

The Psycho-Song

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When I left school I didn't know what to do
While all my friends knew I didn't have any clue
Luke, Pit and Rita would travel for a year
And Liz, Karl and Clara knew where to steer

I asked my mother and that's what she said
Join the pharmacy of dear Uncle Fred
Earn good money from nine to five
Fred will retire and your shop will thrive

I asked my sister and here's what she said
Well, little one, remember your cat.
Your hamsters and birds. So why don't you plan
To become a veterinarian?

My father advised me to go into law
Becoming a lawyer would fill neighbors with awe
A family's attorney would nicely shine
Appealing against any traffic fine

Out of nowhere appeared Granduncle Bob
Told me I should join his plumbing shop
Shit runs downhill and there's gold in it
About to turn seventy he soon would quit

Am I a pinball? What's going on in their minds?
Well meant advices but of no useful kind
But all of the sudden I knew what to do
Understanding how others think, act and do

Refrain

So I dare to become a psychologist
And it doesn't matter how strange it is
All secrets are about to be revealed
And I'll be the master of that field