

# 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. Is there a way we could maybe through therapy  
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 I can't thank you enough  
Doctor you won't regret this  
Doctor you won't regret this

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