

## The Hormonal Blues

(c. 1980's)

Little girl she grows older  
Starts feeling desire  
But her shape it ain't changing  
It's still the same size  
Everybody's having fun  
But her tits they won't come  
Oh what can she do?  
She's got the pre-pubic blues  
Oh the pre-pubic blues  
It ain't what she'd choose  
Seems to be a girl's dues  
Ah the pre-public blues

Come once a month  
The lady's in a funk  
She's feeling so evil  
It's just unbelievable  
She don't know what to do  
She's got the premenstrual blues  
Oh the premenstrual blues  
It ain't what she'd choose  
Seems to be a woman's dues  
Ah the premenstrual blues

The lady gets pregnant  
Baby growing inside  
Her hormones do a turn around  
And her mood takes a dive  
Can't seem to explain it  
But she feels it straight through  
Her body is raging  
She's got the hormonal blues  
Oh the hormonal blues  
It ain't what she'd choose  
Seems to be a woman's dues  
Ah, the hormonal blues

In 9 months comes the baby  
And they sever the cord  
Her system goes crazy  
And it can't be ignored  
Ain't that she's crabby  
This thing is true  
The woman's got problems  
She's got the postpartum blues  
Oh the postpartum blues  
It ain't what she'd choose  
Seems to be a woman's dues  
Ah, the postpartum blues

Come fifty something  
Her heart takes to thumping  
Boobs drooping  
Mind slumping  
Hot flashes keep coming  
The woman's so confused  
She's got the menopausal blues  
Oh the menopausal blues  
It ain't what she'd choose  
Seems to be a woman's dues  
Ah, the menopausal blues

The lady goes through life  
She gets old and dies  
Her attitude's under  
6 feet to be precise  
And not a hormone survives  
The woman's got trouble  
The lady is through  
Hear what I tell you  
She's got the postmortem blues  
Oh the postmortem blues  
It ain't what she'd choose  
Seems to be living's dues  
Oh, the postmortem blues