

GRANNY'S GERMAN HIP

Granny's eighty-five now, and she gets a lot of gyp
From terrible arthritis – especially in her hip –
For she's had the selfsame hips now ever since she's been alive
It's not just Granny – Granny's hips are also eighty-five.

She was six pounds when a baby, but those same old bits of bone
Now have to bear a Granny who is nearly fourteen stone.
And despite the evening primrose oil, and mussels with green lips –
And the needles and injections – (yes, there's gold in them thar hips)

Granny must admit it, the problem must be faced.
She must put her teeth in, grit them, and have her hip replaced.
So – off to the health centre – and a copy of *Hello*,
That had been there, like the patients, since many years ago –

Michael Barrymore still smiling, Paul Daniels' hair still burnished –
Posh Spice was still unwed, and Elton John was still unfurnished.
We got past the receptionist, (we managed to slip by
While she concentrated hard on pulling wings from off a fly).

And we went in to the Doctors, assuming he would say
That Granny's operation would be done on judgement day.
We'd read the papers – knew about the NHS log jam –
Could her new hip race the Granny's hundredth birthday telegram?

The Doctor said "No longer – I am now a wheeler-dealer-
No longer does the NHS think Time is the great healer.
I log on to the world wide web – and there – you're all booked in.
One replacement hip – tomorrow morning, in Berlin".

"Never", Granny answered, "I'd rather have the pain –
After what they did to Uncle Alf at Alamein.
Rommel shot his leg off when he went over the top".
"Fine" the Doctor said "So think of this as – well – a swop".

The Doctor rang up Gatwick, and a vacant seat was found,
(Which was easy, now Americans refuse to leave the ground).
Four hours later she was lying on sheets of purest silk
In a hospital in Berlin, with a glass of Leibfraumilk.

They whisked her off to theatre, the doctor said his spiel,
And Granny got a brand new hip of finest German steel.
She'd quite like to have stayed there but she had to leave instead –
(She found that someone else had put a towel on her bed).

Her legs moved very stiffly, as if they had been starched.
And when she moved, she didn't walk, she more – well, sort of marched.
Said Granny "I need exercise – I'm going for a stroll and
I'd like someone to tell me the quickest way to Poland".

She marched her way through Poland, at an unrelenting clip –
The whole of Europe trembled at Granny's German hip –
She got back home to Farnham and the neighbours said "Your Granny –
That new hip's really changed her – she's different – it's uncanny".

She mobilised the old folks to crack down on street crime –
And if Farnham still had buses, they would have run on time.
Then one day, after morning drill, she made my blood run colder
She told me she was suffering a pain in her right shoulder.

Granny's German Goose-step, people think is just a hoot
But with a German shoulder, she might do the salute –
So I went down to the Doctor, and battered on his door –
And the Doctor said "We'll do exactly what we did before –

I fear your Granny's lost it, so we ought to try and find
A residential placement with people of like mind –
And in her case the ideal place for residential care is
The Heinrich Himmler Twilight Home just outside Buenos Aires".

Granny's been in Argentina now for just a week –
Her accent's thicker on the phone every time we speak.
And the new-style NHS – well, I must praise them to the heights,
They may be duff at medicine, but they're great at booking flights.

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