

Mondo Freudo

Victims Family

Sits in his office rappin' with the rats, lookin' for excuses f
or his fits and
Spats, makin' things worse with a cocaine brain, trying to judg
e the
Distance between pleasure and pain. Stinks like a madman cries
all the
Time, confident of all the answers he'll find, don't get confus
ed or call
Him paranoid-o, he just doesn't know about his mondo freudo.
Sittin'on the couch he tried to pour out his heart, while the d
octor
Yawned a bit and tried to hold back a fart and then he lit up a
cigar and
Just started to smoke and just thinkin' to himself that it's ju
st a joke.
"Well I got a good job and it pays real well, and when I get ho
me I treat the kids
Like hell. Beat my wife within an inch of her life and tried to
slit my
Wrists with a dull butter knife. The family's real worried 'bou
t my
Carousin' and boozin' " and the doctor lit a smoke to try to ke
ep him
From snoozin', it was getting real lame and doc was gettin' ann
oyed-o
And didn't give a damn about mondo freudo.
Sittin' on the couch etc...
Doctor couldn't take it anymore, 'cause he was bored and just s
ick and
Tired of listenin' to a mondo freudo. Wife and the kids whose l
ife just
Hit the skids were sick and tired of gettin' pushed around and
livin' in
A condo with a mondo freudo.
The secretary knew that names couldn't escape her, walked down
to
The corner to buy a newspaper. Back to the office, past all the
bums,
Readin' 'bout the baby junkies in the Chilean slums and "Wife s
hoots
Husband, twice in the head" she knew the name of the man that w
as
Dead, he was a pain in the ass, a fly in the ointment, wife bou
ght a gun
And he missed his appointment.