Tim Booth, Eh Mamma

I've been working out all day

But I'm skin and bone, man

I'm been trying to pump it up with testosterone

I don't think she likes my body

And I don't care much for her mind

But love is a test for the damned

And the rest are all blind

I'm sending her an apple to tempt her

I'm praying that the devil will show

Cut her off at the pass to pre-empt her

Then I'll trade her blow for blow

Noone has a recipe for love like mamma

Heaven knows there is no God above like mamma

There never was a girl who was good enough for mamma

When I'm older, mamma marries me

She says hey killer there's a storm

At the end of every rainbow

She says love is a test and you don't look your best

Just go home

I've an issue with the spit or swallow

And just don't get it in my hair

Love is a test for which I never was blessed

Yeah yeah yeah

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