

OH NO, I GOT A COLD

by

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I am sitting on the sofa.
By the fire and staying in.
Me head is free of comfort
And me nose is free of skin
Me friends have run for cover,
They have left me pale and sick
With me pockets full of tissues
And me nostrils full of Vick

That bloke in the telly adverts,
He's supposed to have a cold.
He has a swig of whatnot
And he drops off, good as gold,
His face like snowing harvest
Slips into sweet repose.
Well I bet this tortured breathing
Never whistled down his nose.

I burnt me bit of dinner
Cause I've lost me sense of smell,
But then, I couldn't taste it,
So that worked out very well,
I'd buy some, down the cafe,
But I know that at the till,
A voice from work will softly say
"I thought that you were ill".

So I'm wrapped up in a blanket
With me feet up on a stool,
I've watched the telly programmes
And the kids come home from school,
But what I haven't watched for
Is any sympathy,
Cause all you ever get is:

"Oh no, keep away from me!"

Medicinal discovery,
It moves in mighty leaps,
It leapt straight past the common cold
And gave it us for keeps.
Now I'm not a fussy woman,
There's no malice in me eye
But I wish that they could cure
the common cold. That's all. Goodbye.