

I Hate Men (feat. Patricia Morison)

Cole Porter

I hate men.

I can't abide them even now and then.

Then ever marry one of them, I'd rest a virgin rather,
For husbands are a boring lot that only give you bother.
Of course, I'm awful glad that mother had to marry father,
Still, I hate men.

Of all the types of men I've met in our democracy,
I hate the most the athlete with his manner bold and brassy.
He may have hair upon his chest, but sister, so has Lassie!

Oh, I hate men!

I hate men.

Their worth upon this earth I dinna ken
Avoid the traveling salesman a tempting Tom he maybe
From China he will bring you jade and perfume from Arabi
But don't forget 'tis he who'll have the fun and be the baby

Oh I Hate men

If thou shouldst wed a business man, be wary, oh be wary:
He'll tell you he's detained in town on business neccesary.
The business is the business that he gives his secretary!

Oh, I hate men!

I hate men.

Though roosters they, I will not play the hen.
If you espouse an older man through girlish optimism,
He'll always stay at home and night and make no criticism.
Though you may call it love, the doctors call it rheumatism.

Oh, I hate men!

Of all I've read, alone in bed, from A to Zed about 'em,
Since love is blind, then from the mind, all womankind should rout 'em.
But, ladies, you must answer too, what would we do without 'em?

Still, I hate men!

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