

Camille West

"The Viennese Drinking Song"

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Wherever we go, there's id and there's ego
the conflicts we never outgrow.
Anxiety's built on repression and guilt
(ask any good Catholic you know).
There are feelings inside which are felt and denied
and in trying to hide them we find
that the ones we repress are the ones we express
(and they tell me it's all in my mind).

(Chorus)

And we sing ya, ya, ya, ya
So many things to avoid
Ya, ya, ya, ya
the gospel according to Freud

One day my kid came to me straight from his therapy,
(used to be strictly gestalt)
He said "I'm not complainin' but my toilet trainin'
was rough so you're really at fault"
Perhaps if I'd waited he'd not be fixated
I wish that I'd made it a game
So I owe an apology... thank you, psychology
My fault the kid is insane

(Chorus)

Our sons want to marry us. Freud says the Oedipus
complex is strong and it's real.
These boys cause a ruckus; they all want to -shall we
say feel?-
what they ought not to feel
Between father and son there's a war to be won
over mama's affectionate glance
Says pop to his kid, "What's this crap about id?
Keep your impulses inside your pants"

(Chorus)

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