

Stereolab

"Nothing To Do With Me"

Visit "[Nothing To Do With Me](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Absurd and sensible
Quite unacceptable
Let go, pull your leg off
Control, out of control

It's the bed wetting thing
That brought us here doctor
It's the bed wetting thing

You tripped dog on a leash
You had never noticed

Nothing to do with me
Says he weeing his feet
Well, it won't go away overnight
But it will go away in the end

You did such a great job
With the boiler last time
Please can you mend my baby
He hasn't moved for three weeks

Don't they use coffins
When they are that small
I don't want this
Poor thing in my house

Sir my chin
Has been getting rather hot lately
So lick your chin stand on a tall building
In the stiff breeze

Don't know what to do
It's Saturday night
I seek good advice
From who knows what's right

Why don't you ring friends
And go for a few drinks
And then go see a movie

Did you prescribe my daughter a pound of heroine

I'm sorry, I can't see, I think I've blinded myself
Did you prescribe my daughter a pound of heroine
I'm sorry, I can't see, I think I've blinded myself

It isn't a spot, it is a baby
You're not a doctor, you're a wanker

Visit [Stereolab](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.