

# 10CC, The Hospital Song

Nobody sends me birthday cards  
Nobody brings me flowers  
I'm just here for operations  
I've been out for hours  
When I come to I'll wet my bed  
'Cause when I get mad I sink so low  
As matron knows

I get off on what you give me, darling  
I get off on what you give to me  
Yeah, I get off on what you give me, darling  
I get off on what you give to me

And when I go to that seedy ward up in the sky  
You'll be waiting with a hypodermic needle and a graph

Here comes the dark  
(I'm grateful for my anaesthetic)  
Out goes the spark  
(Delirious and apathetic)

When I come to I'll wet my bed  
And when I get well I'll take revenge  
I'll wreak my wrath  
On all blood donors and their sisters  
Visiting time and flowers  
When sister brings that bedpan 'round  
I'll piss like April showers

I get off on what you give me, darling  
I get off on what you give to me  
Yeah, I get off on what you give me, darling  
I get off on what you give to me

(Repeat)

And when I go  
I'll die of plaster casting love