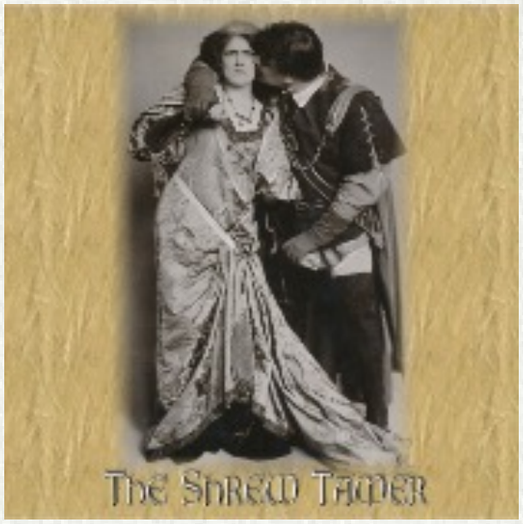


The Shrew-Tamer (Taming of the Shrew)

Elizabeth: lyrics.
James: guitars, bass.
Nigel: drums, keys.
Kris : vocals.

A long, long time ago
A rich young bachelor named Petruchio
Boasted that he could woo
Katherine the Veronese shrew

You tell me I should stop talking
Women should be seen not heard
But I know I'll have the last word
These boots are made for walking
And that's just what they'll do
Don't think you gonna tame this shrew

Katherine, she was not slow
She knew Petruchio was after her dough
Agreed to share his bed
So her younger sister could be wed

Petruchio thought no doubt
He'd tamed the shrew, had worn her out
Conquered both tongue and soul
But this was not true, in fact, at all

You tell me I should stop talking
Women should be seen not heard
But I know I'll have the last word
These boots are made for walking
And that's just what they'll do
Don't think you gonna tame this shrew

Discussing her husband with her friends
Katherine was scathing and declared
Petruchio, a shrew-tamer?
Never did I hear anything lamer!
He would not be warned
Hell hath no fury as woman scorned

I ain't gonna stop my talking
And these boots are made for walking
That's precisely what they'll do
Don't think you gonna tame this shrew
A shrew-tamer, Petruchio? You?
No one's gonna tame this shrew