

Barbra Streisand, I'm Not A Well Man

He's not a well man
And he's getting worse
If he had any sense
He'd be in bed with a graduate nurse
A couple of big specialists
High priced consultation
And outside waiting in the hall
Assorted logic small poor relations
His aches have got aches
His pains are in pain
And what sizzles and frizzles
Inside there all the smartest professors could not explain
-they wouldn't know what?
Be quick as you can
I might haven't got
You're dealing with not (cough!)
With not a well man
I'm not a well man
Get worse every year

All the medical doctors
Give one look
They're amazed I'm still here
I should own a pharmacy
For just my prescriptions
My bills for only pills alone
Would chill you to the bone
With conniptions
What I have been through
No man could recite
It would make your heart break
And play a story that only
Turn yet it maybe could write
A tragical plot
How can I plan?
I might haven't got
You're dealing with not (cough!)
With not a well man
I'm not a well man