

Crass "Mother Love"

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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.

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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 cos you owe them a
debt,
Cos they're the ones that made you and they won't let
you forget.

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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,
Cos you're no more the cuddly toy for them to hug and
hold,
You're not an individual and they're just getting old.

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