

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.