

When I Did My Internship

Music, Lyrics: Henrik Widegren

Monday morning eight o'clock, every one was there
It was the opening grand round of the week
The intern who had been on call was a little meek:
"I'm sorry, I've only had four hours of sleep"

The fellow turned around and shook his head and smiled
"Four hours? Little miss, now listen to me
I did my internship in 2009
And only slept for an hour. Once I got three
And the next day I was so energized and free
That I operated all day, happy as could be!"

The consultant turned around: "You got one hour? Please!
My internship was in Texas -95
I was on call every night for a week
And if I slept fifteen minutes I felt so alive
I ran around the ER, CPR:d and revived
And all of my patients always survived
And I thought: This is life. This is what makes me thrive!"

Now the professor suddenly woke up and smiled:
"Oh, listen up children. You have a lot to learn
My internship was in Alaska -65
And I was on call from Christmas to July
And I was fired if my eyelid covered my eye
And we did well without a CT-scan or MRI
The only food we got was rye and kidney pie
But I was always happy and with gratitude I'd cry!"

But suddenly there was a roar from the morgue
And the former CMO spoke in a trance
He had been dead for 15 years but this was his encore
To speak about his internship in Murmansk:
"I was on call for seven years and during this time
I didn't get to sleep at all, nor a single dime
The food I got was water. On Sundays I got slime
I had to write a paper every day or I was shot
And then I had to remove the bullet myself!
I got tuberculosis and my pubic hair turned gray
But I was grateful and I smiled every single day!"

Then someone cried: "We have a flatline in room ten!"
And everyone went back to work and seemed a little stressed
The former CMO went silent and died again
So the intern rushed to treat the cardiac arrest
But everyone agreed that it was for the best

Because she had had four hours of rest