

Paris Paloma - Labour

tom:

Bm
Why are you hanging on?
So tight
To the road that I'm headed from
Off this island
This was an escape plan (This was an escape plan)
Carefully timed it
So that we'd go
And dive into the waves below
Bm D
Who tends the orchards?
Who fixes up the gables?
Emotional torture
From the head of your high table
Who fetches the water?
From the rocky mountain spring
And walk back down again?
To feel your words and their sharp sting
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
And never yours
A
Busy lapping from a flowing cup
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

