

## The Desert Medic

*(by: Dr Eric Fairbank)*

Who knows why you want to do it?  
Ride five days into hell  
And what good is a bloody doctor?  
Only time will tell  
I have my own idea, call it just a hunch  
It's survival of the fittest, when it comes down to the crunch

We'll weigh you in, then weigh you out.  
Water is the drink (you'll have to wait for stout)  
Prevention is the key word  
Don't want you getting parched,  
Or riding, along, like your chamois has been starched!

Starting at the head, we've got sunscreen for your nose  
To the bottom of your feet, plasters for your toes  
In between – then bum, keep it sweet and clean  
By regular application of this most refreshing cream

Your health is our concern, in the middle of the desert  
And is you come to grief, we'll make sure, to measure it!  
There's something for everything, in the medic storage bin,  
Nothing we can't handle  
But: who's your next of kin.