

# Tigress

**Stanley R. Fields**

It's difficult not to worry about what happens next  
Certain looks sort out confused looks  
And certain looks sport confused looks  
And I watched us talking in the mirror  
And you put on that look  
That says this little star wishes she weren't single

It is the eye that catches me a man protesting his worth  
It is the year that catches you putting the shake on your words  
You are alert as a tigress at a common table with her fate  
You can almost taste it

We'll be gone be morning or be together by then  
We'll be gone be morning or be together by then  
And I believe every woman has made up her mind to win

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