

Medicating

David Wingo

When you wake up to white walls
And endless halls
There's an emptiness that echoes through it all
So sit back in your bed
With your mind medicated
And your senses stuck on the sick scent of the dead.
You can call for the doctor
It's all you've got any more
He's the ticket to the life you had before
If I could just make them see that I don't need this
Doctor, doctor what am I here for?
Can't you see that I don't need this place?
I don't need these walls.
I'm no threat at all.
Doctor, doctor what am I here for?
Can't you see that I don't need this place?
I don't need these walls.
I'm no threat at all.
Doctor, doctor what am I here for?
Find a way to rate and release me
I just need to be outside
Even if supervised
Get back to my job, back to my life
Yes I know what I've done and I regret it every day
If I could make things right you know I'd find a way
But when I wake up to these white walls
And the endless halls of the hospital
I get lost in the emptiness that echoes through it all
Doctor, doctor what am I here for?
Can't you see that I don't need this place?
I don't need these walls.
I'm no threat at all.
Doctor, doctor what am I here for?
Can't you see that I don't need this place?
I don't need these walls.
I'm no threat at all.
Doctor I can't thank you enough
Doctor you won't regret this
Doctor you won't regret this