

Ryan Montbleau

"A Way With Women"

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You be that fool paranoia-stricken lover
Always trying to nail her only red dress down to the
floor.
You be that cruel man coming up the stairway every
night
Peeping through her door.
Maybe you that shylock, gambling man, give her
money.
Steal her a diamond ring,
Maybe you that rare, sometimes there, mixing
matching Cassanova,
But I, I swear that I can do anything.
I was that fool paranoia-stricken lover
Always trying to nail her only red dress down to the
floor
Turns out I was that cruel man coming up the stairway
every night
Peeping through her door.
And I was that shylock, gambling man, give her money.
Steal her a diamond ring.
And I was that rare, sometimes there, mixing matching
Cassanova,
Thought I, I thought that I could do anything.
Thought I had a way with women,
She didn't understand my ways.
Say you got a way with women and you treat them a
different way,
But while you're standing there scrounging
Lounging on all fours
Yeah, fool, you got a way with women
But he got away with yours.

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