

"The Stress of This Place" Pt. 7

*Everywhere I turn there's a woman telling me what to do
That's why I'm stressed! And you would be too
Everywhere I move there's this oppressive female presence
I might as well have been given a death sentence
Out of all the prisons all over this whole wide world
I had to be sent to the one that's run by little girls
Whether at breakfast, dinner, or lunch
No matter what day it is, it's always that time of the month
So right from bright and early in the morn
I'm subjected to their wrath and their scorn
But the bible study says that she has no authority
Then why the hell are they always messing with me
Hair weave, fake nails, and way too much perfume
Here to chart my demise and to seal my doom
Damn half of them don't even like men
So with that being said how can I ever win
Whatever happened to them being sweet and feminine
Because when a situation starts their the first to jump right in
And not to mention the estrogen that's constantly in my face
That's just one more aspect about the stress of this place*

The Wordist — WAM