

You can't go out you must stay in  
Just sit there on the rug  
If you go mix with other folk  
You might just catch this bug.

Coronavirus, I think it's called  
It's generating fear  
But I refuse to be scared by  
What sounds like dirt cheap beer.

You sit in t'house and gaze outside  
You're starting to go potty  
And as you look outside you think  
My garden looks real grotty.

So out you go to tidy it  
And then you take a stroll  
If you encounter anyone  
You need a bargeman's pole.

I thank mi stars for t'internet  
At least there, I can talk  
Wi' other folk, right there on t' screen  
Ten little tiny folk.

We tried to sing, oh what a laugh  
We had when we were trying  
You would have thought a load of cats  
And dogs were slowly dying.

But we'll come through this awful thing  
Our queen says so an' all  
We'll have street parties and the like  
We'll really have a ball.

