

Terrorvision, What The Doctor Ordered

I went off to the doctors for the open plan surgery,
He said I just can't believe what's lying here in front of me,
It looks like what you couldn't drink you'd just have to smoke,
You've been living in a frying pan, what you need is health.
So I burgled a few houses took the candy from the baby,
In search of the prescription that was driving me crazy,
The policeman turned the corner looking down at me,
The judge said I hope to God that you're sorry.

You need help, that's what you need,
You need help, can't get it from me,
You need help, something you got or you ain't,
You need help.

So I started off my sentence in a nine foot cell,
I was feeling pretty cheated, I was feeling unwell,
The bunk below guy said there's one thing see,
What you really need is the need to be free.

You need a plan, that's what you need,
You need a plan, can't get it from me,
You need a plan, something you got or you ain't,
You need a plan.

But what I don't want is you telling me..

I had the route, had the escape, I had the plan worked out,
Everything I thought I'd need or thereabouts,
Suddenly it's obvious, it's plain to see,
That what I don't need is you telling me.

Don't need your health,
Don't need your help,
Don't need your plan,
I don't need anything.

What I don't want is you telling me.