



To many fine people  
 The Housewife's our role  
 With a mop in one hand  
 And no hope in our soul  
 They see us as noble  
 Dependable creatures  
 With red dishpan hands  
 And nondescript features.



And then some folk think  
Women's Lib is our cause  
 The radical fringe  
 Out there changing the laws  
 They ask us "Why haven't you  
 Burned your bra yet"  
 Well most of us need all  
 The help we can get.