

Adam Hood

"Careless Surgeon"

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I feel so unsure,
As I cut you up,
I wonder what's that nerve for.

What does this bit do?
I get so confused.
I'm very sorry Mr Smith,
I've got some dreadful news.

You're never gonna walk again,
I just cut your spinal column.
Now you need a ventilator,
Just so you can breathe.

I fucked up your operation,
But try not to be too solemn.
Now you do a great impression
Of Christopher Reeve.

Time can never mend
A careless surgeon's fuck ups, my friend.
Not much we can do,
I hope that they don't sue.
I'd better grab a telephone
And call the MDU.

Everyday's the same.
'cos I try to cure,
But I just kill and maim.

All these body parts,
Kidneys look like hearts.
It's hardly that surprising though,
Because I trained at Barts.

And you're never gonna speak again,
Have to just make do with thinking.
I'd be stupid to pretend
We'll ever hear you talking.

Trapped inside your wheelchair,

Communicating just by blinking.
Like that famous cripple,
Professor Stephen Hawking.

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