

# Slum Love

Kimbra

Work, work work work, work work work  
It's all about work, work work work, work work work  
It's all about work, work work work, work work work  
It's all about work, work work work, work work workHey, I never wanna be a millionaire  
But I could use a break  
You've had me pumpin' iron  
Workin' the mines from the night until the break of day  
Baby, shackles on my ankles  
Your ropes 'round my hands  
This ain't some kind of game  
'Cause, you're too tired for thatWhy do I have to always pick up  
The pieces of your heart, yet (Hey!)  
Why do you always have to be  
So derogatory and tear me apart (Hey!)  
My friends all think we are in love  
Reading horoscopes like they were gospel  
We're living in the first world, but  
You can make a third world girl out of meSlum Love  
Some kind of slum love  
Some kind of slum love  
Some kind of slum love(Whoa!)  
I never wanted a Utopia  
Or a rise in denies  
It's like I'm walking the wire  
You keep feeding the fire with  
Your thoughts about totality  
You're a little bit older  
But that don't mean a thing  
We still bicker like children  
Then make up and do it all againWhy do I always have to be the  
Heroine or the Rescuer  
Why do I always fall for you when  
You're making breakfast or driving my car  
They promised us the world, they told us  
We'd fall in love; unconditional  
Maybe I should just count my lucky stars  
And be glad I have someoneWhen I shout, you've learned to scream (ah!)  
Toxic passion, then epiphany oh, oh, ohSlum love  
Some kind of slum love

Some kind of slum love  
Some kind of slum love

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