

# Mrs Hutchinson

## Madness

Well Mrs.Hutchinson  
You're looking healthy (huh)  
But just in case  
Here's a pill a remedy Well Mrs.Hutchinson  
This is something  
That little upset, I thought I'd diagnosed  
Well not to worry, it's not what I supposed You better sit down son, your mother's very ill (aah)  
We may have to operate, it's more than just a chill  
But don't you worry, it's all in competent hands  
We believe it's under the ribs or one of the glands Well Mrs.Hutchinson  
Eat up your breakfast (come on)  
Don't smoke it stunts your growth  
Stick to your diet, let's hope that you're insured Come on, eat your breakfast! Well Mrs.Hutchinson  
You must be very pleased to know you're leaving here  
We're going to miss you so (hold on)  
Here comes your son again Are you thirsty son, I think you'll need a drink  
There's been some complications, she's very near the brink  
I have to tell you, it's my duty to speak  
Your Mother will not last the week Shame

Songwriters

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