

House Calls

Words & Music by Sis Cunningham
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D G6 A

Back in the old days we had a country doc-tor, A "Gen-er-al Prac-titioner" he was

D G6

called. He doctored folks for stomach aches, a-gues and la-bor pains, He doctored summer

A D G D

winter, spring and fall. We rang him on the party line, he cranked up his Jitney, And came rattling down the

A7 D

dus-ty coun-try lane. When he open-ed up his lit-tle black bag, out came the magic, To

G6 A D CHORUS D G

staunch the wounds and banish the pain. House calls, Good old house calls, That's the way

A D Bm G D

things were meant to be. House calls, Good old house calls, Doctor, oh Doctor, come to me!

Now days when I'm ailing I call the Doctor's office
They say he's on vacation 'til July
Or they say "The Doctor's busy, would you please call back on Tuesday"
And I think nobody cares if I die.
So I'm staggering out the door and I'm heading down the street
Don't know if I can make it at all
I get to Emergency and start to count off hours
Waiting for my number to be called.
CHORUS

I had a little accident and landed in the hospital
A Resident Team was touring my floor
I said, "Doctors, could I ask you something, just a little question?"
But they'd already vanished out the door!
Today it seems they have a different doctor
For every little thing that goes wrong.
if whatever's ailing me is not within their specialty
It's "Sorry, good luck and so long!"
CHORUS

In the modern world your chances for longevity
are greater
No matter the condition of your health
But you sure do need the Do-re-me to pay for
new technology
Survival may depend upon your wealth!
But who wants to live to ninety or a hundred
To muddle through those bitter senior years
Without that good old Doctor to come
to your bedside
And staunch your wounds and banish your fears.
CHORUS



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