

Voice Of The Beehive, Playing House

(By Tracey Bryn & Martin Brett)

He's walking slowly - he is in no hurry
He is walking to the slaughter of the hell that's called routine
She arises tired - she is feeding on the famine of the
Fat that's called the housewife
Making sure that it's all clean

This is the game called playing house
We're all screamin', no one's getting out
This is the game called playing house

He's starving for a surprise, she is aching for a sign
That things are not quite as simple
As they seemed to be designed
Give me complication, give me freezing in the heat
Give me some new kind of rhythm
Give me some new kind of beat

Don't give me the game called playing house
We're all screaming, no one's getting out
Don't give me the game called playing house

Playing house, Playing house

Destroy all that's creative - give routine a friendly face
Just give everyone a rhythm, just give everyone a place
That is the game that we've been told that we will play
And if we play ot long enough, it's bound to surely go away.