

You Are So Beautiful

Music, lyrics: Henrik Widegren

Once upon a time there was a cardiologist who fell in love and wrote a song to the conqueress of his heart. But a cardiologist doesn't think of love in the same way as other people do. This is what he sang:

You are so beautiful
And so is your heart
Your valves and your ventricles
Are state of the art
Say you will marry me
And show me your ECG
I do not want sex
I want your QRS complex

But his friend, the surgeon, thought otherwise. He would have sung:

You are so beautiful
Please, be my bride
And I will open you
To see what's inside
The things in your abdomen
I want to fondle them
Don't be repelled
I'll close the wound so well

Enter the psychiatrist. He considered his colleagues lousy poets:

You are so beautiful
Even though you're my mother
I think like Oedipus
There is no other
And if you are blue
I'll ECT you
Love you, I will
You are my happy pill

Now the anaesthesiologist woke up. But she had other ideas:

You are so beautiful
When you're asleep
No, please do not think
That I'm a creep
You're quiet and wonderful
When your pupils are small
Like Snow White, my bliss
I'll wake you with a kiss

Finally, the neurosurgeon weighed in. He too held love in high esteem, albeit from a different angle:

I am so beautiful
But you're also fine
If you are the lucky one
You can be mine
Show me your love for me
Let me do your craniotomy
My love is unflawed
You may call me God