

## **Richard Thompson**

# **"Mother Knows Best"**

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So you think you know how to wipe your own nose  
So you think you know how to button your clothes  
You udon't know shit  
If you hadn't already guessed  
You're just a bump on the log of life  
'Cos Mother knows best  
She tells everybody she ws born in a ditch  
She backcombs her hair till she looks like a witch  
Wolves in her train, serpents suckle at her breast  
Don't forget to wsh behind your ears  
'Cos Mother knows best  
O you lost your job, well ain't that a shame  
Got nobody but youself to blame  
You deserve everything you get for such carelessness  
And don't eat your peas off the knife  
O Mother knows best  
So your baby's hungry  
So your baby's sick  
Don't make babies, that'll do the trick

Put another string of barbed wire in your little love nest  
It's better than a cardboard box  
Mother knows best  
She got a zombie army to serve her well  
She got a thousand bloodhounds from the gates of  
Hell  
she got a hundred black horses with sulphur and coal  
on their breath  
And she rides the unbelievers down  
Mother knows best  
She says, bring me your first-born  
I'll suck their blood  
Bring me your poor  
I can trample in the mud  
Bring me your visionaries  
I can puthout their eyes  
Bring me your scholars  
I'll have them all lobotomised  
Mother knows best

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