

Dead Milkmen, Take Me to the Specialist

I like to scream
I like to yell
That's 'cause I'm sick
And I need help
The specialist won't hurt me
He's not like the nuns
He's got a lot of pretty pills
I think I'll take some yellow ones
Take me to the specialist

I know that I'm crazy
I know that I'm nuts
But at least I admit it
And I think that takes some guts
The specialist doesn't care
What the voices say
He's got a lot of pretty pills
To make the voices go away
Take me to the specialist

- Mr. Huberty
- Yes, God?
- You wouldn't happen to have any power tools?
(psychopathic laughter)

And if I'm hopeless
Well, that's the breaks
The cookie crumbles
The loony shakes
The specialist can see it
From my point of view
He understands me
'Cause he hears voices too
Take me to the specialist (x4)

I hear weasels! (x10)

Hey you kids! Cut that crap out! Hey come back here! I know who your parents are. Wouldn't do this if Nixon was in the White House. C'mon, I'm the walrus dammit!