

# Secret Thinking

## Kleenex Girl Wonder

Whistle when you need dismissal, or approval  
Or a little psycho-critical strudel  
Just yodel, when you're mixed-episodal  
Episodic, whatever, just holler when you're psychotic  
I'll get a motel, it'll go well probably

Doesn't take much to move me to touch you  
Just a brush will do what it does do  
It's not love that lets me trust you  
I have a manner of speaking to just you

Secret thinking as they call it, mental telepathy  
Interior dialogues we whisper prophetically  
Subliminal interdiction speeds the flow of information  
With automatic intuition, we forego communication

Listen, I'm on a mission from Jesus  
To fixed what's borked between us  
So what is it? He's only omniscient  
He can't hear your heartbeats, and I hid your car keys  
So can he pencil you in for a visit?

It'll only take a minute  
Before you know it, you'll be finished  
It's not love unless you're in it  
So let's deprecate this business

The secret thinking that you promise doesn't mean anything  
Is leeching all my agency and draining my energy  
So when you have a moment open up and lay it all on me  
Let's put the, "Hot! O my!" back in our dichotomy

'Cause you're just a dic (sic), and the forest is thick  
For the trees are tricks and the sea just reorganizes our anxieties  
But I never sought to silence the beast  
Or be frozen in my most sublime memory  
I just climbed off the island while the sea was asleep  
And now it's like I shut off my mind when I speak

But secret thinking somehow saves me, I know not how or why

So don't say a word now, baby, it's alright when sweet things die  
No one can know the answers or the questions you seek  
Every interaction is a de-duplicated unique

Lyrics provided by <https://www.songlyrics.band/>