

The Plague Song

Buboes and bloating and very high fever
We are all staying 'cause planes will not leave here
Relatives calling us all night and day
To see if we all are surviving the plague

Lumps in the armpits and pain in the groin
Spitting up blood is so awfully annoyin'
News is that plague is now under control
Next thing we hear is the rising death toll

*When the flea bits, when the rat dies
When I'm feeling bad
I hope I've remembered to take Baba's name
And hope I'm not turning black!*

My pet rat is feeling so poorly today
My favorite flea circus has just passed away
Like roaches and leaches and locusts with wings
Plague is not one of my favorite things

We had been planning a trip to Surat
But now we are thinking that we'd better not
Homeopathy might be the thing
But I'll bet my buboes on tetracycline

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When I'm feeling bad
I hope I've remembered to take Baba's name
And hope I'm not turning black!*

Words: Cindy Lowe and Melodee Koska, October 94
Music: Sung to the tune of a famous song about favorite things
I cannot name because of copyright issues.

*Note: I haven't included chords because I can't imagine that anyone
will ever play it.*