

Therapy?, Who Knows

I've wasted my time trying to figure out
Who you are, what you're on, what you're all about
This is no time to say maybe
This is the time to get heavy

Who knows what goes on in that head of yours
Knows what goes on in that head of yours
Knows what goes on, sometimes

It's a festered fucked up sign of the times
When you look at the teeth and not at the eyes
You'll knock yourself out in Hollywood
It's hard to see your soul when it's down your throat

Who knows what goes on in that head of yours
Who knows what goes on in that head of yours
Knows what goes on, sometimes

First on the bottle and last on the pills
All this good health is making you ill
You're a model, actress, anything
You're a fucked up loser, nobody

Who knows
Who knows

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Knows what goes on in that head of yours
Knows what goes on

Who knows what goes on in that head of yours
Knows what goes on in that head of yours
Knows what goes on, sometimes
Sometimes
Sometimes
Sometimes
Yeah