Wildhearts, Nurse Maximum

I've had a drink and a smile in every port of heaven
And from 5 on the dial I'm at 8, 9, 10 and 11

I gotta find a way
I gotta fix me a buzz

I've got a pain like a pain
And I want it to stay
Could be mine, could be yours
Could be there any time I want

Nurse, make me well
I come here straight from hell so the ground is yours

File under 'Lost in the truth somewhere'
And you'll find me
I got my hate, and my fear, and my hang-ups
Here to remind me

I gotta climb my way
I gotta kick the crust
I've got to make like I do, like I always did
Keeping time for the kind not designed to waste time

Nurse, make me well
De-louse me, clean me up 'til I'm free to go

I've been through anger, peace and honesty
And all I got was patience ' yes I did
But the good's getting better
And the bad are merely minor frustration
I've got to find a way to keep the way I find
'Coz the chances are good that it won't let you down
Like maybe drinking with keef
Or seeing Dolly Parton's tits

Nurse, make me fine
Remind me that there's never been a better time to be alive

'To the better times
'To the best times
'To the bed times
'This sheet is getting sticky