

My Therapist [Analysing the analyst (me with me and me with she) - A comedy of errors]

My therapist never takes off her coat  
and though it tends to disconcert,  
There are probably more important things going on  
than her choice of dress or shirt  
It's driving me to distraction because I'm always wondering why  
I'm accompanied by the sound of cars on the motorway going by  
As they whizz by above my head I try to fathom my state of affairs  
I haven't cried once yet... maybe this counselling stuff just doesn't work

Why are you so none probing  
Why do you nod and agree  
Stop pretending you know what it feels like to be me  
Don't you look at me with those knowing eyes  
That soft spoken voice, so well trained  
At negotiating my demise

My mother was a nutcase, then she became one of them  
A freudian slip out the back doors of the ward  
Round about a quarter to ten

My mother was a lunatic, I think it's rubbed off on me  
(it runs in the family)  
its distorting my perception of rationality and sense of reality

Analyse this  
It's no Oedipal prerequisite  
No disordered disorganised excuse, I've just got the sometimes blues  
Nothing to worry about, nowt' to see here, nothing a childhood trauma couldn't excuse

Please sir don't lock me up, I'm just misunderstood  
Honestly I really do mean it, I'd be normal if I could  
Sometimes I hear voices, but they're usually my own  
a result of being an only-child having to argue all alone

I don't think it's so unhealthy to display early signs of lunacy  
It's the thing that keeps me sane most of the time

I'm not crazy I'm just hazzzzzzzy  
I'm not crazy I'm just laaaaazzzy  
I'm not crazy I'm just

I think they're out to get me so I'm gonna run away  
I've necked all the valium, washed down with whiskey and that was just for breakfast today  
Help they're trying to put me in this coat and it's not even been dry-cleaned  
"Take me back" I yelled as they grabbed me I kicked and I screamed

she's either a phoney or she's had a frontal lobe lobotomy  
lights are on but the lekkies gone  
lights are on but the lekkies gone