

Barbra Streisand

"Queen Bee"

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The black, black widow is sittin' in the middle of the web
It's the fly she seeks
You may be her lover but you never will recover, 'cause
She ain't had a bite for weeks

You think your the same, 'cause you got the same name
But the widow has a mobile home
Remember what I told you, she got eight arms to hold you
And she's never gonna let you roam

She'll tuck into bed and truck on your head, then she'll
Wrap you as a midnight snack
So if you see a spider, don't you sidle up beside her
Why'd you think the widow's wearin' black?

Queen bee, baby
Pray that you may be left on your own, uh huh
Nothin' she'll give you, gonna outlive you, uh, uh, uh
But the queen bee's never gonna be alone. Uh huh

Long before Atlantis there has been a praying mantis
and
You knows why he's on his knees
He may have religion but he's just a sittin' pigeon if a
Woman even starts to tease

He won't even quibble if she has a little nibble on his neck
What a way to go
And now you done and torn it! You been messin' with a
Hornet, she's a blue-blooded wasp, you know

And just as you do it, she'll inject you with a fluid that
you
Ain't even got but none
You're the meat on the plate, not even first rate, she's
Gonna feed you to her seventh son

Just like the Queen Bee, baby

Pray that you may be left on your own
Nothin' she'll give you, gonna outlive you, uh, uh, uh
But the queen bee's never gonna be alone. Uh huh. Uh
huh

So, in conclusion, it's an optical illusion, if you think that
We're the weaker race
Men got the muscle, but the ladies got the hustle, and
the
Truth is staring in your face

The mother bear stalks, and the queen of the hawks, is
the
One who brings home the bread
The lion that is regal, and the bald headed eagle, need
a
Woman just to keep them fed

But come the evenin', we're like Adam and his Eve,
inside
The garden. Hear the serpent's sound?
It's so frustratin', when you're really into matin', and
there
Ain't a lovin' man around

Whoever wrote this story
(It's so frustratin', when you're really
Into matin', and there ain't a lovin' man around)
Throw out the glory
(It's so frustratin', when you're really
Into matin', and there ain't a lovin' man around)
Bring in the men (give me them and I'll swing)
Write me a sequel
Give me an equal, oh, oh, oh
And I'll give that man
I said I'm give that lovin' man
I said I'm gonna give that lovin' man
I'm gonna give him that lovin' sting! Zap

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