

## All The Daughters (of Her Father's House)

The Icicle Works

(McNabb)

Forgive me for the state I'm in  
They cut the rope that I was climbing  
Tally with incentive  
You should slip down here  
and taste the poison  
Small fat man with case in hand,  
Surveys the situation,  
Brother the small price of a bicycle  
isn't mine

We'll be watching, we'll be waiting  
Heavens let you heart decide,  
She's all the daughters of her father's house  
See the changes, none the wiser,  
Ton o'rusty dreams inside her,  
All the daughters of her father's house

You and I are old companions,  
Can't resist the challenge can we?  
Saw you on the television,  
Nine years older up and counting,  
Father drove the taxi cab,  
I'd sit below the meter,  
If you'd try to hail us,  
We'd have passed you by

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Can't pin it down, I'm confused  
been abused but maybe not  
Giv'em greed would not bite  
the hand that feeds