

This will likely lose me some friends, but I hope it brings some relief from the ongoing stress.

Six Feet Behind (A Pandemic Parody of “Farther Along”)

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We’re so tired, worn and scared
We’ve worn our masks and waited our turn
Until the whole world’s past the disaster,
There’s nowhere to hide

Six feet behind, out the door and down the street
Please get away or you’ll be laid low.
Don’t cut in line or creep on somebody,
Or you’ll be peekin’ up from six feet below.

There’s laughter in joy
One thing we know is how to survive
Cherish each day and hope for tomorrow
Find some humor through the tears and sorrow.

Six feet behind, out the door or down the street
Please get away or you’ll be laid low.
Don’t cut in line or creep on somebody,
Or you’ll be peekin’ up from six feet below.

The healthcare people have proved themselves heroes
The science should not be scorned by man or by state.
Too many lost, but don’t you wonder
Why some scorn to protect a needless fate?

Six feet behind, out the door or down the street
Please get away or you’ll be laid low.
Don’t cut in line or creep on somebody,
Or you’ll be peekin’ up from six feet below.

When we are all protected and past the fright
When we can smile with full face no one to despise.
Then we’ll sing as one voice into the night.
Even if we can’t explain the reason in the sweet by and by.

Six feet behind, out the door or down the street
Please get away or you’ll be laid low.
Don’t cut in line or creep on somebody,

Or you'll be peekin' up from six feet below.