

Lady
Find the Lady

LOVELY ladies, where've you gone,
Since you put the trousers on?
O God, it seems an age ago,
Since lovely ladies were the norm –
Before they dressed down like the dregs,
With shabby denim round their legs
And not a hint of female form,
Since feminism struck its blow.

The bra was burned and with it went
The breath of femininity,
As power-dressers, three feet wide,
Shouldered saddened males aside,
And all in their vicinity
Hoped Macho Maid might soon repent.

Fashion's catwalk, once a safe
Example to the gentle sex,
Became a gross and grungy thing.
Top designers sought to bring
No clothes for which we'd crane our necks
And models modelled on a waif.

And in the streets, the word has spread
And tattiness is all around,
And femininity's a rare
Discovery to find out there.
Where frills and nylons would abound,
Jeans and leggings rule instead.

See them trudging: who would guess,
While they're ploddy, cloddy shod,
While that shirt-tail's daft-displayed,
That there goes a winsome maid?

Lady

Non-believers sadly nod:
That's no lady – that's a mess!
Lovely ladies, where've you gone,
Since you put the trousers on?
