

Underworld, I Need A Doctor

Okay, let's go

In the morning
Radio jingles
Drive me mental
Turning my blood into water, yeah

Hear the shallow
Conversation
From the station
Sugar cube generation

Would you take me home?
Aaah would you know what you do when we got there?
May I use your phone?
Aaah I need my mother

Heeey, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah

In the cities
Life is shitty (that's a fact!)
There's no pity
For the man who's on his knees, oh yeah (it's been William Shakespeare)

So,
Educate me
Radio ego
I will follow
But what will I find tomorrow

But aaahh would you take me home (would you take me home?)
Aaah to the little white hospital in my head
Aaah may I use your phone?
I need a doctor

Heeey, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah

But aaahh would you take me home?
Would you know what we do when we are there?
May I use your phone?
I need my mother

Heeey, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah