

## Surgeon

St. Vincent

I spent the summer on my back  
And over attack  
Steel you just to get along

Turn off the TV, wait in bed  
Blue and red  
Somethin' to get along

Best finest surgeon  
Come cut me open

Dress the undressing for the wall  
If mother calls  
She knows well we don't get along

I tell the mailman, "Never you mind  
I'll sift through the piles"  
For him to just get along

Best finest surgeon  
Come cut me open