

## Bubble Puppy

### "Your Disease Is Nicer"

Visit "[Your Disease Is Nicer](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

What'll I do till my fingers dry? Till the messy little grabbers get their way?  
I would cancel all the answers in the wink of an eye  
Just to give my hands a decent place to play

I don't wanna hear about your poor, private hell  
I don't need to see you scars or count your tumors  
I'm corrupt, and I'm feeling swell  
Why do you complain so often when your disease is nicer?  
Your disease is nicer  
Everybody trusts in me that I'll make them well  
Now I'm here to put an end to all those rumors  
When you meet my prize personnel  
You're as good as in your coffin, 'cause your disease is nicer  
Your disease is nicer than mine

Standing all day in a sterile room  
Can leave a surgeon feeling kinda drained  
I'm bored with all your bleedin' and I'm sick of your doom  
You're only here to keep me entertained

Year after year, my practice thrives  
And I still treat my patients all the same  
I play with their emotions and collect on their lives  
And someone else will always get the blame

Visit [Bubble Puppy](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.