Dear Doctor
The Rolling Stones

I

Е

E

3. Don't worry, get dressed! cried my mother, as she plied me with

A

E

bourbon so sour . Pull your socks on, put your suit on,

G

A

E

B

E

comb your long hair down, for you will be wed in the hour.

F

**E** /

Ε

7. Oh, help me, dear doctor, I`m damaged, you can put back my heart

A E G A

in its hole. Oh, Mama, I`m crying tears of relief,

E B E

and my pulse is now under control