

The Mission, Hdshrinkerea

Your psychobabble is so alien to me
and I don't understand your psychotherapy
I don't want your conversation
I don't need no explanation
When you spout your blah blah blah and your cod philosophy

My signed Bukowski you sold behind my back
And undermining is your chosen mode of attack
I don't want your measured excuse

I don't need cerebral abuse
You know I know the truth and the truth is you're a quack

And the things you preach are all in breach
Red flags are raised sets me ablaze
And the things you say give it all away
And the things you do all betray that you
You're a headshrinker