

This is the story of the pill Alchemist
For tablets for highness and well being;
Peace potions and love mixtures,
For those who dwell in dreaming.

God knows the right answers to life,
But we think we know best and need correction;
With pills for the head or heart or whatever,
Curing the brain and healing the ails.

It is a chemical mixture of medicine everlasting,
Ever after the sickness and until things seem clear;
Where mind, body and spirit are a doctors gain,
For the self taught who know best but need a drug.

Now the answer to life is in fact a pill,
To go to sleep in bliss and heaven;
To wake up the next day and it was all a dream,
For medicine is peace and plenty of pleasure.

Now for those indulge in the niceties and goodness of life,
I am afraid that life is full of denials and staying out of strife;
God bless you headache with a pain killer,
As you take a drug from the alchemist for longevity.

Now I am not going to get into medicine men and witch doctors,
For the alchemist is a medieval pharmacist for knights and damsels;
But God is good and kind to those who do right,
And stay on the right track and don't need a doctor.

Signed,

The Right Doctor