

Waiting List (D.J Shadow & Dan The Automator Mix)

Dr. Octagon

You enter, step in the room, four, five

My over compressed thoughts and ways make you get live

You are the patient, and I, your black doctor,

Medical bills, insurance, cash in the ceiling.

Dioxalyn fingerprints here ever since

I got my white suit pressed, out the cleaners,

X-Ray shades, with hard shoes and some razor blades

Who's the brother that's sick, and needs the operation?

Bullets removed from your head, grand central station

I gotta cut off your ear, first behind your neck

Rip out the stomach, and open rectum?S to dissect

Shine the light, inside, roaches crawling in your throat

I have no tools, my hammer?S done, my drill is brokedI'm the doctor,

You wait on the waiting list,

Patients been here since this morning I dismiss.Watching people vomit green, my po-lig is lizard pills

My office in Berwick, I had the bodies in Beverley Hills.

Seeking Kimbles and bits, a girl with small tits

Talking to herself, her dog, and having rabid fits

Green fly soup in on the way from the kitchen, troop

Looking at T.B tuberculous on the window post

Ten dead dogs, a brown fox in the comatose

With no reps, I put more needles in they kneecaps

Some primitive screws, and my, yes and perhaps

A little sprinkle of Clorox, in their vocal box

Some Pepto-Bismol, Pepsi-Cola, pack of Pop Rocks

Mix it all together with bugs, to change the weather,

You be coughing blue, with eyes like Mr. Magoo

Straight up cartoon, you're bound to fall out real soon.I'm the doctor,

You wait on the waiting list,

Patients been here since this morning I dismiss.As you come in the bright, you ride the orange ambulance

Look at widows and pell see the mental patients dance

Doin' six and seven, steps ladies yells dance

Upside downside with walls flyin' through the hall

Mr. Reeves/Mysteries with yellow bees they fly, sting your face

You out there bumps, caught up with a acne case

Plastic surgery, your lawyer now refer to me

Giving you sketches, exquisite pictures of the gill man

What's the matter, are you happy? Na you're ill man

Standin' back, you choose a ticket,

My spiritual laws of vitamins will turn your face wicked
You're invited to ride the glide to your homicideI'm the doctor,
You wait on the waiting list,
Patients been here since this morning I dismiss.

Songwriters

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