

Emergency Call

Matt Costa

Skin's turning green, eyes are turning yellow
The Doctor stays rich because I'm a sickly fellow
Got the hypochondriac blues
I need your medicine to soothe
Creams and pills they've got nothing on you

Well call me the Doctor and give me the cure
Easily obsess on an open sore
Doctor, Doctor, can't get no relief
This losing sleep is misery
Won't you come and rescue me?

Doctor, Doctor
Spent the last week in my bed started feeling symptoms
My psychiatrist fills me up with a new prescription
Tell me where I went wrong
It felt too good for too long
Honey you got the remedy for me

Well Doctor Doctor can't get no relief
And this losing sleep is misery

Well call me the Doctor and give me the cure
Easily obsess on an open sore
I don't want to be sick no more

Doctor, Doctor
My heart's made of glass, mama don't you break it
I knew that I made a mistake when I let you take it
Now this pain is only for you
I need your medicine to soothe
Creams and pills they've got nothing on you

Well call me the Doctor and give me the cure
But come back mama I'm feeling withdrawal
Please take my emergency call

How long must I wait held up in depression?
I tried to erase my past, to make a good impression
But my broken horn's lost the tune
And only shattered mirrors fill my room
Fell for you and only got me down

Well Doctor Doctor come give me the cure
Easily obsess on an open sore
Doctor Doctor can't get no relief
This losing sleep is misery
Won't you come and rescue me?