

Playing House

Voice of the Beehive

(By Tracey Bryn & Martin Brett) He's walking slowly - he is in no hurry
He is walking to the slaughter of the hell that's called routine
She arises tried - she is feeding on the famine of the
Fat that's called the housewife
Making sure that it's all clean This is the game called playing house
We're all screamin', no one's getting out
This is the game called playing house He's starving for a surprise, she is aching for a sign
That things are not quite as simple
As they seemed to be designed
Give me complication, give me freezing in the heat
Give me some new kind of rhythm
Give me some new kind of beat Don't give me the game called playing house
We're all screaming, no one's getting out
Don't give me the game called playing house Playing house, Playing house Destroy all that's creative - give
routine a friendly face
Just give everyone a rhythm, just give everyone a place
That is the game that we've been told that we will play
And if we play on long enough, it's bound to surely go away.

Songwriters

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