

Doctor's leaving for the holiday season  
Got crystal ice picks, no gift for the gab  
And in the parking lot is the sedan he bought  
He never, he never complains when it's hot

He sold a swollen daughter  
In a sauna playing contract bridge  
They're soaking up the fun or doing blotters, I don't know which  
Which, which boys are dying on these streets

I know the medical world could knock you out  
To sell the coins that you jayed last Thursday  
Dine by candle light and hold your savings tight  
You never, you never know when the bridge falls apart

We spoke of latent causes, sterile gauzes  
And the bedside morale  
We traipse around the table talking sentences so incomplete  
Please, plea, boys are dying on these streets