

Slit Skirts

Pete Townshend

I was just thirty-four years old
And I was still wandering in a haze
I was wondering why everyone I met
Seemed like they were lost in a maze I don't know why I thought I should have
Some kind of divine right to the blues
It's sympathy not tears people need
When they're the front page sad news The incense burned away
And the stench began to rise
Lovers now estranged
Avoided catching each others' eyes And girls who lost their children
Cursed the men who fit the coil
And men not fit for marriage
Took their refuge in the oil No one respects the flame
Quite like the fool who's badly burned
From all this you'd imagine
That there must be something learned Slit skirts, Jeanie never wears those slit skirts
I don't ever wear no ripped shirts
Can't pretend that growing older never hurts Knee pants, Jeanie never wears no knee pants
Have to be so drunk to try a new dance
So afraid of every new romance Slit skirts, slit skirts
Jeanie isn't wearing those slit skirts, slit skirts
She wouldn't dare in those slit skirts, slit skirts
Wouldn't be seen dead in no slit skirts Romance, romance, why aren't we thinking up romance?
Why can't we drink it up true heart romance
Just need a brief new romance Let me tell you some more about myself
You know I'm sitting at home, just now
The big events of the day are passed
And the late TV shows have come around I'm number one in the home team
But I still feel unfulfilled
A silent voice in her broken heart
Complaining that I'm unskilled And I know that when she thinks of me
She thinks of me as him
But unlike me, she don't work off her frustration in the gym Recriminations fester
And the past can never change
A woman's expectations
Run from both ends of the range Once she walked with
Untamed lovers' faced between her legs
Now he's cooled and stifled
And it's she who has to beg Slit skirts, Jeanie never wears those slit skirts

And I don't ever wear no ripped shirts
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So afraid of every new romance
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