

Dress Like Your Mother

Sleeper

Friday's gym and sunday's grim
He sees an analyst on tuesday morning
She's no happier than him
She only likes to hear her own voice talking
Oh well have you seen her face
Soaked in hype and foolishness
They say when you upped and left
Your parents didn't even notice
50 Years to go, ooh la la
And it seems to me that you're all dead already
Wifey works on style mags
Thin girls with bruises in her pictures
Halfway down she lost herself
I think they call it butterfingers
Oh well it's a cosy place
Occasional domestic flare-ups
Oh well have you seen her face
She actually believes in haircuts
You sold your old punk records
Read the book instead
You lost your sense of humour
But you kept the queen is dead
You don't look yourself
You dress like your mother

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