

Miner's Gruel

Future of the Left

lindsay - i was talking to your father
and well, we think it's time that you moved out
the sense of entitlement is one thing, darling
but the truth is that life is too precious to be ruined
i grant you that living in this house isn't easy
at least, after your grandparents died
things were pretty tense for a couple of months
and then the summer reminded us to laugh sit on their bellies and pull out their hair
feed them their miners gruel next week - you'll be thanking your lucky stars
instead of cursing at them
we both want the best for your future, my darling
but if time is not linear then the facts are contestable
please know that we will always be there for you
although our number has changed
and don't try to contact your sister in sheffield
truth has denied you the right your dad loves his stereo
don't you dad?
yes you do
look at you
nodding there
look at you
nodding there
pity me
pity me
no, i'm the other one
why are you learning french
are you emotional?
dad is a busy man
nobody works like him
look at him sitting there
sitting there
breathing in
pity me
pity me
i am a mother too
pity me
pity me
i am so motherly
i'm feeding i'm feeding i'm feeding the furnace

i'm feeding i'm feeding i'm feeding the furnaces
so pity me, pity me
my back is killing me
i didn't ask for a back - i'm serious

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