Jimmy Webb "What Does A Woman See In A Man?"

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He stinks to high heaven, half covered with hair And grunts just like some old orang-utan While she smells of clean skin and a trace of jasmine And speaks like a first rate librarian

His stomach hangs out, there's a hump on his back He eats like Conan the Barbarian While she keeps herself trim, and her posture is prim Her manners are quite cosmopolitan

He laughs like a donkey and farts in the bed And flips cigarettes in the can But she always acts nice, with no visible vice Tell me, what does a woman see in a man?

He hangs out in bars and he tells stupid jokes And seems to think he's a comedian But she's clever, polite, stays sober all night And sips on her one Presbyterian

He drives a gas hog like Attila the Hun And woe to the luckless pedestrian While she prefers bikes and bird-watching hikes

And sailing and riding equestrian

He has a name like Duane or Leroy Hers is Vanessa or Anne Hers sounds like a song But Duane is all wrong Tell me, what does a woman see in a man?

(BRIDGE)

Doesn't she know that she's unique Doesn't she know that he's just a freak -- of nature Overbearing, insecure, wanting love but so unsure Loving her because she's pure

And yet, dreaming of orgies in Vegas or Cannes He preens and strikes poses Olympian While she shoulders the cross And lets him play boss His nurse and long-suffering Samaritan

He brags about knocking the world on its ass But oh, when the shit hits the fan She'll bail him out, she's the one with the clout Only she knows how humankind ever began

What does a woman see in a man? What does a woman see in a man?

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