And now with the feminist movement, women think
they can beat on me
So, I'm movin' from town to town like Bill Bixby

Think that I'm all hidden on this shady far out street
Soakin' in the scenery when a shadow crosses me
My hair stands up and my stomache drops as I turn,
see those golden locks

She'll sabotage your foot massage, she'll break into
your new garage
Drag her key up and down your paint and pop the tires
of your brand new dodge
Your voodoo dolls and psycho calls are just, just the
final straws

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