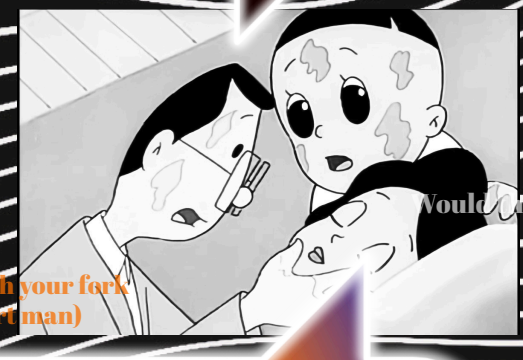


One, two, three  
Why are you hanging on so tight  
To the rope that I'm hanging from?  
Off this island, this was an escape plan (this was an escape plan)  
Carefully timed it, so let me go  
And dive into the waves below  
Who tends the orchards? Who fixes up the gables?  
Emotional torture from the head of your high table  
Who fetches the water from the rocky mountain spring?  
And walk back down again to feel your words  
And their sharp sting  
And I'm getting fucking tired  
The capillaries in my eyes are bursting  
If our love died, would that be the worst thing?  
For somebody I thought was my saviour  
You sure make me do a whole lot of labour  
The calloused skin on my hands is cracking  
If our love ends, would that be a bad thing?  
And the silence haunts our bed chamber  
You make me do too much labour  
You make me do too much labour  
Apologies from my tongue, and never yours  
Busy lapping from flowing cup and stabbing with your fork  
I know you're a smart man (I know you're a smart man)  
And weaponise

1995

APRON MOM, PLEASE DON'T  
DIE! OUR SON AND I HAVEN'T  
HAD DINNER YET.



Nymph, then a virgin, nurse, then a servant  
Just an appendage, live to attend him  
So that he never lifts a finger  
24/7 baby machine  
So he can live out his picket-fence dreams  
It's not an act of love if you make her  
You make me do too much labour  
The capillaries in my eyes (all day, every day)  
Are bursting (therapist, mother, maid)  
If our love died (nymph, then virgin)  
Would that be the worst thing? (Nurse, then a servant)  
For somebody (just an appendage)  
I thought was my saviour (live to attend him)  
You sure make me do (so that)  
A whole lot of labour (he never lifts a finger)  
The calloused skin on my hands (24/7)  
Is cracking (baby machine)  
If our love ends (so he can live out)  
Would that be a bad thing? (His picket-fence dreams)  
And the silence (it's not an act of love)  
Haunts our bed chamber (if you make her)

I AM NOT YOUR LABOR.  
PLEASE RESPECT MY  
INDEPENDENCE AND IDENTITY.  
SEE ME BEYOND THE APRON.

One, two, three  
Why are you hanging on so tight  
To the rope that I'm hanging from?  
Off this island, this was an escape plan (this was an escape plan)  
Carefully timed it, so let me go  
And dive into the waves below  
Who tends the orchards? Who fixes up the gables?  
Emotional torture from the head of your high table  
Who fetches the water from the rocky mountain spring?  
And walk back down again to feel your words  
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And I'm getting fucking tired  
The capillaries in my eyes are bursting  
If our love died, would that be the worst thing?  
For somebody I thought was my saviour  
You sure make me do a whole lot of labour  
The calloused skin on my hands is cracking  
If our love ends, would that be a bad thing?  
And the silence haunts our bed chamber  
You make me do too much labour

2026

IN THIS FAMILY, WE ALL SHARE  
RESPONSIBILITY. LET'S TAKE YOUR MOM  
TO THE HOSPITAL, AND YOU CAN START  
TAKING CARE OF YOURSELF AS WELL.



All day every day, therapist, mother, maid  
Nymph, then a virgin, nurse, then a servant  
Just an appendage, live to attend him  
So that he never lifts a finger  
24/7 baby machine  
So he can live out his picket-fence dreams  
It's not an act of love if you make her  
You make me do too much labour  
All day, every day, therapist, mother, maid  
Nymph, then virgin, nurse, then a servant  
Just an appendage, live to attend him  
So that he never lifts a finger  
24/7 baby machine  
So he can live out his picket-fence dreams  
It's not an act of love if you make her  
You make me do too much labour  
The capillaries in my eyes (all day, every day)  
Are bursting (therapist, mother, maid)  
If our love died (nymph, then virgin)  
Would that be the worst thing? (Nurse, then a servant)  
For somebody (just an appendage)  
I thought was my saviour (live to attend him)  
You sure make me do (so that)  
A whole lot of labour (he never lifts a finger)  
The calloused skin on my hands (24/7)  
Is cracking (baby machine)  
If our love ends (so he can live out)  
Would that be a bad thing? (His picket-fence dreams)  
And the silence (it's not an act of love)  
Haunts our bed chamber (if you make her)