

Freud On The Beach

Richard Edwards

I sit and I squirm
Try to observe each breath as it leaves me
Then greet its return
I squirm
And I think of her sometimes
So I start again

I sit and I squirm
Unpack the past
Send it out for the weekend, hope it never comes back
I squirm when I think of you sometimes
So it goes...

I hear a ghost!
I hear a ghost
I hear a ghost and see Freud On The Beach
Drunk in the sun
If you see me comin' you better run
Oh, while poor little rich bitch bangs on her drum

I come back to you in the dark
I miss you when I'm soft
So I gotta stay hard
When I cannot stand who I am

Oh my baby blue
I feel glued to "it was" this evening
Thought I'd lose it when I said that mantra, yeah
When I'm with a woman and she blows my mind
I forget you, baby, every time!

...But where are you tonight
My darling?
Oh, my darling, while I sit and I squirm