

The Doctor

Lyrics by Andrew Heinrich

With apologies to Kenny Rogers

On a warm summer's evening
On a ship bound for nowhere
I met up with a doctor
We were both too drunk to sleep
So we took turns a staring
O'er the rail in the darkness
Till the boredom over took him
And he began to speak

He said "lad, I've made a life
From medicines and leeches
Taking gold from fools and thieves
And sawing off their feet
So if you don't mind me saying
I can see the plague had got you
So for your gold and your whiskey
I'll cure it with a leech"

So I handed him my bottle
He drank down my last swallow
Then he took my pouch of gold
And tossed it to a Scott
And the night got deadly quiet
And his face lost all expression
Said if you're gonna play this game, boy
You gotta learn to play it hot

Chorus:

You got to help those who need you
Con those who'll bleed you
Know when to throw your glove
Know when to run
You'll not be counting money
Till you've earned the right to do so
They'll be time enough for counting
When your year is done

Now every swordsman knows
The secret to surviving
Is not to win that bout but to look the best you can
For when the marshals' jaws are dropping
And the maidens all are swooning
That gent you cut six ways to noon
Has become your biggest fan

Chorus

And when he'd finished speaking
He turned back towards the Scotsman
Picked up that battered cane
And bashed me in the head
And somewhere in the darkness
This Spaniard took a beating
And when I woke, I understood
Everything he said

Chorus