

# Surgeon

## Paterson Hall

I spent the Summer on my back  
Another attack  
Steal you just to get along  
Turn off the TV, wait in bed  
Blue and red,  
Somethin' to get along.  
Best, finest surgeon  
Come cut me open

Dress the undressing for a wall  
If mother calls,  
She knows well we don't get along  
I tell the mailman, "Never you mind  
I'll sift through the piles"  
For him to just get along  
Best, finest surgeon  
Come cut me open

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