

Damned, Therapy

Therapy plug me in straight again
Who needs this voltage food?
Who needs therapy?

Who needs this filthy room at night
Who says give up without a fight
Who gets their answers out of books
Dirty man with their dirty looks

Therapy for clones with their Barclaycards
Pension books and morgage minds
Pay for this therapy

Who needs this filthy room at night
Who says give up without a fight
Who gets their answers out of books
Dirty man with their dirty looks

What do you need in your room at night
Therapy
That's right
What do you get when you kill the light
Therapy
That's right
What do you want when it all goes wrong
Therapy
That's right
Who needs therapy all night long
I do

I dream of pavements
Pavements cold and grey
Cheeful and laughter on a lovely day
I dream of pavements
They won't do away
I dream of pavements