



WALKING DOWN THE HALLS OF OUR O.R
(sung to the tune of "Winter Wonderland")

Lyrics by JoAnne Herrington RN

It's 8 AM, are you listenin'? In the rooms, nurses glisten.
The patient's all right, he's out like a light,
Surgeons do "the pause", with knife in hand.

Anaesthesia's got the checks done,
And the scrub nurse calls 'Let's add one!'
The cut can be made, if we've got the right blade,
Everyone is right where they belong.

Here in Theatre 2, we see a thyroid, Dr. Topstad's got it almost out,
Over in room 8 the knee is open, Bredo's magic's surely worth a shout!

In the core, Cindy's sprinting, as she brings the cart for splinting,
The slate moves along, Dot & Rhonda are on,
Orchestrating patients like a song.

Here comes Rick, he has to do a blood gas, we all feel much better when he's there,
In Room 4 the tourniquet is missing, You! go and find one, but where?

Student nurses hit the floor, so we raid the "happy drawer",
Chocolate's the cure, of that we are sure,
Dr. Petty's saved the day again.

Have you called for SCN?
Hey! The surgeon's got my pen!
Recovery's on hold, the last spot was sold,
To Curtis and his patient in stall ten.

Where's DI? We need to take a fluoro. Get on the horn and call them right away.
Hear that beep, now what the heck's alarming? Plug in the socks so it will go away.

H-1 N-1's got us nervous, but we stay in the service,
Masks in our hands,
Together we stand,
Walking down the halls of our OR.
Walking down the halls of our OR.
Walking down the halls of our OR.