

# Crass, Mother Love

chorus: mommy and daddy owned me till I could understand  
that at the end of my arm was my own fucking hand  
that in my head I had a brain that they'd filled up with lies  
that I didn't fucking need them with their love and family ties.

Little children shouldn't speak until they're spoken to  
they're just another showpiece to show the neighbours who  
can produce the perfect babe with everything in place  
but god help you if you come out without an angel face.  
if you haven't got the looks that prove how nice you are  
you'll have failed your duty and that's all you fucking are  
you're just a status symbol that they need to have in life  
just the proof they need to be the perfect man and wife

chorus

Just like a fucking dustbin they fill you up with trash  
and tell you all that life is, is working for some cash  
life's a competition and you've got to be the best  
so tread on everybody else, forget about the rest.  
they tell you to be grateful for what they've done to you  
like tell you the conditions and pump it into you  
that you really mustn't fail them cos you owe them a debt  
cos they're the ones that made you and they won't let you forget.

chorus

you're not a human in their eyes you're a novelty  
they don't want you thinking cos you'll break the fantasy  
the fantasy that you're the toy providing endless fun  
you're not a human being you're their daughter or their son  
you bring them lots of happiness when you are very small  
but when you lose those darling looks no-one dares to call  
cos you're no more the cuddly toy for them hug and hold  
you're not an individual and they're just getting old.

chorus