

When I was a girl I dreamt I would work
In an animal clinic and I'd stop all the hurt

That the people would feel when their pet would get ill
I'd give those animals love and maybe a pill

Then the pets would get well and the hero I'd be
But I didn't understand, I just didn't see

All the pain I was in for, the lack of respect
The amount that I'd do, to earn my pay check

The clients would wait 'til Friday afternoon
To bring in their sick cat or their timid baboon (who has a baboon as a pet anyway?)

I didn't know that they'd wait 'til their pet's were half dead
And try to replace our expertise by using Dr. Google instead

That they'd ignore our advice then blame us when
The wounds didn't heal 'cause they took the cones off their heads

That they'd come in late for appointments and guilt us about fee's
That they'd balk at prescriptions, and there would other pet peeves

Like dog's on no leashes, and belligerent budgies
Like cats not in carriers and rabies and fleas

But despite the vast number of challenges that arise
One thing that never takes me by surprise

Is how I feel at the end of the day
Whether we did dental, or surgery or a neuter or spay

It's the difference you make doing this profession
The pride, the friendships, the growing - not to mention

The emotional pay check that comes time and again
The things that you learn, and making new friends

And seeing people's live enhanced because of their pet
Spreading love from the technician, the office staff and the Vets

So if ever you wonder if what you do matters
Just listen to the nails on the tiles when they patter

And know that prolonging a beloved pet's life
If well worth the poop and the pee and the strife

For you can do what other's cannot
Take care of my pets, so if I forgot

To write you a card or thank you today
Know what you do matter any way.