

Therapy

Relient K

I never thought I'd be driving through the country just to drive
With only music and the clothes that I woke up in
I never thought I'd need all this time alone, it goes to show
I had so much yet I had need for nothing but you, but you
This is just therapy, let's call it what it is
With a death grip on this life always transitioning
This is just therapy, 'cause you won't take my calls
And that makes God the only one who's left here listening to me
Letting it all sink in, it's good to feel a sting now and again
I hope it's one less woeful thing there is to fight through
For getting it all begin fresh paper and nice expensive pen
The past cannot subtract a thing from what I might do for you
Unless that's what I let it do
This is just therapy, let's call it what it is
With a death grip on this life always transitioning
And this is just therapy 'cause you won't take my calls

And that makes God the only one who's left here listening
Loneliness and solitude are two things not to get confused
'Cause I spend my solitude with you
I gather all the questions of the things I just can't get straight
And I answer them the way I guess you'd do
'Cause this is my therapy
'Cause you're the only one that's listening to me
This is my therapy, let's call it what it is not what we were
With a death-grip on this life that's in transition
This is my therapy 'cause you won't hear me out
And that makes God the only one who's left here listening
This is my therapy, let's call it what it is
With a death grip on this life always transitioning
This is my therapy 'cause you won't take my calls
And that makes God the only one who's left here listening to me

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