

## Hey, Doc!

Cab Calloway

Hey, Doc, hey, Doc, I've got to see you.  
Who's that waking me up at 8:30 here in the morning? What's wrong with you, boy?  
Well, Doc, something is bothering me.  
Is that so? Well, tell me about it.  
Hey, Doc, hey, Doc,  
I wonder what's wrong with me.  
You look like you're beat to your chops this morning.  
Hey, Doc, hey, Doc,  
My temperature's one-oh-three.  
Well, let me feel your pulse, let me feel your pulse.  
Hey, Doc, hey, Doc,  
Whenever she looks at me . . .  
Oh, there's a chick mixed up in this thing here!  
Say, do you get a hazy spell?  
Yeah!  
A crazy spell?  
Yeah!  
And do you run around in circles and yell that you need a pill?  
Hey, Doc, hey, Doc,  
My ticker is on the blink.  
Hey, nurse, hand me my stethoscope over there.  
What do you think?  
I think what the trouble is, uh, you in love!  
Well, Doc, that's a killer. That's a gasser. That knocks me out.