

Talkin' Veterinarian Blues

Corb Lund

Well my Daddy's a vet and if I was one too, the one thing he
always taught me to do was get paid, cash money.

Jam and eggs is a kind enough thank you, but not for the
bookkeeper, not for the banker

The margin's thin on treatin' large animals unless it's a
purebred or, more understandable, a racehorse of some kind

You see son, city folks pay a high dollar to make sure Fido
ain't hot under the collar, that's where the money is
Boutique animal hospitals, shopping malls, cocker spaniels,
Pomeranians; hang your shingle

There was a blind old woman brings in a bird with a busted
wing and somewhere she heard we were good doctors

That night it died in the cage, under our care of
unknown cause but we'll make it square, these things happen

Only one cure though, quick trip to the pet store
Well mornin' come, didn't want to upset her; for her own
good I didn't see a need to tell her

"Not only you boys fixed his wing, but it appears as though
you taught him to sing, you are good doctors!

He ain't never sung before, I've had him for years!" When you've been in the business as long as

I have, you begin to consider the plight of the calves

Fun lovin', frolickin', carefree little critters

The first few months ain't all that bad, they'll never forget
the good times they had

But then comes fall and brandin' times, stuck in the ribs with
a red hot iron

Tag in the ear, shots in the hip, the dehornin' paste and...
snip, snip, snip

Welcome to the world little buddy, it's no picnic
I've treated my share of sugar beet chokes, if it gets too bad
you gotta cut the throat and salvage the carcass, dress him
out on the spot

This one old steer, he choked real bad, in the corner of the
pen he's mighty mad

I poked at the beet, it wouldn't dislodge, the farmer says, "I
got a dull knife back at the garage"

I said "Go get it!" Gotta save the meat

I made the jugular cut, the steer jumped to his feet, shook
his head and coughed up the beet

Stood there and bled to death in front of his owner

"Thank you Doc... what do I owe ya?"

Well that's how it goes with the sugar beet chokes

Just don't get me started onnnnnnnnn... alfalfa bloats
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>