

To the Tune of Night & Day
By Mary Lee Peterson

Like the (uh, uh uh) of the tickle
When the throat begins to itch
Like the (ah, ah, ah) of the sneeze
When the nose begins to twitch

Like the (sniff, sniff, sniff) in the nostrils
When the schnauze begins to run
So a voice within me keeps repeating
Flu! Flu! Flu!

Night and day, flu is no fun
Only me beneath the covers or under the bed
Whether near to me or far
It really doesn't matter at all
It'll get you too
Night and day, day and night, why is it so?

That this hacking cough follows me wherever I go
Lingering for weeks
My speech is filled with bleeps
I cough and cough
Day and night, night and day

Under the hide of me
There's an of such a hungry yearning burning inside of me
That this torment won't be gone
Until this damned flu is done
Day and night, night and day