

The Psychiatrist Is In

God Help the Girl

Grow up, you're nearly 25
What happened when you were a child?
Do you require an analyst
or will a friendly smile suffice?

Find your space, are you breathing well?
Do you feel okay?
Are you calm, are you comfortable?
Is your heartbeat racing?
Is this your soul you're facing?

Lay down, my couch is over there
I think you'll find it's way more comfortable
Take off your glasses, don't be scared
For thirty pounds, I'll listen to your
Stories dear, shut the window there
We should keep the session intimate, don't you agree?

I've experience in matters similar
I can't juggle I can't knit a pinafore
But I'll listen to your tale and give you some advice

I was an ace when I was young
I learned to dance, I didn't have to learn
I was a case when I grew up
A case of hope, crashing to the ground

I learned, I hit the skids and I
Woke up me myself and I was a different person
If I take you on will you be pliable?
As a confidante I'm quite reliable
Dreamer though you are
It is you that's been my signpost so far.