

# **IT'S IN MY PURSE**

*Of all the words men hate to hear,  
Coming from their wives so dear;  
To hear these four, could not be worse,  
That thing you seek... "It's in my purse."*

*You pick it up with tender care,  
That thing you need, you hope is there,  
You open wide to let in light...  
But "Oh my word...and awful sight!"*

*Then after searching through and through,  
You know her claim just isn't true.  
You state your doubt: "It's just not there!"  
And lay it down...her search to dare!*

*She picks it up and reaches in,  
Without a look, she starts to grin.  
She then removes that thing you sought...  
And what a lesson you've been taught!*

*Do not go where angels fear;  
To leave her purse alone is clear!  
Her system bears an ancient curse...  
We hate to hear... "It's in my purse!"*

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