

“PHENOMENAL WOMAN” — MAYA ANGELOU (1928 –)

Pretty women wonder where my secret lies.

I'm not cute or built to suit a fashion
model's size But when I start to tell them,
They think I'm telling lies.

I say,

It's in the reach of my arms,
The span of my hips,
The stride of my step,
The curl of my lips.

I'm a woman

Phenomenally.
Phenomenal woman,
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,

A hive of honey bees.

I say,

It's the fire in my eyes,
And the flash of my
teeth, the swing in my
waist,

And the joy in my feet.

I'm a woman
Phenomenally.
Phenomenal woman,
That's me.

Men themselves have wondered
what they see in me. They try so much
But they can't touch
My inner mystery.

When I try to show them,

They say they still can't see.

I say,

It's in the arch of my back,
The sun of my smile,

The ride of my breasts,

The grace of my style.

I'm a woman Phenomenally.

Phenomenal woman,

That's me.

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. 'Cause I'm a woman Phenomenally.

Phenomenal woman,

That's me.