

# Boy Dontcha Know

Joan Osborne

She sees them out on the street in the mornin'  
The hard legs in the slim headwalk  
When they look down, there's no blood in the water  
And people listen to them when they talk

She'd rather be a boy, dontcha know?  
She'd rather be a boy, dontcha know?  
She'd rather be a boy, dontcha know?  
She'd rather be a boy, dontcha know?

She'd like to get something off her chest  
She knows that time isn't on her side  
They told her she gets to have it all  
A pretty story but she knows they lied, lied

She'd rather be a boy, dontcha know?  
She'd rather be a boy, dontcha know?  
She'd rather be a boy, dontcha know?  
She'd rather be a boy, dontcha know?

Just as the ghost of Miss Monroe  
Be the best in the world and have nothin' to show  
Be a meal for the wolves or a rich man's prize  
Peak around that door, see their hunger in their eyes  
Well, it comes as no surprise

And when she's lookin' good, so good, mighty good  
She feels a target on her back  
And if she doesn't try to soothe your ego  
She stands accused of a mood so black, so black

She'd rather be a boy, dontcha know?  
She'd rather be a boy, dontcha know?  
She'd rather be a boy, dontcha know?  
She'd rather be a boy, dontcha know?  
She'd much rather be a boy, dontcha know?  
Oh yes, she'd rather be a boy, dontcha know?  
Well, she'd rather be a boy, dontcha know?  
Oh, she'd much rather be a boy, dontcha know  
Dontcha know, dontcha know?

(Boy, dontcha know  
Boy, dontcha know  
Boy, dontcha know  
Boy, dontcha know)

Well, she'd rather be a-  
She'd rather, she'd rather  
She'd rather, she'd rather  
She'd rather be a little boy, dontcha know?  
She'd rather, she'd rather  
She'd rather, she'd rather  
Boy, dontcha know?