

## Therapy

### "Why Turbulence?"

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I thought there'd be a point to all this  
Someday it would all make sense  
Still waiting there's nothing yet

I have everything I need  
Food, shelter, family  
People that love me

Routine, habits, our daily rituals  
Deaden perception  
Work, leisure, blank eyed ambition  
(Where's this going?)

Big black hooded perambulator  
Birth was the death of me  
Big black hooded perambulator  
Running red lights to the cemetery

Gradually I started to feel  
All the absurdity  
Put me in a minor key  
Breath snags in my chest  
Words get left unsaid  
Leaving me feel, well... helpless

Routine, habits, our daily rituals  
Deaden perception  
Work, leisure, blank eyed ambition  
(Where's this going?)

Big black hooded perambulator  
Birth was the death of me  
Big black hooded perambulator  
Running red lights to the cemetery

Today is the first day of the rest of your life  
Tell that to your liver, tell that to your ex-wife

Routine, habits, our daily rituals  
Deaden perception  
Work, leisure, blank eyed ambition

(Where's this going?)

Big black hooded perambulator  
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