

Therapy?, Wicked Man

My C.V. reads a long list of mistakes and regrets
Bad decisions, aftermaths and unmade beds
I've plastered over cracks and tried to mend what I can
To you I'm still a wicked man

Well, my C.V. reads a long list of unrights and some wrongs
I could explain, but it would take me way too long
My wife is a robot, my baby's cot
Is a heavy metal parking lot

From drudgery to buggery, a whole life is planned
I tried like a saint, but I failed with the damned
I've even sold my soul for a beer that's not cold
I'll only die when I am told

I'm a wicked man, I get what I deserve, 'cos I'm a wicked man, a wicked man
A wicked man, nurse, it's getting worse
You've got to, you've got to, got to, got to help me

Well, I've lied to myself so much I believe it's true
But all the hidden secrets, you already knew
And all the unexplained that tore us apart
To them I'm just a tart with a heart

I'm a wicked man, I get what I deserve, 'cos I'm a wicked man, a wicked man
A wicked man, nurse, it's getting worse
You've got to, you've got to, got to, got to help me

My C.V. is a long list of mistakes and regrets
I bruise to remember, I drink to forget
I've plastered over cracks but you don't understand
To you I'm still a wicked man
To you I'm still a wicked man
To you I'm still a wicked man