

Paris Paloma - Labour

tom:
 Bm
 Why are you hanging on?
 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 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
 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 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

