

Paul Tiernan "Therapy Station"

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Kick hit roll the rules and smoke

The station's full of junkie's food

Be glad sad punch the bag

And mind your mind

The station's man is second hand
Relax brag chase the dragon in the tracksuit

Cute as a hawk's talk talk

Rotate get straight jump the queue

The station's man isn't watching you
We live at therapy station

With the action man and his medicine

At therapy station

All stuck together with glue
Be pure sure you'll lose a drop or two

But blood is cheap at least

From our point of view

This song won't mean a thing

To all you people from that

Clean white world
We live at therapy station

With the action man and his medicine

At therapy station

All stuck together with glue
They've played our song so many times

I almost think the words are mine

Broaden your mind, broaden your minds

Let the big light shine on you

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