

## SUBDIVISION WITH COVID BLUES

By Lee Ann Eckhardt Smith  
With apologies to Bob Dylan

Doctors in the basement  
Mixing up the medicine  
You're on the pavement  
Thinkin' about the government.  
The man with the new beard  
Shows you where the deaths are  
Says you have a bad cough  
Stay out of the ER.

Sorry, kid  
It's nothin' you did  
God knows when  
Your store will open again  
You better get assistance from the  
Government your new friend  
The man says he'll pay your rent  
In the meantime  
You need eleven dollar bills  
You only get ten.

Nurses run fleet foot  
Normal process kaput  
Talkin' that the virus put  
Thousands in the beds but  
System's tapped anyway  
Nurses work to allay  
Those with weakened airways  
Order up the endplay.

Look out kid  
You might get COVID  
Flatten the steep curve  
Don't lose your nerve  
Better stay away from those  
With droplets spraying out their nose  
Wear a clean blouse  
Wipe down your spouse  
You don't need a Minister  
To tell you how to clean house.

Ah, get sick, get well,  
Number of the cases swell  
Masks work? Hard to tell  
Dealing with unparalleled  
Stay home, back yard  
Seems easy, feels hard  
Six feet, can't meet  
Send tweet, over-eat.

Look out kid  
Another new grid  
But good news, 3M's  
Been talking to the PM  
N95s fly  
Make it to the front line  
Latest updates online  
Don't support hoarders  
Open all the borders.

Ah, get news, feel blues  
Long queues, make do, work it through  
Get dressed, feel blessed  
Try to be a success  
Take walks, take stock, breathe deep  
Cook, sleep, housekeep  
Run the remote meeting  
While the kids perfect Minesweeping.

Look out kid  
Symptoms are hid  
Better mask up, wash hands  
So avoid the reprimands  
At the gas station  
In the COVID nation  
Fill up low price  
Strangest sacrifice  
Cost has no rival  
But you're not supposed to travel.