

A pill for people a day, well what is that?

Nor much more than a drop in the hat;

So what of life and what medicine it is!

Are we all so silly that God is not in it?Â

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Really medicine is a good thing,

Which heals us of our ails and ills;

When you get sick, all you need is a pill,

Which doctors prescribe for each individual.

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Like the grail that claims to heal all ills and ails,

Medicine is the new drug we take without fail;

For goodness comes in the form of a pill,

Which God grants through kindness for those lost dills.

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You see we are really our own worst enemy,

When we don't know wrong from right;

And our lives end up in pure misery,

As if hell has paid us an unwanted visit.

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As we drift off into a place call heaven,

With a pain reliever or drug from the Doctor;

Medicine is a way or fixing our problem,

By a simple sweet dose of a drug or tablet.

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So the moral of the story is to do the right thing,

To stay clear of doctors who have pills to heal.

And when we are clear to go home and sleep,

With the medicine as pills that comes quite cheep.

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Signed,

The Prescription