

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

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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

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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

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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

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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

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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

-

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.