

Skeeter Davis, Prescription For The Blues

All day long I worry all night I'm blue
I feel so awfully lonesome I don't know what to do
And so I ask you doctor to see if you can find
Something in your sachet to pacify my mind
Oh doctor doctor write me a prescription for the blues
Latly tell you doctor why I'm in misery
Once I had a lover he went away from me
I went to see the ejection and the voodoo doctors too
They shook their heads and told there was nothing they could do
Oh doctor doctor why not write me a prescription for the blues
Just like a little baby all night night I cry
Now doctor if you can't cure me why I just as soon to die
So give me something poison doctor won't you please
And then I'll sign a peper sayin' I die with heart disease
Oh doctor doctor write me a prescription for the blues