

## Alan Parson Project "Freudiana"

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I was alone in my room feeling sorry for myself  
Call me a prophet of doom, I could think of nothing else  
I found a freudian book gathering dust upon my shelf  
I thought I'll give it a look, would it hurt or would it help  
?

Freudiana, do you want to be somebody ?  
Freudiana, do you want to change the world ?

I met the wolfman and the ratman, anna-o and little  
hans  
They were walking on a tightrope, I never thought they  
had a chance  
And then a hand reached out to hold them just before  
they tumbled down  
But I was standing in a quicksand and I could not feel  
the ground

Freudiana, do you want to be somebody ?  
Freudiana, do you want to change the world ?

I look back and try to find the part of me I don't know  
I won't stop till I see the truth. there's such a long way to  
go

I saw a picture of a stranger but I didn't understand  
He had a ring around his finger and something burning  
in his hand  
And I wanted him to teach me and I needed to believe  
But the shadows that he threw me were intended to  
deceive

Freudiana, do you want to be somebody ?  
Freudiana, do you want to change the world ?

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