

Roger Clyne & The Peacemakers, Loco To Stay Sane

Doctor, Doctor, can you cure me?
A little pill, something to assure me
I'm gonna feel better when I walk out your door
(He said) Son, son, son, I know
what your're needin'
Your body is fine, it's your soul that's bleedin'
I got the same disease,
ain't nobody yet found the cure
If you find it, bottle it, you'll be a rich man for sure
This ain't no joke (oh no!)
Gotta know how to bend
if you don't wanna get broke (oh no!)
Keep your peace in the Big Bad Game
You know you gotta go a little loco to stay sane

General, General, I gotta ask it
With my new uniform, do I get a casket
And a one-way ticket
or do I have a way back home?
Son, son, son, that's a good question
Ain't got an answer, just a suggestion
Join up, find out
and hope you ain't accident prone
Even in the very best company
we're always alone

More I dig in, the deeper the hole
Come off the rails when I get on a roll
Hangman's tyin' a noose on the line
Keep a couple screws loose, you'll be fine

Fortuneteller lady, what do you see?
Are there swerves and curves
in the road up ahead of me
Will I die rich or poor, lose my mind,
or come to some sour end?
Son, son, son, step into my booth
You look like a nice young man,
so I'll tell you the truth
It's a secret, boy,
so don'tcha tell any of your friends
I never saw the end of no story
cause no story ever ends

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