

You're done, you think 'I need a walk',
They'd balk, but fuck 'em all it's just a walk.
Those on the pavement pass by you,
Just like the world you always knew,
Somebody wheezes to your right,
Something condemns you out of sight,
Perhaps you'll die in constant pain,
Perhaps your family gets the same.

We have to go on, until the end,
So very long, it's a fucked up mess
But stay inside or you will feed the blight,
Stay home or you might end a life.

All you needed do was rest
And trust the people who know best,
Maybe not be quite so dense,
Whilst we still have no defence,
I hope that you and yours are strong,
That no one dies cause you've done wrong,
This is all down to you,
They might all die now thanks to you.

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How selfishly you made your choice,
And if a virus could it would rejoice.
Now in your children it grows
To do more harm before it goes,
And now comes one of two things,
A week or two of suffering,
Or that walk puts you in the grave
And maybe your family gets the same.

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