Therapy?, Potato Junkie

I'm bitter, I'm twisted James Joyce is fucking my sister How can I remember 1690? I was born in 1965

I can see you, I can read you, I won't be you I can see you, I can read you, I won't be you

This business is pointless To think that green's the only colour on the atlas I'm trying hard just to survive To keep myself alive

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Don't you ever feel attracted to the girls you photograph? Sexually? It's not part of my job Aren't you sexually attracted to me? Yes, I am Touch me What? I said touch me, please