

Mates of State, Quit Doin' It

Humble lady

Now that medicine's my art
Medicine is art
It toughens up default

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Different characters the same
Some just do it with poise
I could do it again
I could do it with poise
Numbers, figures and lines
All the misty-eyed cards

About now I wish to stop
The lusterd to wash it off

Different characters the same
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I could do it again
I could do it with poise
Numbers, figures and lines
All the misty-eyed cards

About now you scrape the tops
Just shake it, it's all you got

Let us in and who belongs to his mother?
The robe fits tight
My hands were wide with spots unworn
And no, no, no

Let us in, remain until you notice how
The robe fits tight
You shouldn't have gone so far from here
And no more medicine in me

Different characters the same
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I could do it again
I could do it with poise
Numbers, figures and lines
All the misty-eyed cards