

Paris Paloma - Labour

tom:

Bm

Why are you hanging on? Bm Em

G

So tight

A

To the road that I'm headed from

Bm

Off this island

E Em

This was an escape plan (This was an escape plan)

G

Carefully timed it

A

So that we'd go

And dive into the waves below

Bm D

Who tends the orchards?

G

Who fixes up the gables?

Gb7

Emotional torture

Bm

From the head of your high table

D

Who fetches the water?

G

From the rocky mountain spring

Gb7

And walk back down again?

G

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 Dm

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

G

She'd do what you taught her

Gb7

She'd meet the same cruel fate

G

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 Dm

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

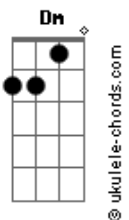
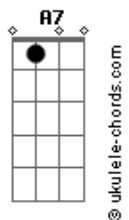
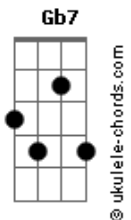
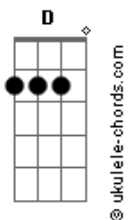
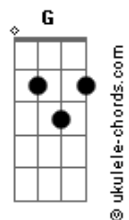
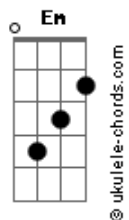
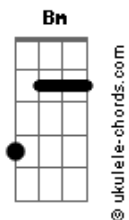
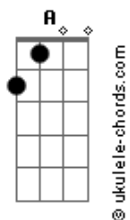
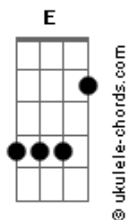
(Just an appendage, live to attend him)

A7 **A**
You sure make me do a whole lot of labour

(So that he never lifts a finger)

Bm **D**

Acordes



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 **Dm**
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