

## Doctor (The Memory-Preserving Image Box)

Ball Park Music

Mother called me, told me no lies, and said, "come home, son"  
Doctor tell me, what is my problem, maybe I've got none

I appreciate your concern but you gotta keep me up on the town  
Zed keeps calling, calling me back, making more mess there

And I leave home in huge fits of rage and you keep crying  
Said, Doctor, tell me am I short of cheer or is it her that needs fixing?

A remedy, a remedy, I need a magic potion

Mother called me, told me no lies, and said, "come home, son"  
Doctor tell me, what is my problem, maybe I've got none  
Ooh...

Father told me how to change a tyre and how to tie my shoes up tight  
He instructed everywhere productive, every day and every night

Another time I pray to God and he preys on my failures  
Cause I can hardly call the things I can say, something about another ?  
("Can you just put 'em here, son?")

A remedy, a remedy, I need a magic potion

Cause Mother called me, and told me no lies, and said, "come home, son"  
Doctor tell me, what is my problem, maybe you've got none

And could you tell me what do I need?  
Give me something interesting, I'll do it please  
Give me some instructions, one two and three  
Give me something real to touch, give me something real

Mother called me, told me no lies, and said, "come home, son"  
Doctor tell me, what is my problem, maybe I've got none  
Ooh...