

# The Verruca Song

Words and Music: Nigel Harbron

Ma-ny, ma - ny years a - go when I was just a teen, I — took my big toe  
to the quack so as to have it seen. It had caused me pain for quite some time, and I  
knew it was not right, And, to tell the truth to  
you good folk, it was not a pret - ty sight.

Many, many years ago when I was just a teen,  
I took my big toe to the quack so as to have it seen.  
It had caused me pain for quite some time, and I knew it wasn't right,  
And, to tell the truth to you good folk, it was not a pretty sight.

The doctor took a look at it, and then he scratched his head.  
He cleared his throat quite noisily, and this is what he said:  
'You've either been to the swimming baths, or walking up at Muker,  
For what you have, my dear young man, is a whopping great verruca!'

For just a while my mind went blank - I knew not what to say.  
I'd never heard the word before, and thought it time to pray.  
'Is this the end of me?' I stuttered. 'Am I about to die?'  
'I wouldn't think so,' said the doc, with a twinkle in his eye.

'I have a treatment - quite well tried and never known to fail,  
But first you have to use these drops, but not on your toe nail.  
If you come back in a week or two, I'll very soon sort you out,  
Although you need to know, the treatment may well make you shout.

Two weeks later to the day, I climbed upon the couch  
Hoping I was not about to utter that word 'Ouch!'  
The doctor grabbed a pair of scissors and my verruca started scraping.  
I bit my lip, I clenched my fists: I knew my mouth was gaping.

'Just keep quite still,' the doctor said, 'it won't go on for ever.  
If you keep squirming just like that, your big toe I will sever.  
Do stop that silly moaning noise, you really shouldn't grumble.'  
I closed my mouth, said a silent prayer, and off the couch did tumble.

When I came to, the deed was done, and I hopped towards to the door.  
I couldn't bear to place my foot on that wooden surgery floor.  
And if ever again I find myself with a nasty hard verruca  
I'll treat it in my very own way, and blast it with a bazooka!

After many days of hopping around, I think my ailment's cured,  
But no-one knows the excruciating pain that I've endured.  
And how I envy the film star whose foot has a verruca  
For I'm sure that he'll just go private, 'cos he's lots of filthy lucre.



### **A tasteful picture of a Verruca**

*Verruca is just a posh word for a wart on your foot, but, unlike warts elsewhere on the body, they can become excruciatingly painful given the pressure they are under whenever you stand up.*

*My dear GP (who was a family friend!) really did take his scissors to my verruca, and I really did fall off the couch at one point!*

*I wrote the song simply because someone dared me to. 'I bet you can't write a song about verrucas', he said, and he was wrong, but you may well wish that he had kept his mouth shut.*

*If you didn't know, Muker is a bonny little village up Swaledale.*