

# Reprise

## Monsterworks

Manhattan is an island  
Like the women who are  
Surrounded by children in a car  
Surrounded by cars  
Or Manhattan was a project  
That projected the worst of mankind  
First, one and then the other  
Has made its mark on my mind  
It's sixty years later  
Near the hypo-center of the A-bomb  
I'm in the middle of Hiroshima  
Watching a twisted old Eucalyptus tree wave  
One of the very few lives  
That survived and lives on  
Remembering the day it was suddenly  
Thousands of degrees in the shade  
And what all of nature gave birth to  
Terror took in a blinding ray  
With the kind of pain  
It would take cancer so many years just to say  
Oh, to grow up gagged and blindfolded  
A man's world in your little girl's head  
The voice of the great Mother drowned out  
In the constant honking  
Haunting the car crash up ahead  
Oh, to grow up hypnotized  
And then try to shake yourself awake  
'Cuz you can sense what has been lost  
'Cuz you can sense what is at stake  
Yeah, so it took me a few years to catch on  
That those days I catch everyone's eye  
Correspond with those nights of the month  
When the moon gleams like an egg in the sky  
And men are using a sense  
They don't even know they have  
Just to watch me walk by  
And me, I'm supposed to be sensible  
Leave my animal outside to cry  
But when all of nature conspires

To make me her glorious whore  
It's 'cuz in my body, I hold the secret recipe  
Of precisely what life is for  
And the patriarchy that looks to shame me for it  
Is the same one making war  
And I've said too much already  
But I'll tell you something more  
To split yourself in two  
Is just the most radical thing you can do  
So girl, if that shit ain't up to you  
Then you simply are not free  
'Cuz from the sunlight on my hair  
To which eggs I grow to term  
To the expression that I wear  
All I really own is me  
Yes, to split yourself in two  
Is just the most radical thing you can do  
Goddess forbid, that little atom  
Should grow so jealous of Eve  
And in the face of the great farce  
Of the nuclear age  
Feminism ain't about equality  
It's about reprieve

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