

Nursing Home Blues

by Howard Rotberg (with thanks to Johnny Cash)



I hear the plane a comin'
It's flyin' fast as it can

And I ain't seen the sunshine since this plague began

I'm stuck in long term care prison, and it's like a G-d damn
jail

But that plane reminds me I want to be in Fort Lauderdale;

When I was just a young man, my papa told me – “Son
save some money for old age and enjoy retirement fun”
But my kids told me I needed nursing care – till I die
When I hear that Florida-bound airplane, I hang my head and
cry

I bet there's rich folks flying down in their fancy private
jets

They're probably drinkin' champagne, knowing that's as good as
it gets
Well I know I worked too hard for too long
I know I can't be free
But those people escaping Covid
That's what tortures me

Well if they freed me from this nursing home prison
If that private jet was mine
I bet my dementia would be better in that Florida sunshine
Far from this long term care prison, that's where I want to
stay

Sitting on Delray Beach would chase my blues away.