Freckles and Spots
by Ralph McTell

Freckles and pots and speckles and spots
Tickle's expert on pimples
Every shape and every size
Nothing any more makes him surprised
Even spots in front of your eyes
Send for Dr. Dimple

When you're well you don't need him
But when you're ill you do
Spots on the tongue or a pain in the tum
Or when you've got the flu

He listens to your chest cos he knows best
And he tells you what to do
There's hardly anything he's not seen
Except spots that are coloured blue
I've seen red ones and pink ones
Large and small ones too
But blue ones, they're new ones
He doesn't know what to do
He hasn't got a clue

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If you're coughing and sneezing
He'll give you a pill or two
Or scraped your knees
He's very pleased
To bandage them for you
He listens to your chest cos he knows best
And he tells you what to do
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If you've got a headache
And your eyes are very red
He'll take your temperature
And he'll send you off to bed
He listens to your chest cos he knows best
And he tells you what to do

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