

The Quarantine Song

Ray Stevens

I wash my hands, I don't touch my face
I stay at home, shelter in place
I keep my social distance, don't go to work
I wear a mask and gloves and I stay away from church
I avoid old folks, and should I sneeze
I do it in my elbow or up my sleeve
Stay six feet apart, that is my rule
And I pray for the day the kids go back to school

I'm washing my hands like a raccoon with OCD
I've watched HULU, ROKU, NETFLIX, PBS, and BBC
I've taken down all my mirrors cause I'm sick of what I see
Two more weeks of quarantine will be the death of me

I risk a trip to the grocery store
Just to buy T.P. and a few things more
But when I get there all I can find
Is 16 Honey Buns and some Mad Dog Wine

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You know they say this is war, but we don't have to storm Omaha
beach or Pork Chop Hill
We just lay here on the sofa and watch TV
I'd rather volunteer for a high-risk Commando Raid to parachute
into Wuhan and find that fellow that ordered that bat soup
I know I'm talking out of my head saying crazy stuff over and over
Like "yes dear, yes dear"
The other morning at breakfast I meant to say "honey, would you
please, pass the pepper"
But what slipped out was "you crazy woman, you've ruined my life!"
Of course I immediately apologized, just as soon as I woke up