

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