

# Mother Knows Best

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So you think you know how to wipe your own nose?  
You think you know how to button your clothes?  
You don't know shit if you hadn't already guessed  
You're just a bump on the log of life, 'cause mother knows best

She tells everybody she was born in a ditch  
She back-combs her hair 'til she looks like a witch  
Wolves in her train, serpents suckle at her breast  
Don't forget to wash behind your ears, 'cause mother knows best

Oh you lost your job, well ain't that a shame?  
You got nobody but yourself to blame  
You deserve everything you get for such a carelessness  
And don't eat your peas off the knife, 'cause 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, 'cause 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, and I'll suck their blood  
Bring me your poor, I can trample in the mud  
Bring me your visionaries, I can put out their eyes  
And bring me your scholars, I'll have them all lobotomised."  
'Cause mother knows best