The Hospital Song

10cc

Nobody sends me birthday cards
Nobody brings me flowers
I'm just here for operations
I've been out for hours

When I come to I'll wet my bed
'Cos when I get mad I sink so low
As matron knows
I get off on what you give me, darling
I get off on what you give to me
Yeh, I get off on what you give me, darling
I get off on what you give to me

And when I go to that seedy ward
Up in the sky
You'll be waiting
With a hypodermic needle
And a graph

Here comes the dark
(I'm grateful for my anaesthetic)
Out goes the spark
(Delirious and apathetic)

When I come to
I'll wet my bed
And when I get well
I'll take revenge
I'll wreak my wrath
On all blood donors
And their sisters
Visiting time and flowers
When sister brings that bedpan round
I'll piss like April showers

I get off on what you give me, darling
I get off on what you give to me
Yeh, I get off on what you give me, darling
I get off on what you give to me

And when I go
I'll die of plaster casting love

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