Surgeon

Tan or Boil

I spent the Summer on my back
Another attack
Steal you just to get along
Turn off the TV, wait in bed
Blue and red,
Somethin' to get along.
Best, finest surgeon
Come cut me open

Dress the undressing for a wall
If mother calls,
She knows well we don't get along
I tell the mailman, "Never you mind
I'll sift through the piles"
For him to just get along
Best, finest surgeon
Come cut me open

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