

I stopped talking when I was six years old
I didn't want anything more to do with the outside world
I was happy being quiet
But, of course, they wouldn't leave me alone
My parents tried every trick in the book
From speech therapists to child psychologists
They even tried bribery
I could have anything
As long as I said it out loud

Life is unfair, kill yourself or get over it

Of course this episode didn't last forever
I'd made my point and it was time to move on
To peel away the next layer of deceit
And see what new surprises lay in store
My school report said I showed no interest
"A disruptive influence"
I felt sorry for them in a way
And when they finally expelled me
It didn't mean a thing

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(At that time she stopped what she was doing, she stopped playing.
She stared, she had the facial grimacing, and then the psychiatrist was saying,
"Julie, Julie, can you hear me? Can you open your eyes?
Can you stick out your tongue?" And all of a sudden, Julie struck out.)

The November day when I came home
The Christmas decorations were already up
Spray on snow, coloured flashing lights
And an artificial tree that played Silent Night
Over and over again
My parents welcomed me with loving arms
But within an hour were back at each others throats
Normal, happy childhood back on course
Batteries not included

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