

I LOVED A SURGEON

I loved a surgeon once, but he turned out to be a lout –
To start with, it was tricky getting him to take me out.
He said that taking bits of people out, he'd often done
But never had to taken out a person, all in one.

He took me out to dinner, and complained the meat was tough –
He sent back seven table knives – said they weren't sharp enough.
I said "Come back for coffee". He came, but wasn't keen –
He peered all round the bedroom to make sure that it was clean.

I lay in bed and waited as I sipped my coffee cup –
He came in from the bathroom when he'd finished scrubbing up.
I caught my breath – no girl expects to see the man she loves
In back-to-front pyjamas and a pair of rubber gloves.

With skilful hands he took my pulse. He listened to my heart
But didn't seem particularly desperate to start.
I said to him, "Don't hesitate" but then the little creep
Said "I'm sorry, but I can't begin until you've gone to sleep".

At that I turned my back on him, and must have nodded off.
I woke up eight hours later, had a fag and a good cough,
And noticed him – I said "Are you still here?" he answered, "Yes,
And last night's operation, I may say, was a success.

"Get out!" I cried "Get out – away – go – get out of my sight!
At least nobody else knows what a fool I was last night!"
At that the surgeon smiled and said, "That's where you're wrong my
friend –
The twenty students watching all applauded at the end!"

