

Art Vs. Science

"What Is A Wife"

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Immediately following the
Innocence of childhood
And the freedom of bachelorhood
Comes that incredible creature
Known as a wife

Wives come in assorted colors
That vary from day to day
Platinum blonde, red, ash blonde
Brunnette, henna, auburn and camel brown
According to a recent thirty day survey
By the way, more doctors are switching
To camel-haired women than ever before

All wives have one creed in common
To spend every nickel of every dime
Of every dollar of every pay check
Before you get it, in this respect
They're very much like the government

Wives are found everywhere
In reducing saloons, bridge parties
Saks Fifth Avenue, beauty parlors
Bargain basements, in your hair
On your lap, in mud packs, maternity rooms
And going through your pockets

Mothers love them, mothers-in-law tolerate them
Spinsters envy them and husbands fear them
A wife is a purity with cold cream on her face
Dignity with a dish mop in her hands
Beauty with curlers in her hair and
Wisdom with an unbalanced checkbook

No matter how busy you are
Your wife'll keep you on the phone til
She gets that new dress she saw downtown
But when you want to show her off
She hasn't a thing to wear

A wife is a composite of many things

The curiosity of an income tax collector
The suspicion of a detective
The imagination of a psycho-analyst
And the temper of a marine first-sergeant

She likes charge accounts, babies
Soap operas, diets, all kinds of presents
Gossip, a 21-inch waistline, mink coats
Sleeping late, eating out and other men

She hates corsets, ironing, being over thirty
Husbands who use guest towels, budgets
Cigars, The Jones' Cadillac
Her husband's secretary and other women

Nobody can get as happy on
One glass of champagne or be
So late to so many appointments
Nobody could spend as much time
Tweezing, plucking, vibrating
Combing, brushing, polishing
Rubbing on, rubbing off
Touching up and still come out looking
Pretty much the same as she did before

Nobody can be so illogical
Cry so conveniently, interrupt so frequently
Or louse up the punch line
Of a good story so often

And nobody else can cram
Into one small pocketbook
Four lipsticks, last years expired license
Ten handkercheifs, two lumps of
Wrapped sugar, hairpins, an extra
Pair of nylons, keys to the trunk
In the attic, two compacts
A raffle ticket for a turkey and enough
Perfume to keep her going for eight years

A wife is a magical creature
She can make more things disappear
Just when you need them
She's your warden, your overseer
Your treasurer, your probation officer
And your wife

And when you come home at night
Tired from a rough day at the office
Longing for your slippers
And a warm fire

There's nothing in the world like
A wife to greet you at the door
With three little words
Where's the money

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