

The Ballad of the Superstar Surgeon Paolo Macchiarini

Music/Lyrics: Henrik Widegren

Ladies and gentlemen
Please, let me sing
Let me tell a story,
So hideous and grim
It is just as crooked
As a tortellini
It is about the surgeon
Paolo Macchiarini

T'was in Stockholm, Sweden
Two thousand ten
A surgeon was recruited
By enterprising men
They celebrated with
Champagne and Martini:
"Hooray we got the superstar
Paolo Macchiarini!"

He wanted to facilitate
The patients' respiration
With advanced medical
Regeneration
He thought outside the box
And anything goes
So he planted stem cells
On a garden hose

But some people were
Somewhat sceptical
What if the new trachea
Did not stick at all?
But no one likes
A naysaying genie
So they cheered and bowed
To Paolo Macchiarini

The next year in Stockholm
Opening night
The OR was packed
Everybody wanted a bite
But Paolo loved animals
Protocol, be cursed!
So he tried the operation
On humans first

In fancy papers he
Described his victory
And soon he operated
Patient two and three
But he forgot to mention
Something very odd
How the first patient was
Coughing up blood

Next in line was Julia
Not sickly at all
He told her that the risk
Was very, very small
She had a family and her hair
Was blond like linguine
She trusted the surgeon
Paolo Macchiarini

So Paolo kept busy
And patients in line
But the plastic airways
Weren't doing fine
The tracheas are perfect
Reported Macchiarini
But the tracheas looked like
Rotting zucchini

One day four doctors
Finally awakened
And shouted out:
"The emperor is naked"
But the board said:
"How have you acquired
These medical records
We could have you fired"

But soon everybody
In this world could see
Plastic doesn't work
But there was no plan B
Slowly the patients
Lost their breath
Their new, fantastic airways
Caused a slow death

At last Macchiarini
Together with the board
And the president
Were fired. Thank the Lord
But they've got new jobs
Are safe and sound
While half a dozen patients
Lay in the ground

So why do I sing this?
Why do I bore ye?
Because we must never
Forget this story
A mixture of Bergman and
Fellini
The ballad of the surgeon
Paolo Macchiarini
The superstar surgeon
Paolo Macchiarini