

# Body Count, Dr. K

Prozac attack,  
feeling whacked,  
my damned boss won't gimme no slack,  
disconnected phone,  
didn't get that loan  
seems like everything's going wrong  
unemployed  
flat broke, outta luck, ain't got no hope.  
When it seems like it ain't no way call up  
the doc  
he'll be with you right away

You think your life is tough  
(call Kevorkian)  
you think your life is tough  
(call Kevorkian)  
you think you're out of luck  
when you're had enough

Need some (X)anax,  
want some pills, 'cause I don't like the  
way I feel  
can't sleep at night,  
can't get no rest,  
I want the grim reaper as my guest!  
Missed my bus,  
missed my plane,  
life seems like a constant pain  
think it's bad  
could be worse,  
call the doc up  
he'll pick you up in a hearse.

CHORUS