

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