Doctor Oz

Amanda Palmer

Traveling in circles,
The world's a sinking oyster,
And my bed's become unfathomably white.
Oh, workin' workin' workin' workin'
Dream about the cloister,
And occasionally get out to see the sun shine
Oh, then I see him at a distance,
He is devilishly handsome.
He is charming and impeccably dressed.
He has a little black bag with him,
And what's in it isn't certain,
But I'm going to take an educated guess.
Oh, I'm starting to feel faint,
Like a lady in a movie.
Oh, someone fetch ammonia and some towels.
Oh, but it needs to be administered
By a fella who is registered...
Is there a doctor in the house?
Doctor Oz, Doctor Oz, Doctor Oz,
Doctor Oz, Doctor Oz, Doctor Oz, Doctor Oz,
Show me how they treat you in the South.

You call this arctic bullshit summer?
It's a sad excuse for weather,
And I want to crawl and live inside the couch.
Oh, but despite the bitter chills,
And the difficultly breathing,
There's a fire in my stomach and it won't go out
Until I'm traveling in circles,
And the world's a sinking oyster,
and my bed's become unfathomably white.
Oh, workin' workin' workin' workin'
Dream about the cloister
And occasionally get out to see the sun shine
Could it be an illness
I've contracted from the business?
And could it be transmittable by mouth?
Oh, you my friends are witness,
As I try to kick the sickness,

Is there a doctor in the house?
Doctor Oz, Doctor Oz, Doctor Oz,
Doctor Oz, Doctor Oz, Doctor Oz, Doctor Oz
Show me how you do it...
In the South.

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