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The Ballad For Group Therapy

Reference number PT0785

Every Wednesday at seven-thirty taking therapy in a group are Miss Fitzgerald, Miss Abercrombie, Mister Moscowitz and Mister Shoop.

And me.

There to share a mutual comfort, should our psyches begin to droop, are Miss Fitzgerald, Miss Abercrombie, Mister Moscowitz and Mister Shoop.

And me.

Mister Shoop has acrophobia, Miss Fitzgerald hates het mother, Abercrombie loathes her siblings and we all detest each other.

So at each emotional conclave how we argue and laugh and cry, and I've become increasingly certain, as each session goes gambling by Miss Fitzgerald, Miss Abercrombie, Mister Moscowitz and Mister Shoop are all much sicker than I.

I mean me.

Egomania or necrophilia,
each disturbance we swiftly spot,
and when ev'ry meeting is over
I discover I learned a lot.
Miss Fitzgerald, Miss Abercrombie,
Mister Moscowitz and Mister Shoop
are all potential homicidal maniacs, you see.
And guess who they're out to get
Moscowitz.