

At Your Service

M. C. Morris, M D, 5/9/97

I'm a simple country doctor
From a small town on the plains;
I'm familiar with my patients
And I suffer with their pains;
'Though I have been known to comment,
When my treatment starts to sting;
"I don't see why you're complaining,
'Cause I don't feel anything."

I am not incorporated,
With a lot of city frills;
I don't hire an attorney,
Or charge interest on my bills.
I don't have malpractice coverage
So you might as well not sue,
'Cause I don't have much of value,
And my bank book's empty too.

I'm concerned about your budget,
So I do my best to see,
That your pills aren't so expensive
That there nothing left for me;
And I don't have any nurses
To accept the guilt and shame,
So if there are any errors
My computer gets the blame.

I've refrained from charging people
A ridiculous amount,
So there isn't any extra
For an IRA account.
I don't gamble on the market,
Or the lottery, of course;
And I've never cloned a lawyer,
Or encouraged a divorce.

I'm a relic of an era
That is running out of space;
There will never be another
Dumb enough to fill my place,
But I don't use mustard plasters,
Though sometimes I think I should;
And I don't use liver extract
'Cause B-12 works just as good.

I have found a shot of steroid
Can improve a bleak outlook,
Even when the indications
Aren't exactly in the book;
But I don't pierce belly buttons,
Or put ear rings in the brow;
And I don't do body transplants,
'Cause I can't remember how.

I've been known to make a house call
When it's needed now and then,
But it's rarely very helpful,
So get up and hobble in!
I see patients by appointment,
And my schedule can be tight,
So if you walk in without one
You may have to wait all night.

I'm available to serve you,
But in order to endure
I close early Thursday mornings,
And on Saturdays, for sure.
If you call me in the evening
I'm inclined to make you pay;
But I'm glad to take your money
Any other time of day.

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