

Queen Bee

Rupert Holmes

Great Land o'Goshen, there's a lot of locomotion
In the middle of a big bee hive.
You can do the blamin' on the pistil and the stamen
But you know it's just the jungle jive.
See who that was, did you get a little buzz,
Did the woman really make you hot?
She got the sting. See her shakin' that thing,
Though your mind is on another spot.
Sweet lips of honey gonna ask you for your money,
Got her every little stroke rehearsed.
You may be a stud but she's suckin' your blood
And the lady has a heavy thirst.

She's a Queen Bee, baby.
Pray that you may be left on your own.
Nothing she'll give you, gonna outlive you:
But the Queen Bee's never gonna be alone.

The black, black widow is sittin' in the middle
Of the web, it's the fly she seeks.
You may be her lover but you never will recover
'Cause she ain't had a bite for weeks.
You think you're the same, 'cause you got the same name,
But the widow has a mobile home.
Remember what I told you: she got eight arms to hold you
And she's never gonna let you roam.
She'll tuck you into bed and truck on your head,
Then she'll wrap you as a midnight snack.
So if you see a spider, don't you sidle up beside her.
Why'd you think the widow's wearing black?
(Jack)

She's like the Queen Bee, baby.
Pray that you may be left on your own.
Nothing she'll give you, gonna outlive you:
But the Queen Bee's never gonna be alone.

Long before Atlantis, there has been a praying mantis,
And you know why he's on his knees?
He may have religion, but he's just a sitting pigeon
If a woman even starts to tease.
He won't even quibble is she has a little nibble
On his neck – what a way to go!
Well, now you done and torn it
You been messin' with a hornet,
She's a blue-blooded WASP, you know.
And just as you do it, she'll inject you with a fluid
That you ain't even got but none.
You're meat on the plate, not even first rate:
She's gonna feed you to her seventh son.

She's like the Queen Bee, baby.
Pray that you may be left on your own.
Nothing she'll give you, gonna outlive you:
But the Queen Bee's never gonna be alone.

The Queen Bee's story, is the power and glory,

Of the women who have ruled alone.
Little Nefertiti used to consummate a Treaty
In the bed as much as the throne.
Everyone was urg'in' Queen Elizabeth the Virgin,
Just to try a man but she'd refuse.
Queen Isabella was the one who said this fella
Named Columbus ought to take a cruise.
Didn't Cleopatra try to gratify and satisfy
The men she held within her grasp?
The pyramids were shakin' from the peace that she was makin'
But she ended with a stupid asp.

So, in conclusion, it's an optical illusion,
If you think that we're the weaker race.
The men got the muscle, but the ladies got the hustle,
And the truth is starin' in your face.
The mother bear stalks, and the queen of the hawks,
Is the one who brings home the bread.
The lion that is regal, and the bald headed eagle
Need a woman just to keep them fed.
But come the evenin', we're like Adam and his Eve
Inside the garden, hear the serpent's sound?
It's so frustratin', when you're really into matin',
And there ain't a lovin' man around.
Whoever wrote the story,
Throw out the glory, bring in the men.
(Give me them and I'll swing)
Write me a sequel, give me an equal
And I'll give that man
I said I'm gonna give that lovin' man
I said I'm gonna give that lovin' man,
I'm gonna give him that lovin' sting!
Zap!

Men ain't the Queen Bee, no way,
And even tho' they think
They're the kings (egotistical things)
Who they foolin', playn' at rulin',
It's the Queen Bee-
Behind the scene who pulls the strings