Emergency Music Ward

Crime

Take me to the E.M.W.
Take me to the x-ray rythm machine
Let me see the song I had to write
Let me hear the soundwaves of the other patients ear-plugettes

Radio rocket nurses working nite-shift
A new patient jumps up in the day shift
Starts singing aloud with a moderate beat
Doctor d is dead-doctor d is dead-doctor d is dead

The rocket nurse runs in with a Sony
And plugs it into the raving mans head
Everybodys channels switched to soul shake
Shake down-shakin' all over

My guitar lays on the floor bleeding blood not donated
I push button my perscription-5000 milligrams
May cause drowsiness-don't drive under the influence

I overdose at the emergency music ward – I o.d. at the e.m.w.
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