

Madness, Mrs Hutchinson

Well Mrs. Hutchinson, you're looking healthy (huh)
But just in case,
Here's a pill a remedy.

Well Mrs. Hutchinson, this is something,
That little upset, I thought I'd diagnosed,
Well not to worry, it's not what I supposed.

You better sit down son your mother's very ill (ah)
We may have to operate it's more than just a chill.
But don't you worry, it's all in competent hands,
We believe it's under the ribs or one of the glands.

Well Mrs. Hutchinson, eat up your breakfast (come on)
Don't smoke, it stunts your growth,
Stick to your diet, let's hope that you're insured.

(Come on eat your breakfast !)

Well Mrs. Hutchinson, you must be very pleased to know you're leaving here.
We're going to miss you so (hold on)
Here comes your son again.

Are you thirsty son, I think you'll need a drink.
There's been some complications, she's very near the brink.
I have to tell you, it's my duty to speak.
Your mother will not last a week.

Shame !