Guy Forsyth "Patient's Blues"

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Doc do I really need it
Is it ok to feed it
One little taste and it follows me home
Doc will it save my soul
Band-aid on a bullet hole
Real life with no parole, no time left to roam
How much more of this medication
Till you get your paid vacation
Your clean get away, you place under the sun
Doc how about your life, do you give it to your wife
Something to study the knife (?) when you're under the
gun, having fun

And I can't stop thinking you're holding back I can't stop thinking you're holding back I can't stop thinking you're holding back

Doc will this do me right, will I sleep through the night
Do you think I might not wake up at all
It's such a bitter pill
I guess it's sweeter still, even though the bottom
there's a long way to fall
Doc how about a chaser for your prescribed eraser
Don't you think the truth is too much for my will
I got my eyes wide open, my throat is choking
And both my hands are broken trying to get my fill,
sweeter still

And I can't stop thinking you're holding back I can't stop thinking you're holding back I can't stop thinking you're holding back

Come on, I can take it
Cause I've been looking forward
And I can't see a reason to wait another day
Come on give it to me straight
Have I got long to wait
How much longer till it carries me away
Doc will this cloud my eyes, stifle my cries
I hope you realize it all comes down to this
If I don't get my turn, it's gonna make me burn
And I'm not going to walk away without my goodnight

kiss, remember this,

And I can't stop thinking you're holding back I can't stop thinking you're holding back I can't stop thinking you're holding back

You're holding back, stop holding back You're holding back, stop holding back Repeat

Come on doc, who's side are you on

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