

# Gustav, One Hand Mona

mona gave up taking pictures  
she lost her left arm and married karl  
8 hours of sleep  
8 hours of work  
8 hours of leisure-time, of remedy  
3 months of pregnancy  
-

it takes 7 minutes to prepare the coffee  
and 4 and a half to eat a slice of bread  
she always dreamed of a white wedding  
but she lost her left arm and married karl  
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sometimes she wears this fancy jacket  
her mother calls her twice a week  
and she so wishes sex with her  
white clad dentist  
but she's just colouring her horoscopes with needs  
-

shaving legs sundays friday night tears  
in everyday make up all day long  
year after year  
worn out small talks  
racked up pain  
pine away mona  
in your single-tracked train  
-

mona stopped singing memorised melodies  
and she lost her faith in those credit card companies  
sometimes she gives karl head  
it's better than just resting in bed,  
she says. she says:  
it's a common way of life  
loosing one arm and becoming somebody's wife  
it's a common way of life  
loosing one arm and becoming somebody's wife  
-

shaving legs sundays friday night tears  
everyday make up all day long  
year after year  
-

but her secret pleasures  
are her monthly sent letters  
to defenceless 2-handed strangers  
destiny seldom comes painlessly  
one hand mona's resolutions  
tiny bloody executions  
little letter bomb explosions  
it's all in mona's hand  
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rise and shine mona  
rise and shine on them all  
let the world know  
who's really to blame for  
your amputating war  
-

well  
the bird in mona's hand is better  
than the dove that flies above  
so the thing in which mona believes  
is not what we usually call love  
if she could she would make herself quite happy  
but what a pity  
she lost her left arm and married karl  
-

rise and shine mona  
rise and shine on them all  
let the world know  
who's really to blame for  
your amputating war

-

stop counting hours of agony  
and stop suffering with dignity  
just send out fateful letters  
and execute them all

-

let the world know mona  
who is really insecure

-

rise and shine mona  
rise and shine on them all  
let world know  
who's really to blame for  
your amputating war

-

stop counting hours of agony  
and stop suffering with dignity  
just send out fateful letters  
and execute them all  
them all

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be wary of your mailboxes, men  
ticktocticking mona might strike again  
she doesn't want to harm your wife  
but you might have to start with one hand less  
a brand new life.