

THEY'RE TAKING IT AWAY

Ian Robb, with new words by Ray Ashman

Chorus

Oh, they're taking it away, they're taking it away,
Oh, they're taking all our healthcare, but now we want a say,
'Cause they'll take it all tomorrow if we don't speak out today;
From the poor and sick and helpless they are taking it away.

If it's ever your misfortune in the hospital to stay,
You'd best not be impatient for a bed on which to lay
For your health ain't worth the taxes that the healthy have to pay,
And the beds are too expensive so they're taking them away.

If you're due to have a baby, you'd be well advised to pray;
Just cross your legs and fingers that there won't be a delay
As they drive you down the Link Road and along the motorway,
'Cause maternity's a-going, yes, they're taking it away.

If you think that someone's had a stroke, think FAST is what they say;
There's a highly skillful stroke team standing by to save the day,
So quick now, every second counts – oh, and by the way,
Now the unit's down in Plymouth, 'cause they've taken it away.

Now our hospital's outstanding, paediatrics leads the way
But there's a cost to this cost-cutting, and it's with young lives we'll pay,
For the management's looked down and they will have the final say,
And that's "Suffer little children - and take them all away."

Up and down this fine old country you can hear the people say,
"They're taking this, they're taking that – they'll take it, come what may",
But North Devon's being shafted in the usual bloody way;
They are taking everything we've got, they're taking it away.