

I Am a Cop

I stand for justice, law and order.
There are many like me within our border.
We are typically seen in uniform carrying a gun
Trying to fix things which can't be undone.

Some of us are deputies, some troopers, some policemen; but all cops
Cleaning up society's mess; could say we are like mops.
Some call us heroes, others our presence detest
They hate what we stand for and the badge on our chest.

We are not superhuman, though our tasks it does demand.
We are required of anything to jump in and take command.
Stay impartial we must; seek facts and stay cool
This is our creed and the standard operating rule.

Why do we do it, this crazy and dangerous job,
One that from your emotions it will surely rob?
The question isn't fair because a job it far exceeds,
It's a profession, a calling, a need to intercede.

I'll give my all to this noble profession of which I have chosen,
Knowing in advance that everyone will not view me as ambrosian.
But I'll be proud of what I do until the day I drop
So with GOD's help and blessings I will always be a cop.

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