

Paris Paloma - Labour

tom:	I'd watch and could not save her
Bm	The emotional torture
Bm Em7 Why are you hanging on?	From the head of your high table D
G So tight	She'd do what you taught her <mark>G</mark>
To the road that I'm headed from	She'd meet the same cruel fate Gb7
Bm Off this island	So now I've gotta run G
E Em This was an escape plan (This was an escape plan)	So I can undo this mistake G
G Carefully timed it	At least I've gotta try
So that we'd go	Bm The capillaries in my eyes are bursting
And dive into the waves below	A/ If our love died, would that be the worst thing?
Bm D Who tends the orchards?	For somebody I thought was my saviour A7 A
G Who fixes up the gables?	You sure make me do a whole lot of labour Bm D
Gb7 Emotional torture	The callous skin on my hands is cracking G A
From the head of your high table	If our love ends, would that be a bad thing? Bm Dm7
Who fetches the water?	And the silence haunts our bed chamber G Bm You make me do too much labour
From the rocky mountain spring	You make me do too much labour
And walk back down again?	All day, every day Bm
To feel your words and their sharp sting	Therapist, mother, maid Bm
And I'm getting fucking tired	Nymph then a virgin Bm
Bm D The capillaries in my eyes are bursting	Nurse than a servant Bm
A7 If our love died, would that be the worst thing?	Just an appendage, live to attend him Bm
Bm D For somebody I thought was my saviour	So that he never lifts a finger Bm
A7 You sure make me do a whole lot of labour	Twenty-four-seven baby machine G A
Bm The callous skin on my hands is cracking	So he can live out his picket fence dreams Bm
G If our love ends, would that be a bad thing?	It's not an act of love if you make her G A
Bm Dm7 And the silence haunts our bed chamber	You make me do too much labour
G A Bm You make me do too much labour	Bm All day, every day
Bm Em G A (You make me do	Therapist, mother, maid
Too much labour)	Nymph then a virgin A
Bm Em	Nurse than a servant Bm
Apologies for my tone	Just an appendage, live to attend him
And never yours	So that he never lifts a finger
Busy lapping from a flowing cup	Twenty-four-seven baby machine
And stabbing with your fork Em	So he can live out his picket fence dreams Bm
I know you're a smart man (I know you're a smart man) G A	It's not an act of love if you make her G A
And weaponise the false incompetence $$\operatorname{\textsc{Bm}}$$	You make me do too much labour
It's dominance under a guise	Bm D The capillaries in my eyes are bursting
Bm If we had a daughter	(All day, every day, therapist mother maid)

Oferecimento Lojalele.com.br

If our love died, would that be the worst thing?

(Nymph then a virgin, nurse then a servant)

Bm D

For somebody I thought was my saviour

(Just an appendage, live to attend him)

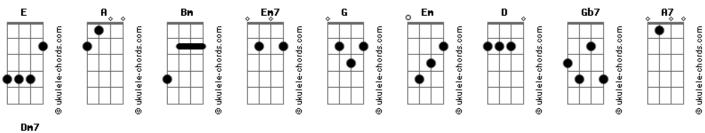
A7

You sure make me do a whole lot of labour

(So that he never lifts a finger)

© ukulele-chords.com

Acordes



The callous skin on my hands is cracking

If our love ends, would that be a bad thing?

(So he can live out his picket fence dreams)

(It's not an act of love if you make her)

(Twenty-four-seven baby machine)

Bm Dm7 And the silence haunts our bed chamber

You make me do too much labour

