

Pink Floyd, Take Up Thy Stethoscope And Walk

(Doctor, doctor) I'm in bed,
(Doctor, doctor) achin' head,
(Doctor, doctor) gold is lead,
(Doctor, doctor) choke on bread,
(Doctor, doctor) underfed,
(Doctor, doctor) gold is lead,
(Doctor, doctor) Jesus bled,
(Doctor, doctor) pain is red,
(Doctor, doctor) dark doom.
Gruel ghoul,
Greasy spoon.
Used spool,
June gloom.

Check, check, check, check,
Check, check, check, check.
Ha, ha, ha, ha!

Check, check, check, check,
Check, check, check, check.

...Why do you go?

And now!

Music seems to help the pain,
Seems to motivate the brain.
Doctor kindly tell your wife that
I'm alive,
Flowers thrive,
Realise, realise,
Realise.