

The Kinks, Labour Of Love

Marriage is a two-headed transplant,
Sometimes that's how it seems.
When the sex wears off it's all give and take,
And it's good-bye to all your dreams.
One head wants to go to a movie
While the other wants to stay at home,
And just like a two-headed transplant
You get the feeling that you're never alone.

Mr. and Mrs. Horrible are an example of what I say.
They used to be so in love, now they fight so much
That they've frightened all their friends away.
They never get visits from neighbors,
They've alienated everyone.
And what started off as all cuddles and kisses
Has finally become

A labour of love, labour of love.
The torment, the worry and woe,
Love's full of fears, bruises and tears,
That's the way that a true love grows.
It's a labour of love, labour of love.
It's a struggle, without a doubt,
But if they keep on trying, screaming and crying,
Somehow they're gonna work it all out.

It turned into a two-headed transplant,
But it started off with "Here Comes the Bride."
But cut off one of the heads and you'll soon find out
That the other just couldn't survive.
Because they couldn't stand to be separated
They still each other's to have and hold.
Anyone who thinks the transplant is easy
Really ought to be told

It's a labour of love, labour of love.
The torments, the worries and whoas,
The battles, the fights, the bruises and bites,
That's the way that a true love grows.

They took the vows, for better or worse,
And they had it blessed by heaven above,
But what started so brightly as a tender romance
Turned into a labour of love.
Turned into a labour of love.