

Kinks

"Labour of Love"

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Marriage is a two-headed transplant
Sometimes that's how it seems
When the sex wears off, it's all give and take
And it's goodbye to all your dreams

One head wants to go to a movie
While the other wants to stay at home
And just like a two-headed transplant
You get the feeling that you're never alone

Mr. and Mrs. Horrible are an example of what I say
They used to be so in love, now they fight so much
That they've frightened all their friends away

They never get visits from neighbors
They've alienated everyone
And what started off as all cuddles and kisses
Has finally become

A labour of love, labour of love
The torment, the worry and woe
Love's full of fears, bruises and tears
That's the way that a true love grows

It's a labour of love, labour of love
It's a struggle without a doubt
But if they keep on trying, screaming and crying
Somehow they're gonna work it all out

It turned into a two-headed transplant
But it started off with, 'Here Comes The Bride'
But cut off one of the heads and you'll soon find out
That the other just couldn't survive

Because they couldn't stand to be separated
They still each other's to have and hold
Anyone who thinks the transplant is easy
Really ought to be told

It's a labour of love, labour of love
The torments, the worries and whoas
The battles, the fights, the bruises and bites

That's the way that a true love grows

They took the vows for better or worse
And they had it blessed by heaven above
But what started so brightly as a tender romance
Turned into a labour of love, turned into a labour of
love

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