

Dr, Yang

Ben Folds

Uh, ohHey Dr. Yin
Chain smoking Chinese centenarian
Deck my back with pins
Connect the wires and plug me inUh, ohHey, Love Master Z
Sexy online psychic overseas
When my bank card clears
Tell me things I want to hearYeah, yeahWell I might be dyin'
Or maybe I got too much time
I can't stop my mindIt's runnin' right
With these false teeth
And these plastic knees
Go squeak, squeak, squeak
From the porch to the streetHey, hey, hey, hey
Hey, hey, hey, heyHey Dr. Jack
Bend me like a pretzel till I crack
All my joints and bones
Beat me up and send me homeHeyI've got too much time
Baby may I, might be dyin'
Got to help me fallin' doctor
Got to help me fallin'Hey Dr. Yang

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