

Brittle Bones

There was a young woman of Kent
Who smoked wherever she went
What with coffee and cokes
And drinks with the blokes
Her bones were already half-spent.

An Aunt, very close to her heart,
Was lying in state at St Bart
She picked up the phone and gave her a call
Remember that slip in the hall
Too late, she's about to depart.

The clinic will tell you your risk
Perhaps just a scan of the wrist
The heel, or the spine and the hip
Gives us a very good tip
Your cured, now raise your fist.

The moral of this tales for the fit
Get a scan as part of your kit
And whether its lifestyle or gym
Or drugs, better be upright
Than broken to bits, what a twit.