

E.C.T.

Swingin' Utters

I don't wanna go to E.C.T
White suits and static don't suit me
The acronym's got brevity
But I know it's just shock therapy

I don't wanna go, I don't wanna see
I don't want this E.C.T
They're all trying to convince me
That it don't hurt, that it's good for me

But I don't wanna go through E.C.T
Will I have to bear down and grit my teeth?
I feel it ain't my destiny
And the doctors are terrifying

I don't wanna go, I don't wanna see
I don't want this E.C.T
They're all trying to convince me
That it don't hurt, that it's good for me

Is it just my chemistry
Or am I worse off then I think?
Do I need them to fix me?
Do I need their E.C.T.?