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"The Ultimate Cure" by Justin Beasley

If I could have a power and I really had to choose

I'd have the power to cure people's flus.

If you were depressed and had the blues

I would make you put on your dancing shoes.

And while I do it, I'll emit a green, healing light

Just a faint glow, it couldn't pierce the night.

Then everything will be alright

And I'd call it the ultimate cure.

Or if you had a bad bone cancer

I'd shout out, "I have the answer!"

And as fast as Dasher, Dancer, and Prancer

You'd be cured, no need for a financier.

Or if your vision is void or blurry

In a snap or at the count of three

You could see things happily

All thanks to the ultimate cure.

And if you had chest pain

And your breathing was hard to maintain

Don't just stand there in vain

My power could make your heart regain.

Or if your allergies were bugging you

Or if creamy peanut butter was deadly to chew

Have no fear, you are through

With the ultimate cure.

No doubt, in an audacious way

This power would save people every day

All the sickness would wash away

So everybody, say "HOORAY!"

To the ultimate cure.