

Ulcer

Loudon Wainwright III

I'm workin' on my ulcer
Tryin' to do in you
I'll burn a hole into my stomach
You could drive a dump truck through

I seem to sear in anger
My stomach's not so thick
The anger turns to acid
The doc says that does the trick

Everytime we tangle
The feelin' is the same
The ache is nowhere near my heart
But my gut feels the pain

You used to drive me crazy
Then you make me mad
Finally I got angry
And now all I am is mad

I'm workin' on my ulcer
It's goin' really good
I got excessive acid build up
Underneath my hood

I'm anxious and I'm worried
And I'm guilty and I'm pissed
Off at you, the knife is in
Why not give it a twist?

There's cancer and there's heart attack
And there's all kind of stroke
Drunken drivers and tornadoes
And earthquakes are no joke

I got a time bomb in my tummy
It's gonna make me sick
Yes, and everytime I think of you
I feel that time bomb tickle

I'm workin' on my ulcer

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I'm just a business man
You keep give me the business
That's your battle plan

And I sit there and I take it
A glutton for punishment
It isn't long before I feel
Like I swallowed some cement

I must be masochistic
That's what's wrong with me
I must get off on this anguish
This anxiety

Never mind the Roloids
Pepto Bismol - it's too late
Put an ocean in-between us
And I'll come out buffer state

Workin' on my ulcer
It's comin' right along
So long stomach lining
I'm singing your swan song

There's a knot inside my breadbox
The doc told me what to do
He said, "Avoid alcohol and caffeine
And cigarettes and you"

It's a modern problem
I endure a lot of stress
Yes, I've eaten up my insides
Where there was more, now there's less

But I'll feel so much better
I'll feel practically brand new
I'll be a different person
When I get away from you

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