

I've worked in some places, as a psychologist
That are pretty damn odd and queer.
But nowhere I know is as strange or as weird
As the working environment here.

At uni the teachers stood up by the board
So we'd know which was them, and which us.
In my first job all the staff wore white coats
So I could see who was who, no fuss.

In Canberra our team comprised just six,
So given a year or two
I learned all their faces, and some of their names,
And then patients was anyone new.

In Bundy the staff were all from elsewhere
'Cause the locals were not at all bright.
So all the patients were Queensland bronze,
And the staff were interstate white.

But here at the Clinic it ain't at all clear,
When you meet someone new on the ward,
Whether they're a patient with blunted affect,
Or just a worker who's bored.

For mostly in hospitals and clinics and such
The patient turnover's quite quick,
While staff stay 'round a little bit longer,
But here it's the patients that stick.

And staff come and go in quick to and fro.
But that's not all that's flustered.
The personal problems of the workers involved
Make the patients seem quite well-adjusted.

So, I have a theory about next year's move:
That they'll tell us "No patients permitted",
And on our first day at the new Psych Clinic
We'll roll up and all be admitted.

- Gary Bakker