

James Young, Doctor On Call

You were wild & reckless,
In your daddy's Ford
Darin' me to race you down
Down to the floor
You were cruising out for kicks
Looking for a man
Another trophy on your wall
Another prize in hand
I see the game you're playing
I've heard it everywhere
You're tired of the numbers game
But can't stand solitaire

I'll be your doctor on call
I'll have you climbing the walls
I've got the cure for, it all
Maybe you don't understand
But I could be your kind of man

Daddy pays his taxes
But you just rob him blind
His money can't buy everything
I'll lay it on the line
I can treat you anytime
I won't send a bill
Call me morning noon or night time
When you need a thrill

I'll be your doctor on call
I'll have you climbing the walls
I've got the cure for it all
I've got you where you need to be
You've got your doctor man in me