

The Bad Doctor

The Mountain Goats

If you were anywhere near his door
You saw it swing open and you heard the moon roar
Trying to yank herself right out of her orbit
The whole natural world
Painted red, just like a target

It was a cold dark day
With low clouds standing in the way
And the stars jockeying for position
On the slow thick morning of the death-dealing
physician
(Oh yeah)
(Oh yeah)
(Oh yeah)
(Oh yeah)

And you could feel his features in the air
A wide smile and perfect hair
He had complete control of the rising tides
And a medicine bag hanging at his side

It was a cold dark day
With low clouds standing in the way
And the stars jockeying for position
In the flowing blue world of the death-dealing
physician
(Oh yeah)
(Oh yeah)
(Oh yeah)
(Oh yeah)

And the rain came down like water from a faucet
I saw him at the crossroads, but I never saw him cross
it
One minute he was on this side
And the next he was be over on the other
So went his rounds, one sad patient after another

It was a cold dark day
With low clouds standing in the way
And the stars jockeying for position
In the crushed velvet world of the death-dealing
physician
(Oh yeah)
(Oh yeah)
(Oh yeah)
(Oh yeah)

It was a cold dark day
With low clouds standing in the way
And the stars jockeying for position
In the impossibly large office of the death-dealing
physician
(Oh yeah)
(Oh yeah)
(Oh yeah)
(Oh yeah)