

Dirty Pretty Things, Doctors And Dealers

I dont believe in anything
They tell mes set in stone
They say that were together
But Im sat here on my own
In the company of strangers
This trigger happy scene
Well if a heart do like a hind
Then there is nothing in-between
Oh no, no I dont mind
Oh no, no I dont mind
Cause I can call someone to bring the fight on
(the doctors and the dealers)
Get someone to shed some light on
(miracle cure, soul stealers)
Crack pot quacks with cracked up egos
(prescribing old placebos)
Collecting junk that we dont need, no
I see them now and then
Still spitting out those lies
Strange it doesnt bother me
Ive got my own disguise
And theres really not that much of me
For Jesus left to save
If savings only bartering
My soul can be his pay
Oh no, no I dont mind
Oh no, no I dont mind
Cause I can call someone to bring the fight on
(the doctors and the dealers)
Yes someone to shed some light on
(miracle cure soul stealers)
Crack pot quacks with cracked up egos
(prescribing old placebos)
Collecting junk that we dont need, no
You got the ball
I was lucky to get the chain
But now I have to watch the crowds
Haphazardly chasing down the drain
So what does it do?
Nothing for me
What about you?
The doctors and the dealers
The doctors and the dealers
The doctors and the dealers
They come to you
They come to me
They come in droves
Oh one two three
They come to you
they come to me
They come in droves
Oh one two three
They come to you
they come to me
They come in droves
Oh one two three
They come to you
Oh they come to me
They come in droves
Oh one two three
They come to me