

# Mother Knows Best

Richard Thompson

So you think you know  
How to wipe your own nose  
You think you know  
How to button your clothes  
You don't know shit  
If you hadn't already guessed  
You're just a bump on the log of life,  
Cause mother knows best She tells everybody  
She was born in a ditch  
She back-combs her hair  
Till she looks like a witch  
Wolves in her train,  
Serpents suckle at her breast  
Don't forget to wash behind your ears,  
Cause mother knows best O you lost your job,  
Well ain't that a shame  
You got nobody but yourself to blame  
You deserve everything you get  
For such a carelessness  
And don't eat your peas off the knife,  
Cause mother knows best So your baby's hungry, so your baby's sick  
Don't make babies, that'll do the trick  
Put another string of barbed wire  
In your little love nest  
It's better than a cardboard box,  
Cause mother knows best She got a zombie army to serve her well  
She got a thousand bloodhounds  
From the gates of hell  
She got a hundred black horses  
With sulfur and coal on their breath  
And she rides the unbelievers down,  
Mother knows best She says "Bring me your first-born,  
And I'll suck their blood  
Bring me your poor,  
I can trample in the mud  
Bring me your visionaries,  
I can put out their eyes  
And bring me your scholars,  
I'll have them all lobotomized,

Cause mother knows best

Songwriters

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