

Sparks

"Nurse! Nurse!"

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So I never said thank you, for your hospitality.
When conversations were lacking context,
You were the hospital for me.
So now I sit here with depression,
And our cut up tongues flirt with disaster.
We've used lines to flirt with every one.

So we dance around our words.
You set the tempo! (I'll dim the lights, oh)
We all know that you're the reason. (The reason!)

Well, can we call the hospital?
I've been sleeping with the nurses.
For medication and we know,
This is my funeral.
The ambulance has missed my street.
And autumns sliding up my sleeves again.

Well, hey Mr. Allure.
(The ambulance is late!)
I'm lacking medication.
(And you're lacking taste!)
It's our taste for this conflict.
(We're forced to create)
And I'll decide to describe our night.
(With our eyes wide open)
When the alcohol forms just right.
(Right across our face)
Yeah in the bottom,
Yeah in the bottom of our lungs!

So we dance around our words.
You set the tempo!
(I'll dim the lights, oh!)
We all know that you're the reason.
(The reason)
Ell, can we call the hospital?
I've been sleeping with the nurses.
For medication and we know,
This is my funeral.
The ambulance has missed my street.

And autumns sliding up my sleeves again.

Well, can we call the hospital?
I've been sleeping with the nurses.
For medication and we know,
This is my funeral.
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Nurse! Nurse! Nurse!
The Ambulance is late!
Nurse! Nurse! Nurse!
The Ambulance is late!

Nurse! Nurse! Nurse!

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