(Thank Heavens) God made me a Woman

Consider the issues of women…
I think there are many things worse
Than holes that are goals to fit him in
And days of the month on the Curse;
'Cause I do not have crinkly old ball bags
That lollop between both my thighs
The ugly old scrote gets my number one vote
For the least sexy aspect of guys.

I've bosoms and hips and a fanny –
So what would I want with a prick?
I'm glad of my nook and my cranny –
Which don't hurt as much when it's kicked
As the meat and two veg of a geezer
Which frankly look rather absurd –
I've no sense of keenness to have my own penis:
I'm glad I was born as a bird.

Chor:
Thank heavens God made me a woman
The thought of boys' bits makes me hurl
I'm glad to be female: I don't want to be male
Thank goodness God made me a girl!

On the way home from a booze-up,
When desp'rate to go to the loo *(*for a slash)*
It's likely you'll miss if you stand up and piss
When you're only equipment's your woo *(*gash)*…
'Cause we don't have the right engineering
To point, aim and fire like the lads:
So, I got me a funnel to shove up my tunnel
To give me directional nads…

Chor:

Boys have embarrassing issues
That sometimes just seem to arise
And *that's* why they've got man-size tissues:
(Not just for the nose or the eyes);
It's obvious when they're excited:
The physical signs are extreme…
Observe the elation that comes with inflation –
The better, the wetter the dream.

Thank heavens God made me a woman,
Although it's still hard to believe
We've not had a pardon, since when in some Garden
A snake made a *scrumper* of Eve…

And the truth of the word in the Bible
Reveals a profound metaphor…
The serpent's so callous, it *must* be a phallus –
'Cause Adam's the bad 'un, for sure!

*cringe-worthy alternative lyric; with apols to Roger Huddle