

Therapy?, Bad Mother

It's a beautiful day, but I don't see it that way
The sky's too bright for my tired eyes to take
And I wish I was home, I'm edgy, cramped and cold
Trying to keep down the things that you keep wanting to throw up

You only mean it, 'cos you look like Jesus
You really mean it, when you look like Jesus

In your retirement home, watching you wanting to die
This thing has sucked all the dignity from your life
And this used to be fun, this used to be what you want
Now its just the same as everything, you run away

You only mean it, if you look like Jesus
You really mean it, 'cos you look like Jesus

The vicious vulgar colours clash, like the twelfth day of July
Left abandoned in a field, endless wailing scaring me
I could see beyond the field, being left alone in lonely summer
I am stuck out here, waiting for you to take me home

You only mean it, if you look like Jesus
You only mean it, if you look like Jesus
You only mean it, 'cos you look like Jesus
You only mean it, 'cos you look like Jesus
(I'm falling, I'm falling)
You only mean it, 'cos you look like Jesus
You really mean it, 'cos you look like Jesus
You only mean it, 'cos you look like Jesus
You really mean it, you really mean it, 'cos you look like Jesus
You really mean it (I'm falling)
You really mean it (I'm falling)
You really mean it (I'm falling)
You really mean it (I'm falling)
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