

St. Vincent "Surgeon"

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I spent the summer on my back
Another attack
Stealing just to get along, get along, get along
Turn off the TV, wait in bed
All blue and red
A little something to get along, get along, get along
Get along, get along, get along

Best finest surgeon
Come cut me open
Best finest surgeon
Come cut me open

Dress the undressing for the wall
If mother calls
She knows well we don't get along, get along, get
alone

I tell the mailman never you mind
I'll sift through the piles
And for him to just get along, get along, get along
Get along, get along, get along

Best finest surgeon
Come cut me open
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