

Waiting List (DJ Shadow/Automator Mix)

Dr. Octagon

You enter, step in the room, four, five
My over compressed thoughts and ways make you get live
You are the patient, and I, your black doctor,
Medical bills, insurance, cash in the ceiling.
Dioxalyn fingerprints here ever since
I got my white suit pressed, out the cleaners,
X-Ray shades, with hard shoes and some razor blades
Who's the brother that's sick, and needs the operation?
Bullets removed from your head, grand central station
I gotta cut off your ear, first behind your neck
Rip out the stomach, and open rectum's to dissect
Shine the light, inside, roaches crawling in your throat
I have no tools, my hammer's done, my drill is broked I'm the doctor,
You wait on the waiting list,

Patients been here since this morning I dismiss. Watching people vomit green, my po-lig is lizard pills
My office in Berbick, I had the bodies in Beverley Hills.
Seeking Kimbles and bits, a girl with small tits
Talking to herself, her dog, and having rabid fits
Green fly soup in on the way from the kitchen, troop
Looking at T.B tuberculous on the window post
Ten dead dogs, a brown fox in the comatose
With no reps, I put more needles in they kneecaps
Some primitive screws, and my, yes and perhaps
A little sprinkle of Clorox, in their vocal box
Some Pepto-Bismol, Pepsi-Cola, pack of Pop Rocks
Mix it all together with bugs, to change the weather,
You be coughing blue, with eyes like Mr. Magoo
Straight up cartoon, you're bound to fall out real soon. I'm the doctor,
You wait on the waiting list,

Patients been here since this morning I dismiss. As you come in the bright, you ride the orange ambulance
Look at widows and pell see the mental patients dance
Doin' six and seven, steps ladies yells dance
Upside downside with walls flyin' through the hall
Mr. Reeves/Mysteries with yellow bees they fly, sting your face
You out there bumps, caught up with a acne case
Plastic surgery, your lawyer now refer to me
Giving you sketches, exquisite pictures of the gill man
What's the matter, are you happy? Na you're ill man
Standin' back, you choose a ticket,

My spiritual laws of vitamins will turn your face wicked
You're invited to ride the glide to your homicide I'm the doctor,
You wait on the waiting list,
Patients been here since this morning I dismiss.

Songwriters

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Other patents pending.

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