

You Are Woman

Barbra Streisand

[Nick and Fanny meet up in Baltimore where Fanny is on a tour with Ziegfeld's latest show. They have dinner at a private dining room. Fanny is annoyed that Nick hasn't been in touch for ten months. Nick orders, mainly in French, which Fanny doesn't understand. Fanny is uneasy that Nick might make advances in such an intimate room.]

You are woman, I am man,
You are smaller, so I can be taller than,
You are softer to the touch,
It's a feeling I like feeling very much.
You are someone I've admired,
Still, our friendship
Leaves something to be desired.
Does it take more explanation than this?
You are woman, I am man--
Let's kiss.

Isn't this the height of nonchalance,
Furnishing a bed in restaurants?
Well, a bit of dinner never hurt,
But guess who is gonna be dessert?
Do good girls do just what mama says,
When mama's not around?
It's a feeling,
Oy vey, what a feeling.

A bit of pate?

I drink it all day.
Should I do the things he'll tell me to?
In this pickle what would Nellie do?
In my soul I feel an inner lack,
Just suppose he wants his dinner back?

Does it take more explanation than this?

Just some dried-out toast in a sliver,
On the top a little chopped liver.

How many girls become a sinner
While waiting for a roast beef dinner?
Though most girls slip in ordinary ways
I got style--I do it bordelaise.
Well, at least he thinks I'm special
--He ordered a la carte.
It's a feeling I like feeling very . . .
I feel the feeling down to my toes.
Now I feel that there's a fire here,
Try that once a little higher, dear,
What a beast to ruin such a pearl,
Would a convent take a Jewish girl?

Does it take more explanation than this?

Ooo, the thrills and chills goin' through me,
If I stop him now,
Can he sue me?

You are woman . . .

You are man . . .

Let's kiss!