

The Daily Grind

Little Comets

Tears on the abdomen of a woman but it's ok
For she has a baby
Flexibly skiving with benefits driving the Daily
Mail says it's a holiday

We always seem to denigrate
Ourselves again at the point of being
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Ourselves again at the point of being

Fear kills even the most
Fecund of seconds and I hold these close
Why should having a child and a career
Not be reconciled?

We always seem to denigrate
Ourselves again at the point of being
We always seem to denigrate
Ourselves again at the point of being

So lost the ephemeral everywhere
No cost that our future should have to bear
A sure start has unraveled been turned into
Dust and to gravel to trample upon, trample upon

You must feel so proud
Stigmatising every single mother
While your own world's falling down

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