**Cold and Fugue Season – Part 1**

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. I have this cold;

I should have stayed 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 wrote sneezing in this fugue.

A Choo!

**Cold and Fugue Season – Part 2**

We just want to sing this classy fugue for you.

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 heat pad and Vicks and a doctor bill and anyway ,

I think its 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!

Put me to bed

My aching head

Home like you said

Here I am instead.

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 wrote sneezing in this fugue. A Choo!