

## **Kinky Friedman**

# **"Get Your Biscuits In The Oven & Your Buns..."**

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(kinky friedman)

You uppity women I don't understand  
Why you gotta go and try to act like a man,  
But before you make your weekly visit to the shrink  
Youd better occupy the kitchen, liberate the sink.

Get your biscuits in the oven and your buns in the bed  
That's what I to my baby said,  
Womens liberation is a-going to your head,  
Get your biscuits in the oven and your buns in the bed.

Early every morning you're out on the street  
Passing out pamphlets to everyone you meet.  
You gave up your maiden form for lent  
And now the front of your dress has an air scoop vent.

Every single brakeman that's ever come along  
Had a little woman always tellin him that he's wrong.  
Eve said to adam, heres an apple you horse  
And delilah defoliated samsons moss.

Get your biscuits in the oven and your buns in the bed  
That's what I to my baby said,  
Womens liberation is a-going to your head,  
Get your biscuits in the oven and your buns in the bed.

Mean-hearted harpies are breaking all the laws  
Tearing up their girdles and a-burning up their bras,  
Now the air is dirty and the sex is clean  
And your coffee makes my hair turn green.

So damn emancipated in your mind and your body,  
Gonna have to cancel all your lessons in karate.  
If you can't love a male chauvinist  
Youd better cross me off your shopping list.

Get your biscuits in the oven and your buns in the bed  
That's what I to my baby said,  
Womens liberation is a-going to your head,  
Get your biscuits in the oven and your buns in the bed.

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