

# Squeeze, Woman's World

(Difford/Tilbrook)

The crown of the kingdom is given to the woman  
The kingdom of the kitchen where she says she shouldn't,  
There on the stainless steel her cigarettes and matches  
Whistles to the radio to every hook she catches,  
But the frowns  
Eider downs,  
Tie her down  
But she likes to wear the crown of the kingdom.  
She like the recipes a touch of oriental  
Steaming up the windows burning egg on metal,  
Sees in a catalogue a shiny new appliance  
Another role swallowed by the wonders of science,  
Lobster hands  
Omelette pans,  
Understand  
How the crown can stick like jam in her kingdom.

He's been so busy and she's been neglected,  
The problem is computed and always it's rejected,  
Out of her heart I catch a spark,  
And being smart  
The crown is left out in the dark now there's no kingdom.

Fed up with the glory she abdicates her title  
Sitting at a bar stool she gives her day's recital,  
The family watch in horror  
As she staggers up the hallway  
Makes herself a sandwich  
As they're looking through the doorway,  
She goes to bed  
Leg by leg,  
Nothing's said  
There's no crown upon her head there's no kingdom.

Press the button on the toaster  
It's a woman's world,  
Tuck the sheets in on the bed  
It's a woman's world,  
Take your apron from your holster  
It's a woman's world,  
Shoot the crown off of your head  
It's a woman's world.