

# Sects Therapy

## The Alan Parsons Project

Lead vocal: frankie howerd  
I was lonely and depressed  
Having fled the family home  
When I met an old acquaintance  
I had only barely known  
And I told her over tea  
Of my worries and my woes  
And a morbid fear of eating beans  
In tightly fitting clothes  
And she said psychoanalysis was just the thing for me  
And she knew a mayfair analyst I really ought to see  
So I went round to his rooms  
And he saw me right away  
Though he asked a sum of money I could ill afford to pay  
But I lay down on the couch  
By a bowl of flaccid flowers  
And I talked and talked and talked and talked  
For hours and hours and hours  
And he told me tales of oedipus with great authority  
And he asked me if my mother  
Wore stiletto heels and rubber  
And I realised that this poor soul  
Was more confused than me  
Well the shock was so profound  
That I fled into the strand  
Where I saw a hare krishna group  
And joined in with the band  
This was just the life for me  
Free of worldly goods and care  
And I chanted and I ranted  
Round and round trafalgar square  
I converted tens of thousands and they joined us then and there  
But the bagwan  
was so jealous  
That he called me over zealous  
Then he threw me out  
When I refused to cut off all my hair  
(dr. ruth, dr. ruth, why not write to dr. ruth? )  
So I wrote to dr. ruth  
And she helpfully proposed  
I should join a nudist colony  
And throw away my clothes  
All that sun upon my flesh  
Would set my libido free  
And would guarentee much more of it  
Whatever 'it' may be  
But I don't feel that I was quite equipped for such a life  
Fair of skin just like my sisters  
Too much sun would give me blisters  
So I think I'll turn the whole thing in  
And go home to the wife

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by  
<https://damnyrics.com/>