

# 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