

Ev'rywoman's Most Secret Fantasy, Reveal'd

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Lively (♩=180)

I like the lack of ba-lance at my of-fice: Three o-ther sin-gle wo-men, thir-teen men,

Of whom but one is gay and two are mar-ried, Which, by my cal-cu - la-tions, leaves us ten.

Now, some-times af-ter work we go re - la-xing, And some-times I don't make it home at night.

In trying to keep my ne-ces-sa-ries han-dy, I found the pack-ing get-ting much too tight.

And eve-ry time I took a step for safe-ty, The si-tu-a-tion on-ly would get worse,

Un - til the time I went u - pon a spree and spent

Start slowing down

Slow (♩=120)

A full month's pay in just one day And bought the per - fect purse.

Back to lively (♩=180)

I love it, though it cost three thou-sand dol-lars, Be-cause it ne-ver cea-ses to a-maze.

It's la-rger on the in-side than the out-side; The more that I put in, the less it weighs.

Complete lyrics are found on the other side

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I like the lack of balance at my office:
Three other single women, thirteen men,
Of whom but one is gay and two are married,
Which, by my calculations, leaves us ten.
Now, sometimes after work we go relaxing,
And sometimes I don't make it home at night.
In trying to keep my necessaries handy,
I found the packing getting much too tight.
And every time I took a step for safety,
The situation only would get worse,
Until the time I went upon a spree and spent
A full month's pay in just one day
And bought the perfect purse.

I love it, though it cost three thousand dollars,
Because it never ceases to amaze.
It's larger on the inside than the outside;
The more that I put in, the less it weighs.

I started hunting in the rains of April.
I tried a dozen stores within one week.
Some promised me name brands I'd find familiar,
While some claimed each creation was unique.
I mentioned my collapsible umbrella,
My backup printout full of names and dates,
My smartphone, and my sunscreen, and my siren,
My seven-bladed knife and in-line skates.
I saw a lot of jaws drop in amazement,
And left things off my list, upon a hunch
They'd think it all a joke the moment that I spoke
Were I to say that everyday
I also carried lunch.

On Queen Street, just above a storefront window
Containing crystals, shells, and air-dried weeds,
I saw a sign that said "The Wondrous Woman:
Those magic touches every female needs."
I stepped inside. The owner asked no questions,
Fit amber keys in seven silver locks,
And raised a cedar lid. A purse was floating
An inch above the bottom of the box.
It opened like the petals of a flower.
I peered inside; I felt I had no choice.
I saw a purple glow a hundred yards below.
That seemed absurd, but then I heard
It echo back my voice.

My plan to put the purchase on my Visa
Succeeded, and I truly was amazed,
Till I got home and found a letter waiting
That said my credit limit had been raised.
I placed the purse upon my kitchen scale.
It registered a pound. That made me frown,
But, as I added keys and pens and wallet,
I saw the indicator creeping down.
It's fun to toss in random household objects
And watch the needle quiver, drift, and bounce.
No matter how I've tried to stuff more things inside,
I have not made the weight displayed
Descend past half an ounce.

Capacity is only one dimension
On which a woman's purse might be perceived.
One also must consider the condition
In which an item stored there is retrieved.
Last Tuesday I was busy for the evening
And spent the night in someone else's bed.
On Wednesday, being nowhere near my kitchen,
I picked up lunch at Deli Dream instead.
Too tardy to request a custom sandwich,
I grabbed one that was ready-made to buy:
The bread was white and thin; it held Swiss cheese within.
When noon came round, though, what I found
Was brie on sourdough rye!

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