

# Doctors and Dealers

## Dirty Pretty Things

I don't believe in anything  
They tell me's set in stone  
They say that were together  
But I'm sat here on my own

In the company of strangers  
This trigger happy scene  
Well if a heart do like a hind  
Then there is nothing in-between

Oh no, no I don't mind  
Oh no, no I don't mind

Cause I can call someone to bring the fight on  
(the doctors and the dealers)

Get someone to shed some light on  
(miracle cure, soul stealers)

Crack pot quacks with cracked up egos  
(prescribing old placebos)

Collecting junk that we dont need, no

I see them now and then  
Still spitting out those lies  
Strange it doesn't bother me  
I've got my own disguise

And there's really not that much of me  
For Jesus left to save  
If savings only bartering  
My soul can be his pay

Oh no, no I dont mind  
Oh no, no I dont mind

Cause I can call someone to bring the fight on  
(the doctors and the dealers)

Yes someone to shed some light on  
(miracle cure soul stealers)

Crack pot quacks with cracked up egos  
(prescribing old placebos)

Collecting junk that we dont need, no

You got the ball  
I was lucky to get the chain  
But now I have to watch the crowds  
Haphazardly chasing down the drain

So what does it do?  
Nothing for me  
What about you?

The doctors and the dealers  
The doctors and the dealers  
The doctors and the dealers

They come to you  
They come to me  
They come in droves  
Oh one two three

They come to you  
they come to me  
They come in droves  
Oh one two three

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they come to me  
They come in droves  
Oh one two three

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