

Randy Newman

"Doctor, Doctor"

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My brother's a machinist
And he works at the mill
And he makes more money
Than you ever will
He just got married
To a Polish girl
With a space
Between her teeth
When he was ten
Or eleven years old
He was helping out my Pop
In the barbershop
Sweeping up the hair
As it would drop
On to the boardwalk
And out of the shop

Doctor, doctor, what you say?
How 'bout lettin' him out today?
I can promise you he'll be ok
There ain't no reason
For him to stay

Get him back on his feet again

Back on his feet again
Open the door and set him free
Get him back on his feet again

One day he was workin'
In the barbershop
Knocked over some bottles
With the handle of his broom
And he cried
Daddy took him to a baseball game,
And still he cried
Daddy took him to the zoo,
And still he cried
Daddy said, "Son, I ain't angry,
But I'm so disappointed in you."

Get him back on his feet again

Back on his feet again
Open the door and set him free
Get him back on his feet again

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