



Doctors, Drugs & Money -- The Amazon's Remix -- 5/16/11



I was gabbing with the waitress
The way I always do
Well, how was I to know
That she's got breast cancer, too

I was waiting for a phone call
'Cause there was this little risk
That my liver, spine and lymph nodes
Had some metastatic bits, NO!

[chorus]

I am the innocent bystander
'Cause somehow I got stuck
With another damn recurrence
And I'm down on my luck
I'm down on my luck
I'm down on my luck



Now I've run out of insurance
I'm desperate for a plan
Send doctors, drugs and money
The shit has hit the fan



Send doctors, drugs and money...

Send doctors, drugs and money...

[chorus]

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'Cause somehow I got stuck
With another damn recurrence
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