

When I was a kid
I thought I would grow up to be
A brilliant school councillor
And all would see

The different I'd make
And the lives that I would change
My life would be simple
And easy. How Strange

When I realized it's not as it seems
The stress of this job was not in my dreams

I work long hours, leave my heart at the school
I take my stress home & that's not cool
I give and love and share and more
And at the end of the day when I walk out the door

I feel like I haven't given enough
So many needs & there's so much more stuff

I'll never be done, I'll never get through
All the things I have to do

So I must be gentle with myself
I help all that I can & at the end of the day
Even with no thanks and a very little pay

I can hold my head high as a councillor should
I'm making a big difference as I knew that I would
Each child that I help, it matters to them
I'll never know my reach, even in the end

I know that I mattered, that I did my best
I lead with my heart, it's full in my chest
But for the love of the kids & their families
First things first, I have to take care of me

So thank you school councillors your one in a mill
Keep doing your great work, 'coz no one else will!