

Labour Official by Paris Paloma



[Intro]

(One, two, three)

[Verse 1]

Bm

Why are you hangin' on

Em

G

So tight

To the rope that I'm hangin' from

A

Bm

Off this island?

Em

This was an escape plan (This was an escape plan)

G

Carefully timed it

So let me go

A

And dive into the waves below

[Pre-Chorus]

Bm

D

Who tends the orchards?

G

Who fixes up the gables?

F#

Emotional torture

Bm
From the head of your high table

D
Who fetches the water

G
From the rocky mountain spring?

F#
And walk back down again

G
To feel your words and their sharp sting?
And I'm gettin' fuckin' tired

[Chorus]

Bm **D**
The capillaries in my eyes are bursting

G **A**
If our love died, would that be the worst thing?

Bm **D**
For somebody I thought was my saviour

G **A**
You sure make me do a whole lot of labour

Bm **D**
The calloused skin on my hands is crackin'

G **A**
If our love ends, would that be a bad thing?

Bm **D**
And the silence haunts our bed chamber

G **A**
You make me do too much labour

[Pre-Verse]

Bm Em G A

(You make me do too much labour)

[Verse 2]

Bm

Apologies from my tongue

Em

G

Never yours

A

Busy lapping from flowing cup

Bm

And stabbing with your fork

Em

I know you're a smart man (I know you're a smart man)

G

And weaponise

The false incompetence

A

Bm

It's dominance under guise

[Pre-Chorus]

D

If we had a daughter

G

I'd watch and could not save her

F#

The emotional torture

Bm

From the head of your high table

D

She'd do what you taught her

G

She'd meet the same cruel fate

F#

So now I've gotta run

G

So I can undo this mistake

At least I've gotta try

[Chorus]

Bm

D

The capillaries in my eyes are bursting

G

A

If our love died, would that be the worst thing?

Bm

D

For somebody I thought was my saviour

G

A

You sure make me do a whole lot of labour

Bm

D

The calloused skin on my hands is crackin'

G

A

If our love ends, would that be a bad thing?

Bm

D

And the silence haunts our bed chamber

G **A**
You make me do too much labour

[Bridge]

Bm **D**
All day, every day, therapist, mother, maid

G **A**
Nymph, then a virgin, nurse, then a servant

Bm **D**
Just an appendage, live to attend him

G **A**
So that he never lifts a finger

Bm **D**
Twenty-four-seven baby machine

G **A**
So he can live out his picket fence dreams

Bm **D**
It's not an act of love if you make her

G **A**
You make me do too much labour

Bm **D**
All day, every day, therapist, mother, maid

G **A**
Nymph, then a virgin, nurse, then a servant

Bm **D**
Just an appendage, live to attend him

G **A**
So that he never lifts a finger

Bm **D**
Twenty-four-seven baby machine

G **A**
So he can live out his picket fence dreams
Bm **D**
It's not an act of love if you make her
G **A**
You make me do too much labour

[Chorus]

Bm **D**
The capillaries in my eyes are bursting
G **A**
If our love died, would that be the worst thing?
Bm **D**
For somebody I thought was my saviour
G **A**
You sure make me do a whole lot of labour
Bm **D**
The calloused skin on my hands is crackin'
G **A**
If our love ends, would that be a bad thing?
Bm **D**
And the silence haunts our bed chamber
G **A**
You make me do too much labour