

You study hard and go west
You'll go far, little girl.
Now try hard and be the best
The best in all the world.
You can create a demand
For this your special skill.
You will be healing the ill.
It's surgery, but with no knife.
She'll make a great LeechWife.

You get the suckers to suck
To suck out what is bad.
'Cause this is science not luck.
Luck is not what you've had.
But now you've brought yourself up.
Surprise your Mom and Dad
With this, your special skill.
You will be improving your life.
She'll make a great LeechWife

You don't need no Nu-Age crap.
Good sense is what it makes.
You'll learn it in no time flat.
One leech is all it takes.
It sucks the blood till it's fat.
It's found in ponds and lakes.
The dried up skin then turns black.
You can can be one of the fakes
The quacks and the riff-raff.
She's honing her LeechCraft.

All healed and none killed.
Leech empty, leech filled.
She's honing her LeechCraft skills.
Just think of the folks that she will heal.
She'll make a great LeechWife.