

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.