

The Doctor.

Who runs the San — our prison cell — ?
Whose laws our wild impulses quell ?
Who "fires" us if we want get well ?
The Doctor.

Who comes to see us day by day
With orders that we must obey
And to each mild request says — "Yay" ?
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 dose
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-off day? —
Whom shall we love when far away?
The Doctor.
