

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