

Coral

"Talkin' Veterinarian Blues"

Visit "[Talkin' Veterinarian Blues](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

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

Visit [Coral](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.