

Cold War Kids, Hospital Beds

There's nothing to do here
Some just whine and complain
In bed in the hospital
Coming and going
Asleep and awake
In bed at the hospital

Tell me the story
Of how you ended up here
I've heard it all in the hospital
Nothing's sufficing
Doctors on tour
Somewhere in india

I've got one friend
Laying across from me
I did not choose him
He did not choose me
We've got no chance of recovery
Joy and hospital
Joy and misery
Joy and misery
Joy and misery

Put out the fire boys
Don't stop don't stop
Put out the fire on us
Put out the fire boys
Don't stop don't stop
Put out the fire on us

Bring the buckets by the dozens
Bring your nieces and your cousins
Come put out the fire on us

We are now fish and chips
Italian opera
We are now fish and chips
Italian opera

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Joy and hospital
Joy and misery
The joy and misery
The joy and misery
The joy
The joy
The joy misery

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