

INSPECTION!

Oh no! Inspection again? They did it before!
Then hundreds of nurses march in the door
With doctors and lab techs, fifty or more!
“C’mon!” they say, “Now take off your clothes!”
“I can’t!” I say, “I’ll catch cold! I’ll be froze!”
But they take it all off, except for my nose!

They look in your throat, in your ears and your eyes
N’they write on their charts and they look very wise
And y’feel like flypaper covered with flies!
They flip me and flop me and crank-up my bed
They stick their big faces right over my head
N’sometimes their breath is like garlicky bread!

N’each specialist looks for a special disease
The asthma nurse, she always wants me to wheeze
Then she hands me a tissue each time that I sneeze!
An old Doctor checks for earwax and pimples
A lab tech measures the depth of my dimples
An intern tugs on my skin to check skin-pulls!

Yeah, but the REAL skin checker’s a doctor named Danny
He checks me completely, each wrinkle and cranny
From the wart on my neck to the crack in my fanny!
One mashes my tongue with stick, “Say Ahhhhh!”
So I do, but she squashes too hard for my jaw
So I tell her, “Ahhh-arrgh wah-wah, ARhhhhHHH!”

A physical therapist wiggles my knees
The “hemo” guy’s happy adjusting I.V.s
The nurse who checks toes, she never say’s please
When I go in a bedpan, these people discuss it
It’s gross! They go back in a room where they mush it,
And save it, or something,... at home we just flush it!

They come by with needles and then they begin
To poke extra holes I don’t need in my skin
They keep taking stuff out and putting stuff in!
Like my finger gets poked when the nurse needs more blood
And it trickles a little like drops of red mud
But that’s not enough for her, she needs a flood!

So she squeezes and pulls until more blood comes out
And nobody tells me what it’s all about
And it makes me so mad that I just want to SHOUT!!
Inspection! Inspection! There’s just no excuse
To treat me this way, ... this is child abuse!
So I’ll go to the top!! I’ll call Dr. Seuss!

He’ll make them all leave! He’ll be very polite!
And he’ll understand when I talk this way, right?
And he might even hug me, who knows, he just might!

So listen you kids, if you’re feeling stressed
And you’re in the hospital, we would suggest
That you better go home if you want any rest!!

Written by Peter Alsop, ©Copyright 1989, Moose School Music (BMI)
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