

My Way  
(to Publish)

by

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And now, the paper's here  
and so I face the final review

My friend, I'll say it clear  
The second author gladly withdrew

I've done research for many years  
I measured each and every neuron,

And more, much more than this, I did it my way

Mistakes, I've had a few  
But then again, too few to mention

I did what I had to do  
and saw it through without exemption

I planned experiments,  
each careful step along the byway

And more, much more than this, I did it my way

Yes, there were times, I'm sure you knew

When I wrote facts that were not so true

But through it all, when there was doubt

I took results and threw them out

I faced my Prof. and I stood tall  
and did it my way

I've done the orals, and the posters,  
I've been to many FENS Featured Meetings

And now, the conference's gone,  
I send to all my warm greetings

To think I did all that  
And may I say, not in a shy way,

“Oh, no, oh, no, not me, I did it my way”

For what's a PhD, what has he got?

If not in PubMed, then he has naught

To publish things he truly feels

and not the words of one who kneels

The record shows I took the blows

and I did it my way!