

Dyin' of a Broken Heart

The Monkees

I told my Doctor something's wrong with me
She said gimme forty dollars and we'll look and see
Hop up on the table now we'll take some blood
Find out what you're dyin' of

She called me in the morning and she said now here're the facts
Well, it isn't your liver and it isn't your back
It's not your blood sugar or the Asian flu
That's not what killing you

You're dyin' of a broken heart
It really wasn't very smart
You lived through Nixon and a drug or two
Just to get your due
Dyin' of a broken heart

I called my analyst said I was a mess
He said gimme hundred dollars and we'll take a test
Lie down on the couch and tell me what you dream
It really isn't what it seems

You're dyin'
You're dyin' of a broken heart
And I'm cryin'
It really wasn't very smart
I lived through Nixon and a drug or two
Just to get your due
Dyin' of a broken heart

You're dyin'
You're dyin' of a broken heart
And I'm cryin'
It really wasn't very smart
I lived through Nixon and a drug or two
Just to get your due
Dyin' of a broken heart

You're dyin' of a broken heart
It really wasn't very smart
I lived through Nixon and a drug or two
Just to get your due
Dyin' of a broken heart
(get your due)
Dyin' of a broken heart
(get your due)
Dyin' of a broken heart
Dyin'
Dyin'
Dyin'