

### **Cold and Fugue Season**

We just want to sing this classy fugue for you.

But I just keep sneezing and sneezing and my partner's coughing and wheezing

And I don't think Bach wrote sneezes in this fugue.

I don't think we'll ever make it through this song

Without Kleenex, cough drops and NyQuil.

Hot tea and a heating pad and Vicks and a doctor bill and well, it's much too long!

Please pass the Kleenex. Hand out the cough drops.

Turn on the vaporizer. Call for the flu shots.

Dish out the chicken soup. Hand out the crackers.

Please call my mother, I'm feeling sick!

**Mom, please take me home.** (*Put me to bed.*) **I have this cold;** (*My aching head.*)

**I should have stayed** (*home like you said.*) but here I am instead, oh,

I don't want to sing this classy fugue for you,

'Cause we keep on sneezing and sneezing, and my partner's coughing and wheezing

And I don't think Bach had sneezing in this fugue. ACHOO!