

## Marshall Crenshaw

### "Waiting List"

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You enter, step in the room, four, five  
My over compressed thoughts and ways make you get  
live  
You are the patient, and I, your black doctor,  
Medical bills, insurance, cash in the ceiling.  
Dioxalyn fingerprints here ever since  
I got my white suit pressed, out the cleaners,  
X-Ray shades, with hard shoes and some razor blades  
Who's the brother that's sick, and needs the operation?  
Bullets removed from your head, grand central station  
I gotta cut off your ear, first behind your neck  
Rip out the stomach, and open rectum's to dissect  
Shine the light, inside, roaches crawling in your throat  
I have no tools, my hammer's done, my drill is broked

I'm the doctor,  
You wait on the waiting list,  
Patients been here since this morning I dismiss.  
\*scratched\* 'This is Octagon'  
(repeat twice.)

Watching people vomit green, my po-lig is lizard pills  
My office in Berbick, I had the bodies in Beverley Hills.  
Seeking Kimbles and bits, a girl with small tits  
Talking to herself, her dog, and having rabid fits  
Green fly soup in on the way from the kitchen, troop  
Looking at T.B tuberculous on the window post  
Ten dead dogs, a brown fox in the comatose  
With no reps, I put more needles in they kneecaps  
Some primitive screws, and my, yes and perhaps  
A little sprinkle of Clorox, in their vocal box  
Some Pepto-Bismol, Pepsi-Cola, pack of Pop Rocks  
Mix it all together with bugs, to change the weather,  
You be coughing blue, with eyes like Mr. Magoo  
Straight up cartoon, you're bound to fall out real soon.

(Chorus)

As you come in the bright, you ride the orange  
ambulance  
Look at widows and pell see the mental patients dance

Doin six and seven, steps ladies yells dance  
Upside downside with walls flyin' through the  
hall/whore  
Mr. Reeves/Mysteries with yellow bees they fly, sting  
your face  
You out there bumps, caught up with a acne case  
Plastic surgery, your lawyer now refer to me  
Giving you sketches, exquisite pictures of the gill man  
What's the matter, are you happy? Na you're ill man  
Standin' back, you choose a ticket,  
My spiritual laws of vitamins will turn your face wicked  
You're invited to ride the glide to your homicide

(Chorus)

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