

# Pop Will Eat Itself, Mother

I gave you grief,  
You gave me milk,  
Your mother's breast my bed of silk.  
An itch appears,  
The time is here:  
Mamma-Mia Mamma-Mia Mamma-Mia! Let me go!

You take the plunge and she knows,  
You know, she knows the game,  
She knows what you're thinking,  
You're still her child and she knows,  
She knows you know,  
She knows what's best.

You love and you learn and you cry  
When you're burned  
And you love and you learn  
And you laugh 'til it hurts  
And you love and you learn  
And you wait 'til your turn  
And you twist or you stick or you burn.

&quot;&quot;I give you trust you give me lies,&quot;&quot; she said  
&quot;&quot;At night I lie awake I try,&quot;&quot; she said  
&quot;&quot;To understand you.&quot;&quot;  
&quot;&quot;I never planned to disappoint you or annoy you,  
To desert you or destroy you,  
I wanna be there for you.&quot;&quot;

You take the plunge and she knows, you know,  
She knows the game,  
She knows what you're thinking,  
You're still her child and she knows,  
she knows you know,  
She knows what's best.

You love and you learn  
And you cry when you're burned  
And you love and you learn  
And you laugh 'til it hurts  
And you love and you learn  
And you wait 'til your turn  
And you twist or you stick or you burn.

She needed a chill-out but no one would cool out our mamma,  
A gun in her hand and the blood it spilled out in the sand...  
Mother!

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And you cry when you're burned  
And you love and you learn  
And you laugh 'til it hurts  
And you love and you learn  
And you wait 'til your turn  
And you twist or you stick or you burn.