

Bedside Manor

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Congratulations, turning 75, but
don't expect us to keep you alive.
With lucky you'll see 85, but
don't count on 83.

No heroic efforts left to play,
we'll make you comfortable
for the rest of your stay—
It's a zombie pill for you.

Charts say you're a happy-meal in waiting—
a Salad bar for the worms—
you're soon to burn, it's someone else's turn,
so have—a nice day; Oh yeah, and
thank you for your service.