

Pulling Teeth

If I was asked what I would be, from the very youngest child
I'd say I want to be a nurse, with the widest, proudest smile
While all my friends were skipping, or playing catch with balls
You'd find me playing doctors, and bandaging my dolls

I studied hard and trained full time, at university
Then full of pride I laughed and cried, winning my first degree
I somehow wasn't nervous, my first day on the job
I watched and listened carefully, I took bloods and some swabs

The matron seemed quite happy 'This day just really flew
You really have done very well, just two last tasks to do'
'On this geriatric ward, we switch on the night lights
Then take everyone's dentures out, to soak them overnight'

I called to all the patients 'Come on Ladies, time for sleep,
and while you snore and dream away, I will clean your teeth'
In the morning you'll be asking, where the yellow went
And I'll say 'That's the beauty of using Steradent'

I found a big container made of shiny sparkling tin
I topped it up with water and popped bleaching tablets in
Then each of those dear ladies spat their teeth into the tub
Then settled down into their beds, safe, secure and snug

I went home tired but happy, so proud of my first day
I learned a lot, made no mistakes; I'd really earned my pay

At 6am next morning, I turned up for my day two
Another nurse called sternly, 'Sister wants a word with you'

I gently tapped her office door, she looked at me, amused
she plonked the box of teeth down hard, said sternly "Who's are
who's?"

It took my several hours, embarrassed I admit
Shoving teeth in ladies' mouths to find the set that fit

Sometimes working slow but safe is better then, and smarter
So think my friends, before you act, prevent some daft disaster