The Doctor

Who runs the Saw – our prison cell - ?

Whose laws our wild impulse quell”

Who “fires” us if we won’t get well?

The Doctor

Who comes to see us day by day

With orders that we must obey

And to each mild request says “Nay”?

The Doctor

Who freezes us with bitter cold

And makes us ugly, fat, and old,

And fills our hearts with pangs untold?

The Doctor.

Who orders every nasty dox

And brings us to rebellion close

And is the source of all our woes?

The Doctor

Who thumps us with a stethoscope

And opens wide the door of hope?

Who gives us very little rope?

The Doctor

Who means to make us well and gay

On some uncertain far of day?

Whom shall we love when far away?

The Doctor