

Coronavirus

Tom MacDonald

I don't know what to think about this virus
It started in China, now everybody in America is hidin'
There's no groceries, 'cause people start to panic and buy it
The shelter empty, the ones who plenty, already stockpiling
Y'all making memes, think it's funny?
Wait a week 'til the riots
Wait a month 'til the only way to eat is be violent
It's not the sickness that's scary, it's all the people who're violent
The government's lyin', they're trying to keep us calm through the sirens
We know it's for real
And now all the pharmaceutical giants don't have the cure that they can sell
you
So now everyone's dying
There's no vaccines and medication made that can fight it
I guess it's time to pray to God, we can't rely on the science

And everyone around me in a mask and some gloves
The stock market crashed, and the banks 'bout to bust
Tell us "sanitize our hands, this will pass
It's a bug, stay inside, you'll be fine"
'Til we're trapped there for months

It's a ghost town
We're in this together
They're closing all the stores down
We're headin' for shelter
It's a war now they'll always remember
We're locking all our doors down
We're sticking together
It's a ghost town

This a pandemic, but we don't listen to the news
'Cause they lied to us for years so how we know that this the truth?
And most of us are young enough to think that we're immune
So we just pass it on to people who won't survive it like you
It's either worse than they're telling us or it's nothing at all
But the schools shut down and ghosttowing them all
They go quarantine the city, block the road out of dodge
Then tell us leaving our homes is actually breaking the law
This is just the beginning, you know it's gotta get worse
If the doctors get sick the hospitals won't work
The conspiracy theories all sound like facts, that's for sure
But the fact is, we're trapped on this planet called Earth

And the bleach gone, the bread gone, the water sold out
The meat gone, the milk gone, the pasta sold out
Don't leave anything for anyone, you hoard it for yourself
You'd rather tell them "go to hell" than be a man and go and help

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We're hoping for the best but we're preparing for the worst
There's one thing we're not scared of: it's hard work
We're up against an enemy that doesn't have a face
There's no bombs we can drop
There's nowhere we can aim
There's no soldiers to stop with a tank at the gates
There's no cure that we've got or a pill we can take
There's no food, it's been bought
The truth is we're afraid
We sit inside our rooms and we pray

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