

All Women Are Crazy

Voltaire

All women are crazy,
All men are dumb.
'Cause though we know they're crazy,
We still want some.
It's nothing new,
And it's sad but true:
That we just can't quit 'em,
And we can't live with 'em,
What's a man to do?

Back in the bible
There was a tree
Lord said to Adam,
"Don't you eat that fruit"
He said, "Fine by me."
But then along came Eve,
Looking to do wrong.
And on account of her curves,
And his lack of nerves,
Adam went along.

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All men are dumb.
'Cause though we know they're crazy,
We still want some.
It's nothing new,
And it's sad but true:
That we just can't quit 'em
And we can't live with 'em
What's a man to do?

Take my old lady,
I bought her a gown.
We were fixing
To go out mixing
Out on the town.
She said, "Do I look fat?"
I said, "Heck no!
Just a little round..."
And since that day,
I've walked this way.
It hurts to sit down.

'Cause all women are crazy,
All men are dumb.
'Cause though we know they're crazy,
We still want some.
It's nothing new.
And it's sad but true:
That we just can't quit 'em,
And we can't live with 'em,
What's a man to do?

"---Fellas, there comes a time in every woman's life... About once a month, to be exact. When they get all ornery. Oh, they start kicking and fussing and fighting and... We don't know what's wrong with them. In about a week, they generally come around... And they'll look you right in the eye, too, and t

hey'll say: "I'm sorry, honey, I was just PMSing." Now, ladies, I feel for you, I really do. It's not an easy thing to go through. But since we already know the outcome, I'd like to propose an experiment: Fellas, the next time your woman gets crazy. I'm gonna guess, about a month from now. I want you to look her right in the eye and I want you to ask her "Honey, are you sure you're not just PMSing?" And then grab your balls and run for the hills!---

When I met my lady,
And asked for her hand.
She was the calmest,
And the sweetest girl in all the land.
But then the ring went on,
And she went all wrong.
Like a midnight thriller,
She went Bridezilla,
Spat pea soup and became a killer,
She ate three kids
And my auntie's wig
And the pastor's dog.

Why?!
'Cause all women are crazy,
All men are dumb.
'Cause though we know they're crazy,
We still want some.
It's nothing new,
And it's sad but true:
That we just can't quit 'em,
And we can't live with 'em,
You just can't shoot 'em,
Or you'll end in prison.
And the biker from Hell,
In your prison cell
Might take a shine to you.