

MRSA

Music, lyrics: Henrik Widegren

I have immigrated to the cold Sweden
I think I like it because I am a heathen
I travelled with a Swede, who was on vacation
But required hospitalization
He came to my ward for just one day
And we hooked up right away
Cause I am an MRSA
Yes, I am an MRSA

I liked it on his skin. It was nice and juicy
And the wounds were to me like sushi
But when I came to Sweden I grew impatient
To get to know and grow on every other patient
A house in the nose and a condo in the groin, hey!
A million children were born every day
Cause I am an MRSA
Yes, I am an MRSA
I am an MRSA
Yes, I am an MRSA

Then suddenly the party was over
They discovered that I was their guest
The disinfectant gave me a hangover
And I got isolated and depressed
The new medicines killed my wife
And I considered taking my life
But in stepped my hero. Wonders do exist!
An otorhinolaryngologist

He was so relaxed and kind of like a sidekick
And best of all: He didn't use gloves or antiseptic
I crawled on his finger, full of admiration
And watched while he did his full examination
But then, suddenly, his finger rose
And my doctor, mm, poked his nose
And I am an MRSA
Yes, I am an MRSA

I liked living in the doctor's sniffer
Some think a nose is gross, but I beg to differ
We played hide and seek under the concha
And had a wild water slide up on the mucosa
My doctor met patients every day, hooray!
And I invaded them like it was D-day
I am an MRSA
Yes, I am an MRSA

But suddenly I was feeling blue
I gave my doctor meningitis
He ended up in ICU
And they discovered me in his sinus
They gave him a broad spectrum hit
And I thought: This is it
But I was saved from my isolation
By a hospital consolidation

I have immigrated to the cold Sweden
This hospital merger is an Eden
They moved my doctor to another town
Now I have another chance to move around
This is so exciting. I won't get bored
This is so inviting. A virginal ward

M.R.S.A...

Cause I am an MRSA
Yes, I am an MRSA
Cause I am an MRSA
I am an MRSA...