

Therapy?, Endless Psychology

Yesterday's child is not in control
Not down with the rock, not down with the roll
Go, go, go on my scrawny white attack
All the kids are right, all the chicks are black
I want to be lapsed Catholic
Earn my sacred heart, full colour, high tech
Jung at heart, Wilde inside
See the world through Jackson Pollock's eyes

So bring out your dead, 'cos they'll never know
Rob them of possessions, and leave them in the snow
I see people treat people
Tall flats, short steeples

Painted on your daddy's arm
Wasted in your mummy's car
You're sixteen and you feel so lonely
Signing up for some Commie army

(Killed someone at thirteen) Endless psychology
(O.D'd on Sunny D) Endless psychology

You think you're hard, you think you're metal
Cut your nipple, Red Cross medal
Out of speed, out of breath
Stop now before you think yourself to death

Painted on your daddy's arm
Wasted in your mummy's car
You're sixteen and you feel so lonely
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Painted on your daddy's arm
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And you've only got yourself to blame
Join the gallery, the kids from Shame
You're sixteen and you feel so lonely
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