

# The Patient's Plight

By Thomas Whitson

You drug me in  
You drug me out  
You drug me till  
I have no doubt  
That somehow you  
Will cure me yet  
Though no one knows  
What's wrong I bet  
That you'll collect  
A nice big bill  
With all my fees  
Your pockets fill  
Though I'm not sure  
Quite how I'll pay  
You tell me there's  
No other way  
Yet as I lay  
Here in my bed  
I wonder if  
I'm better dead  
Than where I've come  
My soul to sell  
For one last chance  
To e'er be well