

Morissette Alanis

"Not The Doctor"

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Lyrics by Alanis Morissette; music by Glen Ballard and Alanis Morissette

I don't want to be the filler if the void is solely yours
I don't want to be your glass of single malt whiskey
Hidden in the bottom drawer
I don't want to be a bandage if the wound is not mine
Lend me some fresh air
I don't want to be adored for what I merely represent to
you
I don't want to be your babysitter
You're a very big boy now
I don't want to be your mother
I didn't carry you in my womb for nine months
Show me the back door

Chorus:

Visiting hours are 9 to 5 and if I show up at 10 past 6
Well I already know that you'd find some way to sneak
me in and oh
Mind the empty bottle with the holes along the bottom
You see it's too much to ask for and I am not the doctor

I don't want to be the sweeper of the eggshells that you
walk upon
I don't want to be your other half I believe that 1 and 1
make 2
I don't want to be your food or the light from the fridge
on your face at midnight
Hey what are you hungry for
I don't want to be the glue that holds your pieces
together
I don't want to be your idol
See this pedestal is high and I'm afraid of heights
I don't want to be lived through
A vicarious occasion
Please open the window

Repeat Chorus

I don't want to live on someday when my motto is last

week

I don't want to be responsible for your fractured hear
and its wounded beat

I don't want to be a substitute for the smoke you've
been inhaling

What do you thank me

What do you thank me for

Repeat Chorus

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