

# The Psychiatrist

Your Psychiatrist may sometimes help you but he can also make you ill!

With each brand new potion or designated pill.

They are meant to ameliorate but suddenly you chill,  
And you almost die of fright when you get his bloody bill.

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Now you're becoming bloated, fat as the old, old fool,  
and in your head you've decided life is rather cruel,  
There was a time when you loved life, it was the perfect school,  
but now you prefer alcoholic bliss on Coman's worn out stool.

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Serotonin can alter mood, and you may even start to grin,  
But what happened to those glorious days when you were fit and thin  
The answer is quite simple my friend .... the pills will always win,  
Now you've met your Gemini soul mate the fat old fucked up twin.

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If they had left you alone, and listened to Freud Instead.  
The talking cure would have saved, your much beleaguered head,  
But now a day without a pill, is an awful day in dread,  
And sometimes you are wishing , Oh Lord!, please let me .... just be dead.



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Your friends don't understand it you were always good as gold,  
But now you don't like Mondays, your body could be cold!  
But you have the greatest gift, Yes you will never ever say die,  
Even though the tears do flow and you have a heartfelt cry.

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Yes Irrepressible George is going to win and live to tell the tale,  
And when he's finished writing his gift they will regale.  
Bipolar. no! .... just both ends of the Happiness Continuum Scale,  
Watch this space my friends as I ..... eternally prevail.

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