

Olivia Newton-John, Phenomenal Woman

Words: Maya Angelou

Music: Amy Sky and David Pickell

Pretty women wonder
Where my secret lies.
I'm not cute or built to suit
A fashion model's size.
But when I try to tell them,
They think I'm telling lies.

I say -
It's the reach of my arms,
The span of my hips,
The stride of my steps,
The curl of my lips.

I'm a woman,
Phenomenal woman.
Yes, indeed,
'Cause I'm a woman,
Phenomenal woman.
Baby, that's me.

I walk into a room,
Just as cool as you please.
And, to a man, the fellows stand
Or fall down on their knees.
Then they swarm around me
Like a hive of honeybees.

I say -
It's the fire in my eyes,
The flash of my teeth,
The swing of my waist,

The joy in my feet.

I'm a woman,
Phenomenal woman.
Yes, indeed,
'Cause I'm a woman,
Phenomenal woman.
Baby, that's me.

It's in the arch of my back,
The sun of my smile,
The ride of my breasts,
The grace of my style.

Now you understand
Just why my head's not bowed.
I don't shout or jump about
Or have to talk real loud.
When you see me passing,
It ought to make you proud.

I say -
It's in the click of my heels,
The bend of my hair,
The palm of my hand,
The need for my care.

I'm a woman,

Phenomenal woman.
Yes, indeed,
'Cause I'm a woman,
Phenomenal woman.
Baby, that's me.