

Bruce Hornsby, Country Doctor

Deep down in the south county,
Over where the paper mill runs,
Lived a man, a young country doctor
With the perfect wife and sons.

Well, he worked his days,
And on Sundays he'd pray,
And nobody knew
Why the wife slowly withered away.

I saw the country doctor
To ask him what was wrong with me.
He was caught unaware, accidental and devil-may-care:
Behind the curtain, I see two shadows in front of me.
Whoa, nobody knows the trouble I've seen.

My guess, there was another woman,
And with the kids and the money, was a lot to lose.
He said she had an rare affliction
And he was doing all he could do.
And we all believed him,
Felt so sorry, and then -
I thought once he was a fine man -
Now, I don't remember when.

Well, I saw the country doctor
To ask him what was wrong with me.
He was caught unaware, accidental and devil-may-care:
Behind the curtain, I see bottles unmarked in front of me.
Whoa, nobody knows the trouble I've seen.

I saw the country doctor
In a place where he didn't see me,
Way out in the middle of the night
Where he thought no one could see.
Over there in the parlor room,
Making eyes, hands roaming free.
Someone soon must know the trouble I've seen.

Did you think about the young ones?
One day they'll know it was you.
And if they let you off one day,
Who, then, will you turn to?

And my wife remembers one thing,
She said, "I remember kind of strangely,
At a friend's wedding one time,
It was a look that he gave me."