

# Emergency Call

[Matt Costa](#)

Skin's turning green, eyes are turning yellow  
The Doctor stays rich because I'm a sickly fellow  
Got the hypochondriac blues  
I need your medicine to soothe  
Creams and pills they've got nothing on you Well, call me the Doctor and give me the cure  
Ease the obsess on an open sore  
Well Doctor, Doctor, can't get no relief  
This losing sleep is misery  
Won't you come and rescue me? Doctor, Doctor  
Doctor, Doctor I spent the last week in my bed, started feeling symptoms  
My psychiatrist fills me up with a new prescription  
Tell me, where I went wrong  
It felt too good for too long  
Honey, you got the remedy for me Well, Doctor, Doctor can't get no relief  
And this losing sleep is misery  
Well, call me the Doctor and give me the cure  
Ease the obsess on an open sore  
I don't want to be sick no more Doctor, Doctor  
Doctor, Doctor My heart's made of glass, mama, don't you break it  
I knew that I made a mistake when I let you take it  
Now this pain only for you  
I need your medicine to soothe  
Creams and pills they've got nothing on you Well, call me the Doctor and give me the cure  
Come back mama I'm feeling withdrawn  
Please take my emergency call How long must I wait held up in depression?  
I tried to erase my past to make a good impression  
But my broken horn's lost the tune  
And only shattered mirrors fill my room  
Fell for you and only got me down Well, Doctor, Doctor come give me the cure  
Ease the obsess on another open sore  
Well, Doctor, Doctor can't get no relief  
This losing sleep is misery  
Won't you come and rescue me? Doctor, Doctor  
Doctor, Doctor Doctor, Doctor  
Doctor, Doctor

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