

After high school, when you did decide
To become a nurse, and did your school time

In peds or surgery, in ER, or medicine
Taking care of the sick folks, being heroes and heroines

I bet you never thought, that one day you'd oversee
Perhaps your own business and couldn't imagine you'd be

Carrying a stool, going place to place
Keeping feet happy and putting smiles on the face

For people everywhere, both young and old
A strange kind of nursing, that's what I was told

But they don't understand, what you and I do
That it's not all about dry heels or fitting a shoe

That ingrowns and calluses, corns and detritus
Are just a small part, of what makes up us

Because what we do, is so important in fact
We give love and attention get kindness back

To the lonely, the elderly, sick and infirm
We go to make one part feel better, but quickly we learn

That the gift that we give them, is not just about feet
It's about connection and relationships, with the people we meet

So let them laugh, if they think our job's strange
We know the secret, and we won't rearrange

Our clients they love us and appreciate us too
We may deal with the feet, but and least it's not poo!

