

All-American Man

Johnny Paycheck

Now, all you guys out there: You're gonna love this song
And about eighty percent of you women: You're gonna love it too
But for the twenty percent that don't like it: Well, we wrote it just
for you, darling

Well, God made man from a piece of clay
And told him 'til his dyin' day:
Said, "You're the boss, I don't want no one above you"
He gave him responsibilities
Said, "You only answer unto me"
"If you do these things, I'll make someone to love you"
He took a piece of Adam's rib
Never gave a thought about women's lib
And he made the masterpiece of his creation
Now, just between you and me
Do you honestly believe
He wanted you to take my place in this nation?

American woman, why can't you agree?
God made man for himself, but he made you for me
American woman, why can't you understand?
That all you got to do is love your all-American man

Well, I've tried my best to understand
Why you wanna replace man
And give up all the luxuries we give you
We work our fingers to the bone
And all we want is you at home
And you're gonna go too far to forgive you
I guess you won't be satisfied
'Til you're working nine-to-five
So you can say you're bringing home the bacon
Well, of all the tragic things in life
There's a woman who don't wanna be a wife
Missin' all the love we could be makin'

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