

Slum Love

Kimbra

Work, work work work, work work work
It's all about work, work work work, work work work
It's all about work, work work work, work work work
It's all about work, work work work, work work workHey, I never wanna be a millionaire
But I could use a break
You've had me pumpin' iron
Workin' the mines from the night until the break of day
Baby, shackles on my ankles
Your ropes 'round my hands
This ain't some kind of game
'Cause, you're too tired for that
Why do I have to always pick up
The pieces of your heart, yet (Hey!)
Why do you always have to be
So derogatory and tear me apart (Hey!)
My friends all think we are in love
Reading horoscopes like they were gospel
We're living in the first world, but
You can make a third world girl out of meSlum Love
Some kind of slum love
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(Whoa!)
I never wanted a Utopia
Or a rise in denies
It's like I'm walking the wire
You keep feeding the fire with
Your thoughts about totality
You're a little bit older
But that don't mean a thing
We still bicker like children
Then make up and do it all againWhy do I always have to be the
Heroine or the Rescuer
Why do I always fall for you when
You're making breakfast or driving my car
They promised us the world, they told us
We'd fall in love; unconditional
Maybe I should just count my lucky stars
And be glad I have someoneWhen I shout, you've learned to scream (ah!)
Toxic passion, then epiphany oh, oh, ohSlum love
Some kind of slum love
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