

The Nurse

The Slackers

Something has taught me
Karma has rolled me
God is a commie
Sweet Jesus told me
Says if you lost him
To please send a basket
And fire your musket
Over my casket

Roll out the stretcher
And make me feel better
For what is bad, don't be glad
And what is worse, I'm the nurse

Baby, don't you give me
Your words of sweet whiskey
Your southern draw crawling
Over me quickly
You see I've been lied to
Laughed at and cried to
But I'll no longer
Twisted and tied to

So Roll out the stretcher
And make me feel better
For what is bad, don't be glad
And what is worse, I'm the nurse

Sweet road out yonder
No, I have gone her
So teach me no lesson
And call when you wanna
Sweet horse, I'm implored
To lay me some wisdom
They says no, ah you want it
Just ask to receive them

Roll out the stretcher
And make me feel better
For what is bad, don't be glad
And what is worse, I'm the nurse

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