

Hey, Doc!

Cab Calloway

Hey, Doc, hey, Doc, I've got to see you.
Who's that waking me up at 8:30 here in the morning? What's wrong with you, boy?
Well, Doc, something is bothering me.
Is that so? Well, tell me about it.
Hey, Doc, hey, Doc,
I wonder what's wrong with me.
You look like you're beat to your chops this morning.
Hey, Doc, hey, Doc,
My temperature's one-oh-three.
Well, let me feel your pulse, let me feel your pulse.
Hey, Doc, hey, Doc,
Whenever she looks at me . . .
Oh, there's a chick mixed up in this thing here!
Say, do you get a hazy spell?
Yeah!
A crazy spell?
Yeah!
And do you run around in circles and yell that you need a pill?
Hey, Doc, hey, Doc,
My ticker is on the blink.
Hey, nurse, hand me my stethoscope over there.
What do you think?
I think what the trouble is, uh, you in love!
Well, Doc, that's a killer. That's a gasser. That knocks me out.