

B R A N T

I feel the need to rant about
Ladies' underwear
Not pants or girdles, vests or tights
Just horrid brassieres

Firstly, trying to get them on
To lift your wayward breasts
You need to be quite agile
A complete contortionist

The painful pinching of your skin
Can really make you flinch
Just to hoick 'em up
Another flippin' inch

Then straps, they either dig right in
Or slide down off your arms
A string vest would be comfier
To hide my ample charms

The wires come loose and stab your sides
It really is quite glum
Sometimes they slide right out blocking
Your washing machine drum

I hate bras so much that when
I first get in the door
I ping them open, yank 'em off
And throw them on the floor

I thank you all for listening
You really are the best
I'm feeling so much better
Getting that lot off my chest