

THE BALLAD OF THE SOUTH AFRICAN DOCTOR

(sung to the tune of "I'm a lumberjack and I'm okay")

I'm a doctor boy and I'm okay.  
I teach the people how to pray.  
I put on professional facies  
To turn their thoughts away.

I'm a doctor boy and I'm okay  
I saw this worker boy today.  
Coughed up half his lungs  
And asked to stay away.

But he's a worker boy and he can't play  
He's got to go to work today.  
I'll give him some B12  
He'll last another day.

Yes I'm a doctor boy who aims to please  
I don't mind health but I love disease  
I need it for my curing.  
It's known as expertise.

'Cause I'm a doctor boy who specialised.  
I treat the babies undersized  
With platinum extractors.  
(One must be mechanised).

Yes I'm a doctor boy above the rest.  
I serve the status quo with zest.  
The S.B. toc if necessary,  
As shown at the inquest.

Yes I'm a doctor boy and I'm okay  
I hear their problems every day.  
But should they demand their freedom  
I'd know not what to say.

Yes I'm a doctor boy and I'm secure.  
I pray the present will endure  
"Cause I've too much to lose  
In a free and equal future.

By Lesley Londbr. (reprinted from PULSE, UCT, March 1981)