

Sand All Yellow

Coyne, Kevin

What's the matter, baby?
Why do you worry so?
There's no reason to quarrel
No reason to go
If you feel sorry, baby
Then I know why
Somebody's been messing with your mind
And made you cry
And made you cry
I'm the doctor
I can help you along
Give you some sustenance
I'll keep you strong
Come into my surgery
It's on the very top floor
You'll feel so quiet there
You'll want to go and see
And have some more
There's flowers in my garden, baby
But it's alright now
I've saved all the flowers, baby
I've kept them for you
They're in a big Chinese bowl, baby
On the top of the stairs
They match nicely with the curtains
And they look well with the chairs
I've good intentions, baby
I don't mean you no harm
I've given you my word, my baby
I've given you my lucky charm
One forceps
One pair of knives
One pair of goggles, baby
Two glass eyes
So, when you see me, baby
I don't want to see you cry
That would only hurt me, baby
Only make me lie
My intentions are unsure now
I'm all qualified to lie
I have myself a bright white coat
I can help you to fly
Alright, the next patient, Miss Faversham
Is someone we know very well
We saw her out in the garden with the flowers
And she was crying
But she needs help
And I've told her to come to the top floor
Where I reside and sit amongst the magazines
The Novas and the Woman's Owns
Reside with me
'Cause I'm the doctor
Yeah, I'm the doctor
It's a sleepy lagoon
On a tropical island we will go to
No thoughts of cruelty, no hurt or pain
And the coconuts bouncing by

The coconuts bouncing by
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