

Explain to you
The girl who tells me that she knows herself
I say to you, my girl
You don't know you, my girl
Only really shallow people know themselves
It's true to say

Everybody's playing happy Freud
I say to you, my girl
You don't know you, my girl
Your Capricorn is showing
And the edge is getting frayed, frayed

Here's to all those people
Who know themselves, they really know themselves
They look into a mirror
And they know themselves, they really know themselves
I will build them
A mirror they can see themselves
As other people see them

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Say to you, say to you, explain...