

Credibility

Been in this business for a few years now.
I bet I know my way around.
Or at least I thought so....

You slam the door in my face—barely know his name.
Remember my credibility—built it because of me.
He walks in with a pretty smile, telling all those lies.
Welcome to the double standards of our fucking time.

Ooh, you can laugh with him.
Ooh, he's so charming.
Ooh, you can "man" talk with him.

Barely does his job, but he's good with the puppy eyes—
Good on the girly eyes. Ooh, he's lying.
Ooh, he's barely even trying anymore.
Ooh, you wouldn't know and you don't even ask.

But why listen to me?
I've been in this business longer.
My credibility is stronger.

Clap him on the back, give him a hand—
That's what you did when you ignored the evidence.
But I guess I should know better
Ooh, you always fall for the "right" guy

I don't mean to be rude, but he's incompetent.
I told myself to stuff it down, but I shut up too long.
I love my business, but there's shit going on.

Don't listen to me.
I only have strong credibility.
I've been in this business longer.
My credibility is stronger.

If I stayed a little longer, would I be where he stands?
If I laughed at more jokes, would I be where he stands?
If I did better at job—oh, wait, I'm the best.

Oh, these double standards are giving me the blues.
I've only got my credibility to lose.

I play the game we women always do:
Shut up and drink some more booze.