

Doctor Death

Music, lyrics: Henrik Widegren

They call me Doctor Death
I have done much wrong
And I will go to jail
Listen to my song

It started on a rainy day
The test of my vocation
A rude and angry patient
Demanded an operation

He wanted to be first in line
Even though it was benign
I thought: What the heck
And wrapped my stethoscope
around his neck

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A man with a beaten wife
Claimed she walked into a door
A scalpel is a knife
And he was no more

A lady with a cold
Demanded penicillin
I gave her something killing
But her germs are still living

To the ER came this guy:
"I have googled, and it's true
I may have psoriasis"
Now he's in ICU

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Then a pushy patient
Said he'd call his lawyer
I helped him out the door
He tripped in the foyer
Twelve times in the foyer

A man with a small blister
Yelled and ordered morphine
I said: "Of course mister"
He got i.v. gasoline

At a nice and fancy dinner
This lady said: "You're a
doctor!
Could you please check my
hemorrhoids?"
"Of course". Then I shot her

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