

## **Dar Williams**

# **"Flinty Kind Of Woman"**

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It's a small town life and I like it  
'Cause the bad don't get in your way  
There's an angry God gonna strike it  
Yeah, that's what we pay him for, that's why we pray  
Well I guess the angry God he was a-fishing  
When Molly called me up with the news  
Within the space of a week  
Yeah, a pervert or a sex freak  
Let the kids take a peek  
That's more than a little cheek  
No pun intended

Ay-yi-yipee-yipee-yi-yi-ay  
Going east of Mississippi got a flinty kind of woman  
And you don't act smart and you don't touch my  
children  
If the young man wants to see the sun go down

Well there was no time fooling with the trifles  
So there was no use in telling the men  
They would just go running for their rifles  
And then once you got him couldn't get him again  
So Peg got a bolt of fishing tackle  
And Marge got her gardening clips  
And Sally LaBiche put her hound on a leash  
And the timer on the quiche, she's kind of nouveau  
riche  
But we like her

Ay-yi-yipee-yipee-yi-yi-ay  
Going east of Mississippi got a flinty kind of woman  
And you don't act fresh and you don't touch my  
children  
If the young man wants to see the sun go down

It was the kids who spotted him a running

As we drove through the harbor fog  
And that's when we got our engines gunning  
'Cause we knew he was headed for the cranberry bog  
We got our hip-high rubber boots strapped on  
And Molly got the big flashlights out

And by the "Welcome to New England" sign  
Got him with the fishing line  
In the dark smell of brine  
Betty said "This one is mine."  
She is ruthless

Ay-yi-yipee-yipee-yi-yi-ay  
Going east of Mississippi got a flinty kind of woman  
And you just say no and you don't touch my children  
If the young man wants to see the sun go down

Well we didn't have to drag him and a-jail him  
'Cause you don't have to take it so far  
When your roots go back to Old Salem  
And you've got a local chapter of the DAR  
Now I don't go tooting on my lobsters  
'Cause your pride doesn't go with your plaid  
But it's a victory won and it couldn't be done  
By the hippy-dippy flaky-shaky fun-in-the-sun  
Braless wonders

Ay-yi-yipee-yipee-yi-yi-ay  
Going east of Mississippi got a flinty kind of woman  
And you know your place and you don't touch my  
children  
If the young man wants to see the sun go down  
If the young man wants to see the sun go down

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