

Matt Costa

"Emergency Call"

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Skin's turning green, eyes are turning yellow
The Doctor stays rich because I'm a sickly fellow
Got the hypochondriac blues
I need your medicine to soothe
Creams and pills they've got nothing on you

Well, call me the Doctor and give me the cure
Ease the obsess on an open sore
Well Doctor, Doctor, can't get no relief
This losing sleep is misery
Won't you come and rescue me?

Doctor, Doctor
Doctor, Doctor

I spent the last week in my bed, started feeling
symptoms
My psychiatrist fills me up with a new prescription
Tell me, where I went wrong
It felt too good for too long
Honey, you got the remedy for me

Well, Doctor, Doctor can't get no relief
And this losing sleep is misery
Well, call me the Doctor and give me the cure
Ease the obsess on an open sore
I don't want to be sick no more

Doctor, Doctor
Doctor, Doctor

My heart's made of glass, mama, don't you break it
I knew that I made a mistake when I let you take it
Now this pain only for you
I need your medicine to soothe
Creams and pills they've got nothing on you

Well, call me the Doctor and give me the cure
Come back mama I'm feeling withdrawn
Please take my emergency call

How long must I wait held up in depression?

I tried to erase my past to make a good impression
But my broken horn's lost the tune
And only shattered mirrors fill my room
Fell for you and only got me down

Well, Doctor, Doctor come give me the cure
Ease the obsess on another open sore
Well, Doctor, Doctor can't get no relief
This losing sleep is misery
Won't you come and rescue me?

Doctor, Doctor
Doctor, Doctor

Doctor, Doctor
Doctor, Doctor

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