

The Physician (feat. Gertrude Lawrence)

Cole Porter

Once I loved such a shattering physician,
Quite the best-looking doctor in the state,
He looked after my physical condition
And his bedside manner was great! When I'd gaze up and see him there above me,
Looking less like a doctor than a Turk,
I was tempted to whisper, "Do you love me,
Or do you merely love your work?" [flat] He said my bronchial tubes were entrancing,
My epiglottis filled him with glee,
He simply loved my larynx
And went wild about my pharynx,
But he never said he loved me. He said my epidermis was darling [discover veins- ah]
And found my blood as blue as can be,
He went through wild ecstasies
When I showed him my lymphatics,
But he never said he loved me. And though, no doubt, it was not very smart of me,
I get on a-wracking of my soul,
to figure out why he loved every part of me,
And yet not me as a whole. With my esophagus he was ravished, [tiger claws]
Enthusiastic - to a degree,
He said 'twas just enormous, my appendix vermiformis,
But he never said he loved me. He said my cerebellum was brilliant,
And my cerebrum far from N G,
I know he thought a lotta
My medulla oblongata,
But he never said he loved me. He said my maxillaries were marvels,
And found my sternum stunning to see,
He did a double hurdle
When I shook my pelvic girdle,
But he never said he loved me. He seemed amused,
When he first made a test of me
To further his medical art.
Yet he refused,
When he's fixed up the rest of me,
To cure that ache in my heart. I know he thought my pancreas perfect,
And for my spleen was keen as can be,
He said, of all his sweeties,
I'm the sweetest diabetes,
But he never said he loved me. No he never said he looooooved... He lingered on with me till morning
And when I went to pay him his fee

He said, "Don't be funny, it is I who owe you money" Ah!
But he never said, no he never said, no he never said he loved me

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