

# The Monkees, Dyin' Of A Broken Heart

(Micky Dolenz)  
Micky Dolenz Music (BMI)

Lead Vocal: Micky Dolenz

I told my Doctor something's wrong with me  
She said gimme forty dollars and we'll look and see  
Hop up on the table now we'll take some blood  
Find out what you're dyin' of

She called me in the morning and she said now here're the facts  
Well, it isn't your liver and it isn't your back  
It's not your blood sugar or the Asian flu  
That's not what killing you

You're dyin' of a broken heart  
It really wasn't very smart  
You lived through Nixon and a drug or two  
Just to get your due  
Dyin' of a broken heart

I called my analyst said I was a mess  
He said gimme hundred dollars and we'll take a test  
Lie down on the couch and tell me what you dream  
It really isn't what it seems

You're dyin'  
You're dyin' of a broken heart  
And I'm cryin'  
It really wasn't very smart  
I lived through Nixon and a drug or two  
Just to get your due  
Dyin' of a broken heart

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Just to get your due  
Dyin' of a broken heart  
(get your due)  
Dyin' of a broken heart  
(get your due)  
Dyin' of a broken heart  
Dyin'  
Dyin'  
Dyin'