

Head Shrink

Mother Mother

I sit down with a head shrink
She asks me, 'Where do you feel it?'
Oh, I feel it

It's in my neck
It's in my back
It's in my inability to unpack the past
It's like a car I can't un-crash
It's just too hard
But I gotta start
She said

And the to-do list, it
It's up on my fridge, it
It haunt me, it taunt me
Yeah, it tell me

To fix my neck
And fix my back
And fix my inability to unpack the past
It's like a car I can't un-crash
It's just too hard
Yes, hard
But I gotta start
She said (She said)

Yeah, you gotta start
She said (She said, she said)

It's in my neck
It's in my back
It's in my bed
It's in my sex
And every extra little bit of flesh
When I'm undressed, it is grotesque

Oh, it's in my food I eat to puke
It's in my dreams, another killing spree
Oh, it's in my momma
It's in my pop
They did their best
Fuck, what a mess

Or maybe it's all in my head shrinks, hey-yeah
Yeah, maybe, baby, it's all in my head shrinks, hey-yeah, ee-yeah
Yeah, maybe, baby, it's all in my head shrinks, hey-yeah, ee-yeah
Say, maybe, baby, it's all in my head shrinks, hey-yeah, ee-yeah

It's in my neck
It's in my death
It's in my inability to unpack the past
It's like a car I can't un-crash
It's just too hard
But I gotta start
She said