Mother Love

Crass

Mummy and daddy owned me till I could understand
That at the end of my arm was my own fucking hand.
In my head I had a brain that they filled up with lies,
I didn't fucking need them with their love and family ties.Little children shouldn't speak until they're spoken to,
They're just another showpiece to show the neighbours who
Can produce the perfect babe with everything in place,
But god help you if you come out without an angel face.
If you haven't got the looks that prove how nice you are,
You'll have failed your duty and that's all you fucking are,
You're just a status symbol that they need to have in life,
Just the proof they need to be the perfect man and wife.Mummy and daddy owned me till I could understand
That at the end of my arm was my own fucking hand.
In my head I had a brain that they filled up with lies,
I didn't fucking need them with their love and family ties.Like a fucking dustbin they fill you up with trash,
And tell you all that life is, is working for some cash,
Life's a competition and you've got to be the best,
So tread on everybody else, forget about the rest.
They tell you to be grateful for what they've done to you,
Like tell you the conditions and pump it into you,
That you really mustn't fail them 'cause you owe them a debt,
'cause they're the ones that made you and they won't let you forget.Mummy and daddy owned me till I could understand
That at the end of my arm was my own fucking hand.
In my head I had a brain that they filled up with lies,
I didn't fucking need them with their love and family ties.You're not a human in their eyes, you're a novelty.
They don't want you thinking, you'll break the fantasy,
The fantasy that you're the toy providing endless fun,
You're not a human being, you're their daughter or their son.
You bring them lots of happiness when you're very small,
But when you lose those darling looks no-one cares to call,
'cause you're no more the cuddly toy for them to hug and hold,
You're not an individual and they're just getting old.Mummy and daddy owned me till I could understand
That at the end of my arm was my own fucking hand.
In my head I had a brain that they filled up with lies,
I didn't fucking need them with their love and family ties,
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Songwriters
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