

You're The Cure For What Ails Me

Cab Calloway

I was once a delicate child,
Watched the other kids run wild,
While they played with guns and ropes,
My only toys were stethoscopes;
I was a chronic, "Now how've you been?"
Then like a tonic, you blew in;
You're the cure for what ails me, and you do me good!

Down with an apple every day,
Down with the ultraviolet ray,
You're the cure for what ails me, and you do me good!

You can go starve a fever,
You can feed a cold,
But I don't fear fever and I can't get cold,
You're my pick-up kabish,
You're my Arrowhead Springs,
You're my Battle Creek, Mich!

I was a weakie, meekie lamb,
Now I can shoulder Boulder Dam,
Your smile never fails me, hi-ho, lady, knock on wood,
You're the cure for what ails me, and you do me good!