

Eric Woolfson

"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 I try to find
The part of me that I don't know
I won't stop 'til 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 through me
Were intended to deceive.

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

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