To the Great Sola.....

The end of an era, the end of an age
Goodbye to everything, what can we say?
Try and be serious, this is no joke
Our favourite Medic is off to "the smoke"
Doctor Odemee ... odemee ... oh dear
It's Sola I'm on about, that much is clear
What will we do when the Great Man is gone
How will we manage? How can we go on?
No clip clop of clogs to the Cath Lab at dawn
No sad little face all dismayed and forlorn
"WHERE IS MY PATIENT?!" will echo no more
Fourteen times a day down the old corridor
No white flashing grin, no infectious laugh
And no crazy dances to entertain staff
No shining white eyes in that big tooty face
And no little songs to cheer up the place
As the day passes by and the work piles high
Just a smile, a shrug, a resigned little sigh
Who <u>could</u> take his place (who would fit those blues)
Let's face it there's no-one to fill Sola's shoes
And where is he going for the next year or so
He's off down to London – with cockneys you know
The staff of St Georges have gained without doubt
And Knightsbridge and Rockerfella's better watch out
The yuppies are yapping, the city's alive
The news – a dark stranger is soon to arrive
The Queen's brushed her corgis and polished her crown
The Cool Cardiologist's on his way down
Will Sola be happy, we have to enquire
Where they talk like Dot Cotton and they all call him 'Squire'
Jellied eels in his scrunies, warm beer or bad wine
And traffic stood still for long periods of time
And Chelsea and West Ham supporters, and Arabs
All doing their grocery shopping at Harrods
He'll miss all the gossip of Freeman's elite
And the coarse Geordie banter on Northumberland Street
There'll be no talk all day of golf and football
Whippets and leeks are not mentioned at all
So here's to an easy and hassle-free year
Those southerners don't work as hard as us here
There'll be no working through without dinner or tea
They all start at ten, and finish at three
And there's no Sister Ireland with her Nag Nag Nag Nag.....
Oh Sola ... is there room for all us in your bag!

[redacted]

.... Don't leave us here!

We'll miss you

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