

Paris Paloma - Labour

tom:

Bm

Why are you hanging on? Bm Em7

So tight G

To the road that I'm headed from A

Off this island Bm

This was an escape plan (This was an escape plan) E Em

Carefully timed it G

So that we'd go A

And dive into the waves below

Bm D

Who tends the orchards? G

Who fixes up the gables? Gb7

Emotional torture

From the head of your high table Bm

Who fetches the water? D

From the rocky mountain spring G

And walk back down again? Gb7

To feel your words and their sharp sting G

And I'm getting fucking tired

Bm D

The capillaries in my eyes are bursting A7

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

For somebody I thought was my saviour A7 A

You sure make me do a whole lot of labour Bm D

The callous skin on my hands is cracking G A

If our love ends, would that be a bad thing? Bm Dm7

And the silence haunts our bed chamber G A Bm

You make me do too much labour

Bm Em G A

(You make me do

Too much labour)

Bm Em

Apologies for my tone G

And never yours A

Busy lapping from a flowing cup Bm

And stabbing with your fork Em

I know you're a smart man (I know you're a smart man) G A

And weaponise the false incompetence Bm

It's dominance under a guise

Bm

If we had a daughter

G

I'd watch and could not save her

Gb7

The emotional torture

Bm D

From the head of your high table

D

She'd do what you taught her

G

She'd meet the same cruel fate

Gb7

So now I've gotta run

G

So I can undo this mistake

G

At least I've gotta try

Bm D

The capillaries in my eyes are bursting A7

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

For somebody I thought was my saviour A7 A

You sure make me do a whole lot of labour Bm D

The callous skin on my hands is cracking G A

If our love ends, would that be a bad thing? Bm Dm7

And the silence haunts our bed chamber G A Bm

You make me do too much labour

Bm

All day, every day

Bm

Therapist, mother, maid

Bm

Nymph then a virgin

Bm

Nurse than a servant

Bm

Just an appendage, live to attend him

Bm

So that he never lifts a finger

Bm

Twenty-four-seven baby machine

G A

So he can live out his picket fence dreams

Bm

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

G A

You make me do too much labour

Bm

All day, every day

D

Therapist, mother, maid

G

Nymph then a virgin

A

Nurse than a servant

Bm

Just an appendage, live to attend him

G A

So that he never lifts a finger

Bm

Twenty-four-seven baby machine

G A

So he can live out his picket fence dreams

Bm

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

G A

You make me do too much labour

Bm D

The capillaries in my eyes are bursting

(All day, every day, therapist mother maid)

A7
 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 **A**
 You sure make me do a whole lot of labour
 (So that he never lifts a finger)
Bm **D**

The callous skin on my hands is cracking
 (Twenty-four-seven baby machine)
G **A**
 If our love ends, would that be a bad thing?
 (So he can live out his picket fence dreams)
Bm **Dm7**
 And the silence haunts our bed chamber
 (It's not an act of love if you make her)
G **A** **Bm**
 You make me do too much labour

Acordes

