

## Voice Of The Beehive "Playing House"

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(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 tired - 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 ot long enough, it's bound to surely go  
away.

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