

Sidney York "Doctor, Doctor"

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Doctor, Iâ€™m plagued with this painful malady,
Heâ€™s not so much a man, heâ€™s more like a
respiratory disease.
My glands distend, thereâ€™s chills in my bones,
My tonsils swell and my throat is sore,
And I feel my temperature rise, feel my temperature
rise...
And I feel my temperature rise, feel my temperature
rise...
Please infect me!

The shortness of breath from his palm on my chest, I
heave a gasp if I can.

He tickles my throat, so I fain an uncontrollable cough
that leaves blood
On my hands!
I wipe them clean, it leaves fingerprints on the sheets,
The stains wonâ€™t go away! Away! Away!

Lay down your instruments, doctor, itâ€™s futile to start!
Youâ€™re stethoscope will only prove, the futile beating
of my heart!
Please do not resuscitate, Iâ€™ve had my fill,
You can unload the meds, but I wonâ€™t take the pill,
The syringe penetrates to the bone, penetrates to the
bone...
The syringe penetrates to the bone, penetrates to the
bone...
Please inject me!

The dizziness lush, the nausea savoury, cramping
sweet,
The fever burns forth, and the coolness of your hands
round my throat is my
Only relief!
Donâ€™t operate, take me off the table
It wonâ€™t help if I donâ€™t want to be saved! Oh, be
saved! Be saved!

Oh, oh, oh, oh...
Oh, oh, oh, oh...

Unbandage me, unbandage me,
Unbandage me, the scabs you made will always bind
me.

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