

# Wild Women Don't Get The Blues

[Cyndi Lauper](#)

Well, you hear about all these women  
Raising about their funky, funky, funky, funky men  
They've got some trifling husbands  
Lord knows, they've got a lot of no good friends  
All these fretting women sitting around the house  
All day long and they are wondering  
When their loving papas are ever coming home  
Wild women never worry, wild women never, never, they never worry  
I got a sweet disposition, gonna wear my very own  
I ain't never gonna spend not one lonely night at home all alone  
I can go out , drink all the courvoisier I can find  
Walk the streets all night alone

And I can tell any man to go to Hell if that man don't know how to act right  
Wild women, we don't never worry, wild women never, never get the blues  
Well, you fellas ain't ever gonna get nothing  
If you keep acting like an Angel, child  
Give it up tonight's a real, real good night  
Y'all gotta learn how to get to together well  
'Cuz I'll tell you one more thing, Francine never tells a lie  
Wild women will be the first ones, Lord to learn how to fly  
Wild women never worry, wild women don't get the blues, yeah, yeah, yeah

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