**Dolly Parton** 

Eve you wicked woman, you done put your curse on me Why didn't you just leave that apple hangin' in the tree You make us hate our husbands, our lovers and our boss Why I can't even count the good friends I've already lost Cause of PMS blues, PMS blues I don't even like myself, but it's something I can't help I got those God almighty, slap somebody PMS blues Most times I'm easy going, some say I'm good as gold But when I'm PMS I tell ya, I turn mean and cold Those not afflicted with it are affected just the same You poor old men didn't have to grin and say "I feel your pain" PMS blues, PMS blues You know you must forgive us for we care not what we do I got those can't stop crying, dishes flying PMS blues

But you know we can't help it We don't even know the cause But as soon as this part's over, then comes the menopause Oh, Lord, Oh, Lord We're going to always be a heap of fun Like the devil taking over my body, suffering, suffering, suffering Everybody's suffering, huh?

But a woman had to write this song, a man would be scared to Lest he be called a chauvenist or just fall victim to Those PMS blues You know we'd kill for less than that PMS blues You don't want to cross my path Cause a pitbull ain't no match For these teeth a clenchin', fluid retention Head a swellin', can't stop yellin' Got no patience, I'm so hateful PMS blues, premenstrual syndrome Got those moods a swingin', tears a slingin' Nothin' fits me when it hits me Rantin', ravin', misbehavin' PMS blues

It's the only time in my life I ever think about wishing I'd been a man But you know that only means one thing If I'd have been a man, I'd be somewhere right this very minute With some old cranky, naggin', raggin' hateful woman With those old PMS blues PMS blues I don't want to talk about it, we both could do without it Got those treat your kids bad, don't you talk back Gone ballistic, unrealistic Awful lowdown, bitch to be around PMS blues