

Hospital Beds

Cold War Kids

There's nothing to do here
Some just whine and complain
In bed at the hospital
Coming and going
Asleep and awake
In bed at the hospital
Tell me the story
Of how you ended up here
I've heard it all in the hospital
Nothing's sufficing
Doctors on tour
Somewhere in India
I got one friend
Laying across from me
I did not choose him
He did not choose me
We got no chance of recovery
Joy and hospital, joy and misery
Joy and misery, joy and misery
Put out the fire, boys
Don't stop, don't stop
Put out the fire on us
Put out the fire, boys
Don't stop, don't stop
Put out the fire on us

Bring the buckets by the dozens
Bring your nieces and your cousins
Come, put out the fire on us
We are now fish and chips
Italian opera
We are now fish and chips
Italian opera
I got one friend
Laying across from me
I did not choose him
He did not choose me
We got no chance of recovery
Joy and hospital, joy and misery

The joy and misery, the joy and misery
The joy, the joy, the joy, misery
Put out the fire, boys
Don't stop, don't stop
Put out the fire on us
Put out the fire, boys
Don't stop, don't stop
Put out the fire on us
Bring the buckets by the dozens
Bring your nieces and your cousins
Come, put out the fire on us

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