

Therapy?, Diane

Hey little girl, wanna go for a ride?
There's room and my wagon is parked right outside
We can cruise down Robert Street all night long
But I think I'll just rape you and kill you instead

Diane (Diane), Diane (Diane), Diane (Diane)
Diane (Diane), Diane (Diane), Diane (Diane)

I hear there's a party at Lake Cove
It'd be so much easier if I drove
We could check it out, we can go and see
Come on, take a ride with me

Diane (Diane), Diane (Diane), Diane (Diane)
Diane (Diane), Diane (Diane), Diane (Diane)

Lay down together for a while
I'll put all your clothes in a nice neat little pile
You're the cutest girl I've ever seen in my life
But it's over now and with my knife

Diane (Diane), Diane (Diane), Diane (Diane)
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