

My Husband's Pied-à-Terre

The Magnetic Fields

I know of a groovy place
Where every girl of every race
Age, and bra size, and IQ
Goes when she feels broke or blue

It's a place more women stay
Than the YWCA
Go there once, you get the key
So every girl's been there but me

Where's a minx get minks to wear?
Why, my husband's pied-a-terre
In two drinks, you think she'll care
That's my husband's pied-a-terre

Every alley cat in town
Knows my husband's flat in town

Better get your derriere
To my husband's pied-a-terre
Love is in the very air
Of my husband's pied-a-terre

I understand the latest fad
Is my husband's bachelor pad

All the classes mingle there
At my husband's pied-a-terre
There is not one single chair
In my husband's pied-a-terre

When I find this loony bin
I am going to do him in