Woman's World

Squeeze

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 on every hook she catchesBut the frowns
Eider downs
Tie her down
But she likes to wear the crown of the kingdomShe likes a recipe a touch of oriental
Steaming up the window burning egg on metal
Sees in the catalogue a shiny new appliance
Another role swallowed by the wonders of scienceLobster hands
Omelette pans
Understand
How the crown can stick like jam in her kingdomHe's been so busy and she's been neglected
The problem is computed, 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 kingdomFed 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 doorwayShe goes to bed
Leg by leg
Nothing said
There's no crown upon her head there's no kingdomPress 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 worldIt's a woman's world
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