

Ship Named Frank

Spirit of the West

They say it's no big deal girls
He's just one 's' shy of a she, sure
Hey it's only words
They why is it he instead of her
Always you're moaning
Kick start that broken down brain
In your head
Get smart why believe every word that you've read
Get straight the feminine figures in fact
Amen, hey men
She's oh so welcome to flock in the name
But it's his rib, her blame
She found the answer but the question
Remains, why is it his bush in flames?
Til her master's voice is a personal choice
The good book could be better
I'd like to sail on a ship named Frank
Til the good lord's setting sun sank
I'd vote labour from my birth
While man is overboard and woman paid
Under her worth
Kick start that broken down brain
In your head
Get smart why believe every word that you've read
Get straight the feminine figures in fact
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