



On Top of My Brain Stem

Sing to the tune of: On Top of Ole Smokey

On top of my brainstem all nestled in grey
Just under my cortex my limbic will stay
Unconscious and verbal I can act like a fool
Without my cortex to help me stay cool

If I pound on the table or roll on the floor
You know that my brainstem can't take anymore
So let me breathe deeply let the oxygen flow
On up to my cortex so that I won't blow