

Mothers Ruin
Kirsty MacColl

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F#m

Mother s ruin

She said to herself

E

I m just screwing my own mental health

But Fridays and Saturdays

D

She walks down those alleyways

A latter day lady of the lamp

F#m

How you doing?

You ain t from round here

Won t you come in?

E

I m really not scared-

Cause Fridays and Saturdays

D

I still do it anyways

And anything is better than out here

A

Now don t wake me up again

Don t let me feel anything

D

But when you go

Let me dream that I go with you

E

F#m

So I won t cry myself dry anymore

F#m

Mothers ruin

Their own little girls

Keep them dreaming

E

There s more to this world

But turn her the other way

D

And every day s Father s Day

He stays until there s nothing left to say