

## Therapy

Loudon Wainwright III

I wonder why you love me, baby  
I hardly love myself at all  
I think we're both a little crazy  
We need some therapy that's all  
I'll see a man, you see a woman  
You need a mom, I need a dad  
It's not our fault we have this problem

Our parents made us, we were had  
I know that there's someone out there  
Who knows what the hell is happening  
You know that we must do something  
'Cause God knows and he's not helping  
Just twice a week for just an hour  
Just walk on it, just let it out

I know we'll both feel so much better  
Don't let depression with the bout  
Don't bottle up those awful feelings  
You're not the one who knows it all  
There is a nice big box of Kleenex  
If you break down and start to bawl  
I know that there's someone out there

Who knows what the hell is happening  
You know that we must do something  
'Cause God knows and he's not helping  
I'm full of fear and paranoia  
You are hysterical and sad  
Let's do it, babe, you know I love you

It costs so much, it can't be bad  
I don't know why you love me, baby  
I hardly love myself at all  
I think we're both a little crazy  
We need some therapy that's all  
Just sixty bucks an hour, that's all