

## Mondo Freudo

### Victims Family

Sits in his office rappin' with the rats, lookin' for excuses f  
or his fits and  
Spats, makin' things worse with a cocaine brain, trying to judg  
e the  
Distance between pleasure and pain. Stinks like a madman cries  
all the  
Time, confident of all the answers he'll find, don't get confus  
ed or call  
Him paranoid-o, he just doesn't know about his mondo freudo.  
Sittin'on the couch he tried to pour out his heart, while the d  
octor  
Yawned a bit and tried to hold back a fart and then he lit up a  
cigar and  
Just started to smoke and just thinkin' to himself that it's ju  
st a joke.  
"Well I got a good job and it pays real well, and when I get ho  
me I treat the kids  
Like hell. Beat my wife within an inch of her life and tried to  
slit my  
Wrists with a dull butter knife. The family's real worried 'bou  
t my  
Carousin' and boozin' " and the doctor lit a smoke to try to ke  
ep him  
From snoozin', it was getting real lame and doc was gettin' ann  
oyed-o  
And didn't give a damn about mondo freudo.  
Sittin' on the couch etc...  
Doctor couldn't take it anymore, 'cause he was bored and just s  
ick and  
Tired of listenin' to a mondo freudo. Wife and the kids whose l  
ife just  
Hit the skids were sick and tired of gettin' pushed around and  
livin' in  
A condo with a mondo freudo.  
The secretary knew that names couldn't escape her, walked down  
to  
The corner to buy a newspaper. Back to the office, past all the  
bums,  
Readin' 'bout the baby junkies in the Chilean slums and "Wife s  
hoots  
Husband, twice in the head" she knew the name of the man that w  
as  
Dead, he was a pain in the ass, a fly in the ointment, wife bou  
ght a gun  
And he missed his appointment.