

# A Woman Scorned

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My wife's a pistol, that much is clear  
And I loved her from our very first day  
But the romance dwindled year after year  
And time slowly wore the magic away.

I wasn't looking for a bit on the side  
To be fair, it took me quite by surprise  
But all of a sudden, I was on this wild ride  
And when my wife found out, I nearly died.

She sat me down and asked me to tell the tale  
I spilled my guts in excruciating detail.

It seemed to me, she took it well  
I guess I should have been better informed  
Cuz though she seemed calm, when I dropped my bombshell  
There's no fury in hell, like a woman scorned.

Instead of Sunday breakfast in bed  
Replete with bacon and toast  
She'd throw a stale bagel at my poor head  
And laugh at me when I almost choked.

My clothes were always rumpled and stained  
And smelled like they'd been worn by a dog.  
My co-workers became so ashamed  
They suggested I might get a new job.

At lunch my sandwich would often be tinged with green  
And it had the vague smell of ammonia and kerosene

I had thought, she took it well  
I couldn't see it was the calm 'fore the storm  
She didn't act upset, when I dropped the bombshell  
But there's no fury in hell, like a woman scorned.

One fine day, I woke up in knots  
Tied to the bedpost and wearing just socks, what a shock  
*Instrumental*

I guess it's time to get down on both my knees  
And beg forgiveness before she succeeds, in hurting me.

Cuz though I thought, she took it well  
It was just the calm 'fore the storm  
She was plenty upset when I dropped the bombshell  
And there's no fury in hell, like a woman scorned.

It seemed to me, she took it well  
I guess I should have been better informed  
Cuz though she seemed calm, when I dropped my bombshell  
There's no fury in hell, like a woman scorned.