

# Mates of State, Quit Doin' It

Humble lady

Now that medicine's my art  
Medicine is art  
It toughens up default

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Different characters the same  
Some just do it with poise  
I could do it again  
I could do it with poise  
Numbers, figures and lines  
All the misty-eyed cards

About now I wish to stop  
The lusterd to wash it off

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I could do it with poise  
Numbers, figures and lines  
All the misty-eyed cards

About now you scrape the tops  
Just shake it, it's all you got

Let us in and who belongs to his mother?  
The robe fits tight  
My hands were wide with spots unworn  
And no, no, no

Let us in, remain until you notice how  
The robe fits tight  
You shouldn't have gone so far from here  
And no more medicine in me

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I could do it again  
I could do it with poise  
Numbers, figures and lines  
All the misty-eyed cards