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Jethro Tull "Sossity, You're A Woman"

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Hello, you straight laced lady Dressed in white but your shoes aren't clean Painted them up with polish In the hope we can't see where you've been

The smiling face that you've worn To greet me writing at morning Sent me out to work for my score Please me and say what it's for

Give me the straight laced promise And not a pathetic lie Tie me down with your ribbons And sulk when I ask you why

Your Sunday paper voice cries Demanding truths I deny The bittersweet kiss you pretended Is offered, our affair mended

Sossity, you're a woman Society, you're a woman

All of the tears you're wasting Are for yourself and not for me It's sad to know you're aging Sadder still to admit I'm free

Your immature physical toy Has grown too young to enjoy At last, your straight laced agreement Woman, you were too old for me

Sossity, you're a woman Society, you're a woman

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