Sorry You're Sick

Ted Hawkins

Good morning, my darling, I'm telling you this to let you know that I'm sorry you're sick
Though tears of sorrow won't do you no good, I'd be your doctor if only I could.
What do want from the liquor store?
Something sour or something sweet?
I'll buy all that your belly can hold.
You can be sure you won't suffer no more.
I'd swim the ocean or the deepest canal to get to you darling just to make you well.
There's no place on Earth that I wouldn't hasten to go to cool the fever; this I want you to know.
What do want from the liquor store?
Something sour or something sweet?
I'll buy all that your belly can hold.
You can be sure you won't suffer no more.
If only the doctor would hurry and show there's quite a few places I know we could go.
I was ok but these words from you stating you're sick made me sick, too.
What do want from the liquor store?
Something sour or something sweet?
I'll buy all that your belly can hold.
You can be sure you won't suffer no more.
Promise me darling that you won't die; I'll get all the medicine that money can buy.
Stick with me baby, hold on and fight take a good rest I won't prolong the flight What do want from the liquor store?
Something sour or something sweet?
I'll buy all that your belly can hold.
You can be sure you won't suffer no more.
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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