

Pandemics are tricky and a little bit sticky, they aren't your usual day.
Even when things seem to come to a rest, the numbers grow high the very next day.
From 200 to 2,000, you can't count on a break, from the crazy pandemic which we all so hate.
From Monday to Tuesday the world whirs on by.
The months just fly.
It feels blurry all around, Covid this, Covid that! I think I might drown.
Too much blabber, too much talk, just calm down about the Lysol stock!
Masked up in every store, it's not something I adore.
Toilet paper necessity is at an all-time high, if I don't get some I think I might cry.
Zoooooom is what we use here when we can't be near.
In 2021 maybe we'll be done, in 2022 we might be as good as new.
There is promise in the air, when a vaccine is almost there.
Because pandemics are tricky, and a little bit sticky.