

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

Who tends the orchards? Bm D

Who fixes up the gables? G

Emotional torture Gb7

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 G

The capillaries in my eyes are bursting Bm D

If our love died, would that be the worst thing? A7

For somebody I thought was my saviour Bm D

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

The callous skin on my hands is cracking Bm D

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

And the silence haunts our bed chamber Bm Dm7

You make me do too much labour G A Bm

(You make me do Bm Em G A

Too much labour)

Apologies for my tone Bm Em

And never yours G

Busy lapping from a flowing cup A

And stabbing with your fork Bm

I know you're a smart man (I know you're a smart man) Em

And weaponise the false incompetence G A

It's dominance under a guise Bm

If we had a daughter Bm

I'd watch and could not save her G

The emotional torture Gb7

From the head of your high table Bm 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 G

The capillaries in my eyes are bursting Bm D

If our love died, would that be the worst thing? A7

For somebody I thought was my saviour Bm D

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

The callous skin on my hands is cracking Bm D

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

And the silence haunts our bed chamber Bm Dm7

You make me do too much labour G A 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 G A Bm

All day, every day Bm

Therapist, mother, maid D

Nymph then a virgin G

Nurse than a servant A

Just an appendage, live to attend him Bm

So that he never lifts a finger G A

Twenty-four-seven baby machine Bm

So he can live out his picket fence dreams G A

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

You make me do too much labour G A

The capillaries in my eyes are bursting Bm D

(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

