

THE NURSE

(to the tune of *The Boxer* by Simon and Garfunkel)

I am just a poor nurse
With a story to be told
Of blood and sweat and sickness
For a basketful of grumbles
And broken promises
All toil no rest
But the nurses hear the calling
And disregard the rest

When I left my home and my family
I was no more than a girl
Being left to care for strangers
In the quiet of the night ward
Feeling scared
Laying out the poor defeated dead people,
Where the ravaged bodies go
To other places when they didn't make it through

De de dum, de de dum dum, de de dum
De de dum, dum de de dum, de de dum de de dum

Getting only basic wages
At least I got a job
Hoping for a pay rise
Just a mealy thankless pittance take-home wage
I do declare there were times when I felt so tired
It got too much to bear

De de dum dum dum dum dum

At the roadside stands the neighbours
With clapping on their minds
For nurses who are angels
But that don't feed their kind
Which makes us want to cry out
In our anger and our pain
"I am leaving, I am leaving"
But the nurse still remains, she still remains.