

The Alan Parson Project

"Re-Jigue"

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A health warning on some possible pitfalls of psychology

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

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