

## Laibach

### "Widow's Weed"

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Waitin' til my dyin' day  
That's when I pack these tired blues away  
That's when I go to lay down in my grave  
That'll be my flyin' day  
Wondering what i'm workin' for  
Ain't gonna be your lowdown dog no more  
Ain't gonna bleach an' scrub your kitchen floor  
I wonder what I'm workin' for  
Making tiny feet for shoes  
Didn't have the right to pick 'n choose  
Didn't know the freedom I would lose  
In making tiny feet for shoes  
Working dozen to the nine  
Feels like I'm just servin' time  
Waitin' in this goddamn line  
Hell or heaven I'll be fine  
Cookin' nothing in the pan  
That's the way life dealt my hand  
That'll be my livin' last demand  
To get something from this land  
Playin' around the toes of time  
Waiting for the spark that'll free my mind  
That'll put unhappiness behind  
Just looking for an exit sign

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