Sisters, don't blame my man too much,
I know he's doing his best.
I know his fear and loneliness,
He can do no more, no less.
He was brought up by us women,
And the world that told him to be a man.
He reached and stretched to be the one
While millions more tried to be that one.

I want my love to rest tonight So he can face the world tomorrow. I want my love to sleep tonight So he can deal with tomorrow.

Sisters, don't blame your man to much,
You know he's doing his best.
You know his fear and loneliness,
He can do no more, no less.
He was told by his mothers to never trust girls,
He was told by his fathers to never shed tears.
He sees girls chasing after superstars,
While their men are sitting behind bars.

I want my love to rest tonight So he can face the world tomorrow. I want my love to sleep tonight So he can deal with tomorrow.

Sisters, don't blame our men to much,
We know they're doing their best.
We know their fear and loneliness,
They can do no more, no less.
They were told by us to get ahead,
Be gentle and tender, yet hard and strong.
Nothing short of a living god,
Nothing short of james bond.

If we all knew that no one's to be ashamed, But that the society is to be blamed. We could then come together again And direct our energies towards changing the world.

We're all blind and crippled mates, Frustrated would-be presidents of united states. We don't know how to cope with ourselves, Or to love our mates for being themselves.

I want my love to rest tonight So he can face the world tomorrow. I want my love to sleep tonight So he can deal with tomorrow.