

When I was a child, I dreamt I would be  
A project manager and everyone would see

How brilliant I was, bringing projects to life.  
I'd wave my wand and have no strife.

Because I loved people and leading a team  
I knew it would be easy to live my dream

I'd carefully note the stakeholders preference  
I'd communicate respectfully and deliver with reverence

The projects would be varied and delivered on time  
I'd never have to stand on a stage and deliver rhyme - who does that anyway?

I'd share the successes of projects well done  
And everyday would be full of fun

No stresses, no worries, and plenty of sleep  
I make oodles of money for my family to keep.

But...then I awoke to this life that I choose  
With deadlines and pressures and strange things that arose

The people I love in that team that I imagined  
Started driving me crazy in a variety of fashions

The stake holders constantly cannot agree  
They increase the scope and time they want from me

The money is seems, does not get much higher  
And if the project's not perfect, guess who gets fired

So why you ask, do I do what I do  
Put up with the challenges and doggy do

It's because I'm so awesome and the only one  
Who is capable of actually getting anything done.

And at the end of the day, when I've done my best  
I collapse in my bed, for a long overdue rest

'Coz tomorrow they're waiting to push reset  
Bring on the those projects, I'm not quitting yet!