

Real Woman

Poison Girls

I know it's near the knuckle
But I can tell when I see a real man
When it comes to reality
I've only just began
You've got a grasp of the real situation
I just blunder about in a close approximation
You know a lot of people
You're always drinking with your friends
You know a lot of people
When you've got a lot to send

I'm not a real woman, I don't nod my head
And patiently wait for your favours in bed
I don't wear lace panties, at waist away prices
Or bondage and scanties at masochist dances
I'm not a real woman, I don't waggle my hips
Or flapple my eye lids or shapple my lips
And I'm not a lemon, so please don't squeeze my pips

Im not a real woman, I don't aim to please
Or twinkle my knickers or garter my knees
The nails on my fingers are tattered and torn
I have had dirty hands since the day I was born
I'm not a real woman, I don't nod my head
And patiently wait for your favours in bed
And I'm not a lemon, so squeeze your own instead

I'm generous I'm mean
I'm a law unto myself
And I just laugh at everything you say
Don't be surprised
If I don't look into your eyes
My eyes are on a million miles away

I'm not a real woman, I won't cook your food
I'm not on page 3 drinking gin in the nude
I'm bored by your laundry, bored by your jokes
Why don't you save them to tell other blokes
I don't need no favours, I don't need no please
I don't need no bozo to tickle my knees
And I'm no lamb chop, so don't you fork my peas

I'm generous I'm mean
I'm a law unto myself
And I just laugh at everything you say
Don't be surprised
If I don't look into your eyes
My eyes are on a million miles away

I'm not a real woman, I don't look divine
I only like children some of the time
And just like a man must be well hung
To be a real woman, you have to be young
Hey, your not so macho by the look of that bunch
You can save your bananas to eat with your lunch
Im not a real woman, I won't cook your food
And I only want sex when I'm in the mood

I'm generous I'm mean
I'm a law unto myself
And I just laugh at everything you say
Don't be surprised
If I don't look into your eyes
My eyes are on a million miles away

Im not a real woman
I won't cook your food
And I only want sex
When I'm in the mood