

# Ben Folds, Lovesick Diagnostician

Dr. Yang, help me mend this broken heart  
You got to help me, doc, I don't know where to start  
When she walked right out that door  
And left me crying on the floor  
She says she's only going to the store

Dr. Yang, what's the lovesick diagnosis?  
'Cause she says she cannot cope with my neurosis  
You would think I had chronic halitosis  
Dr. Yang

Dr. Yang, now her voicemail box is full  
If she won't call me I'm feeling like a fool  
The last time I saw her in her car  
I threw her shit out in the yard  
Locked her out and headed to the bar

Dr. Yang, what's the lovesick diagnosis?  
Cause she says she cannot cope with my neurosis  
I could always hurt myself, doctor, she knows this  
Dr. Yang  
Dr. Yang

All the king's horses  
And all the king's men  
Couldn't get back my girlfriend

Dr. Yang, if you can't fix my heart in the end  
Actually there is something you could do instead  
Call my girlfriend from your number  
Explain that you're a doctor  
Tell her that I love her so  
She hurt me more than she could know  
And even with all your degrees  
There's nothing you can do for me  
Then she won't have to block my number any more

Dr. Yang, da da da da da  
Dr. Yang, da da da da da  
Dr. Yang, da da da da da  
Dr. Yang, gonna kill myself tonight  
Tell her that  
Dr. Yang