

Eh Mamma

Tim Booth

I've been working out all day
But Im skin and bone, man
Im 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
Im sending her an apple to tempt her
Im 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 Im 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
Ive 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
Im sending her an apple to tempt her
Im praying that the devil will show
Cut her off at the pass to pre-empt her
Then I'll trade her blow for blow

Try to understand it all
I'll become a bum
Someone's gonna hold you to your words
Winter snows into the spring
Understanding's not the thing
I'm a dinosaur
Someone's gonna hold you to your words
I learnt all about nothing in India
Bridging is all I'll ever know
There's people living in boxes
Where noone goes or even drives down slow
I wouldn't even bother to inform you
Of this waste of human beings
Empathy won't work with reason
Empathy's just a common feeling