

Emily Haines, Doctor Blind

The lack of light, hollow sea,
Poison beaches, limousines
Toothless dentists, cops that kill...

My baby's got the lonesome lows,
Don't quite go away overnight;
Dr. Blind just prescribe the blue ones.
If the the dizzying highs don't subside overnight,
Dr. Blind, just prescribe the red ones.

Hard to hold, cold to touch,
Fall to pieces, treat the rush,
In hindsight, with prime time talk.
All your pain will end here.
Let the doctor soothe your brain, dear.

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