

Paris Paloma, labour

22.03.2023 Utwór 'labour' to nowość od Paris Paloma.

Why are you hanging on
So tight
To the rope that I'm hanging from
Off this island
This was an escape plan
Carefully timed it
So let me go
And dive into the waves below

Who tends the orchards?
Who fixes up the gables
Emotional torture
From the head of your high table
Who fetches the water
From the rocky mountain spring
And walk back down again
To feel you words and their sharp sting
And I'm getting fucking tired

The capillaries in my eyes are bursting
If our love died, would that be the worst thing?
For somebody I thought was my saviour
You sure make me do a whole lot of labour
The calloused skin on my hands is cracking
If our love ended, would that be a bad thing?
As the silence haunts our bed chamber
You make me do too much labour

Apologies from my tongue
Never yours
Busy lapping from flowing cup
And stabbing with your fork
I know you're a smart man
And weaponise
The false incompetence
It's dominance under guise

If we had a daughter
I'd watch and could not save her
The emotional torture
From the head of your high table
She'd do what you taught her
She'd meet the same cruel fate
So now I've gotta run
So I can undo this mistake
At least I've gotta try

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All day, every day, therapist, mother, maid
Nymph then virgin, nurse and a servant
Just an appendage, live to attend him
So that he never lifts a finger
24/7 baby machine
So he can live out his picket fence dreams

It's not an act of love if you make her
You make me do too much labour