

Soft Cell, Where The Heart Is

Atmospheres are tense today
Mother and father are rowing again
Silently seated around the table
You're the one that's getting the blame
Father looks at you like a snake
You play with the food upon your plate
No one seems to be on your side
Things that threaten to hurt your pride
Mother loves to be concerned
Using lessons that she learnt
Fathers never understand
When children have the upper hand
Smiling you did your time at school
Crying quietly like a fool
Saturday night and Sunday morning
Did all the things they asked you to do
They say that home is where the heart is
But home is only where the hurt is
Pull the wool over the eyes
Forget the worries that you started
Mother loves to be concerned
Using lessons that she learnt
Fathers never understand
When children have the upper hand
When you stayed out every night
The first time from your parent's sight
They started to show some concern
But by then it was too late
Feel it's time to pull away
Shut your ears to all they say
Be yourself you know it's true
When in the end what's left is you
Mother loves to be concerned
Using lessons that she learnt
Fathers never understand
When children have the upper hand