

Parker Graham

"Women In Charge"

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You might believe that you're running the world,
but you're running the risk of being just another girl,
Lashing out viciously at the competition, it's just an
admission, a nervous
condition,
It's more than a push, it's a barge, oh-oh-oh-oh
Everyone's judged by the names in their address
books,
and how many black looks they'll pull in return,
After the show when resistance is low, there's an act
that you go through
that wins you an Oscar,
The boys gullibility's large, oh-oh-oh-oh
Ain't we lucky, now we got the women in charge?
Ain't we lucky, now we got the women in charge?
We love our affliction, we don't know the difference,
the temptation's only
to own someone slow,
All of us here seem to need some assistance, behind
every good man,
there's some woman's soft hand
Making the right things enlarge, oh-oh-oh-oh
Ain't we lucky, now we got the women in charge?

Ain't we lucky, now we got the women in charge?

Watch all the macho stuff go out the window, even the
big shots get down on

their knees,

Feel all the flack when you find what she's doing
behind your back, then

you have to say "please"

Can't seem to exercise those double standards, she's
hip to them, sees

right through them,

Boy it's going to get worse, get worse, get worse, get
worse

I don't need your advice, stick to the needlework, push
all the pins

through your mouth for a change

Just tried to walk but I needed a wheelchair, the phone
bills were massive,

and while I lay passive,

My whole life had just been arranged, oh-oh-oh-oh

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