

GOOD MORNING MRS. PRESIDENT

When I was born  
I was a girl  
My role cut out for me...  
To bake the bread  
To mop the floor  
To bounce on papa's knee.

My hair I'd curl,  
A dress I'd wear,  
My shoes were clean and shiny.  
A perfect child  
I'd always be  
As long as I was tidy.

My brother came.  
He'd run and play.  
The dirt would coat his hands.  
My dad would laugh,  
My mother sighed,  
It's okay for little mans...

To show the world  
How strong he was  
How powerful and mighty...  
When he grows up  
And goes to work  
He won't be weak and flighty.

When I was young  
My mom would sew,  
To me it was real cool.  
Then I found out  
There's more to life  
Than buttons, threads, and spools.

I'd read my books  
And watch TV  
My mind would wonder far...  
To be on top,  
To own the world,  
To fill the cookie jar.

My brother grew  
His voice went low  
His beard began to show  
He'd talk of sports

Of boyish things  
"Of things a girl don't know."

He'd go to school  
And brag and boast  
Of what he's going to be.  
But all along  
He never would  
Be half as smart as me.

As I grew up,  
I went to school  
And learned all that I could.  
My dreams were high,  
My days were long,  
My life was really good.

I watched,  
I listened carefully,  
I challenged all the rules.  
This girl was out  
To show the world  
"We females are no fools."

This nature thing  
When we are born  
That governs our behavior...  
How we should act,  
What we should do  
This gender-bearing savior.

Well, toss it all,  
And stand in line  
The train has left the station.  
This girl has grown,  
Her mind is set  
On running the whole nation.