

## 9xdead "Careless Surgeon"

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I feel so un-sure,  
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 sliced 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.  
You might not die for 6 more years  
Of Christopher Reeve.

Time can never mend,  
A careless surgeon's fuck-ups,  
My friend.  
Not much we can do,  
I'm buggered if you sue,

I better grab a telephone and call the MDU.

Everyday's the same,  
Cause I try to cure but I just kill and mame.  
All those body parts,  
Kidneys look like hearts.  
Oh why did I do medicine I should have stucked with  
arts.  
And you're never gonna speak again,  
You'll have to just make do with thinking.  
I'd be stupid to pretend  
We'll ever hear you talking.  
Dropped inside your wheelchair,  
Communicating just by blinking.  
Like that fucking spastic,  
Professor Steven Hawking.

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