

Trouble and Strife

Everything But the Girl

Who would be born
Into a man's, man's, man's world?
But what do children care for grown ups despair
A house can hold both boy and girl

But every mother's son grows up
And daughters imitate
And the burden of careworn world
Is his to bear hers to wait

As the open world of a tomboy girl
Closes on a growing wife
From a childhood clear through teenage years
That always seem to be more trouble than strife

From the hot dark of the night
To the cold light of day
From the cradle, to wife, to grave
Unless I stand in the way

As the open world of a tomboy girl
Closes in with growing strife
For my own sake I'll comfort take
To know I'd never make a wife

As the open world of a tomboy girl
Closes in with growing strife
For my own sake I'll comfort take
In the knowledge that I'd never make a wife

You hear them talk of women's way with hatred
And it cuts me like a knife
Poor men, so much to bear
The children and the trouble and strife

The open world of a tomboy girl
Is the best of life
From a childhood clear
You end up here in trouble and strife

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