

Scrubs, Everything Comes Down To Poo

J.D.:
Hey, Ms. Miller -- we just need a stool sample

Patti:
Why do you need a stool sample if you think I'm just a nut?

Turk & JD:
'Cause the answer's not in your head, my dear -- it's in your butt!

J.D.:
You see....
Everything comes down to poo!
From the top of your head, to the sole of your shoe
We can figure out what's wrong with you by lookin' at your poo!
Turk?

Turk:
Do you have a hemorrhoid or is it rectal cancer?
When you flush your dookie down, you flush away the answer!

J.D.:
It doesn't really matter if it's hard or if it's loose
We'll figure out what's ailing you, as long as it's a deuce!
Yes!
Everything comes down to poo!

Nurses:
Everything comes down to poo!

J.D.:
Cardiovascular and lymphatic, yes, the nervous system, too!
All across the nation, we trust in defecation!
Everything comes down to poo!

Turk:
If you want to know what's wrong, don't sit and act so cool
Just be a man and eat some bran, and drop the kids off at the pool!

Robed Woman (spoken):
My stomach hurts

J.D.:
Check the poo

Limping Woman (spoken):
I sprained my ankle

Turk:
Check the poo!

Bloody Shoulder Guy (spoken):
I was shot!

J.D.:
Check the poo!

Delivery Guy (spoken):
A homeless guy threw poo in my eye!

Turk:
Check the poo!

Delivery Guy (spoken):
Mine or his?

J.D.:
First him, then you!

It may sound gross, you may say "shush!"

J.D. & Turk:
But we need to see what comes out of your tush!
Because!

All:
Everything comes down to poo!
Whether it's a tumor or a touch of the flu!

J.D. & Turk:
Please, won't you pinch us off a big, fat clue!

Turk:
Our number one test is your Number Two!

All:
If there's no breeze, light a match please!
Everything comes down to --

J.D.:
Doo-doo!

Turk:
Doo-doo!

J.D.:
Doo-doo!

Turk:
Doo-doo!

All:
Everything comes down to ... poo!