

Thompson Richard

"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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