

# CR-box American Pie

[original "American Pie" lyric | **parody** ]

A long, long time ago  
I can still remember how **maskless faces** used to make me smile  
And I knew if I had my chance  
That **Indoor Air could be enhanced**  
And maybe they'd be **healthy** for a while

But February made me shiver  
With **the news that they'd** deliver  
Bad news on the doorstep  
I couldn't take one more step

I can't remember if I cried  
When **we were told to stay inside**  
But something touched **us worldwide**  
The day the music died

So bye, bye, Miss American Pie  
Drove my Chevy to the levee but the levee was dry  
And them good ole boys were drinking whiskey 'n rye  
Singin' this'll be the day that I die  
This'll be the day that I die

Did you write **62-point-2**  
And do you have **fresh air to move?**  
If the **standard** tells you to?  
Now do you believe in **Navier-Stokes?**  
Can **Physics** save your mortal soul?  
And can you teach me how to **measure air-flow?**

Well, I know that you're in love with him  
'Cause you **social distanced** in the gym  
You both kicked off your shoes  
**Now we really need some I-A-Q**

I was **an academic muck-ity-muck**  
With a **PhD** and a **coffee cup**  
But I knew I was out of luck  
The day the music died

I started singing bye, bye, Miss American Pie  
Drove my Chevy to the levee but the levee was dry  
Them good ole boys were drinking whiskey 'n rye  
Singin' this'll be the day that I die  
This'll be the day that I die

Now for **two** years we've been **home alone**  
And **Zoom calls suck** on **our cell phones**  
But that's not how it used to be  
When **confusion came from the CDC**  
**And aerosols weren't quite yet a thing**  
And **only droplets** came from you and me

Oh, and while the **WHO** was looking down  
The **aerosols were hanging around**  
The courtroom was adjourned  
No verdict was returned

And while **cases kept hitting higher** Marks  
**Corsi worked on a new fan box**  
**While Trump shined lights** into the dark  
The day the music died

We were singing bye, bye, Miss American Pie  
Drove my Chevy to the levee but the levee was dry  
Them good ole boys were drinking whiskey 'n rye  
Singin' this'll be the day that I die  
This'll be the day that I die

Helter skelter in a summer swelter  
The **second surge sent us back to** shelter  
**Irate denial** and **growing** fast  
It's a **big pain in** the **ass**  
**Taxpayers spend stimulus cash**  
**Protestors march to grieve about the past**

Now the **western fires sent obnoxious** fumes  
**Into lots of peoples living rooms**  
We **just wanted to ditch the masks**  
Oh, but we never got the chance

**When Science** tried to take the field  
The **administration** refused to yield  
Do you recall what was revealed  
The day the music died?

We started singing bye, bye, Miss American Pie  
Drove my Chevy to the levee but the levee was dry  
Them good ole boys were drinking whiskey 'n rye  
And singin' this'll be the day that I die  
This'll be the day that I die

Oh, and there we were all in one place  
A **webinar** lost in **virtual** space  
With no time left to start again  
So come on, **Jim** be nimble, **Jim** be quick  
**Tex-Air Filters in a FedEx truck**  
'Cause **filtration** is **our new best** friend

Oh, and as I watched him on the **Twitter** stage  
My hands **got busy with some duct tape**  
**This box is cool as Hell!**  
**Who knew it would work so well!**

And as the flames climbed high into the night  
**Cuz someone used a U-V-C light**  
**You can't use them on filters of this type**  
The day the music died

He was singing bye, bye, Miss American Pie  
Drove my Chevy to the levee but the levee was dry  
Them good ole boys were drinking whiskey 'n rye  
And singin' this'll be the day that I die  
This'll be the day that I die

I met **STEM women** who sang the blues  
And I asked **them** for some happy news

But **they** just smiled and turned away  
I went down to the **Science** store  
Where I'd heard the music years before  
But the man there said the music wouldn't play

And in the **schools, on children's screens**  
The **teachers** cried and the **parents** screamed  
But not a word was spoken  
The **microphones** were broken

And the three men I admire most  
**Bernoulli, Navier** and **Holy Stokes**  
They **taught us don't be a viral host**  
The day the music died

And they were singing bye, bye, Miss American Pie  
Drove my Chevy to the levee but the levee was dry  
And them good ole boys were drinking whiskey 'n rye  
Singin' this'll be the day that I die  
This'll be the day that I die

They were singing bye, bye, Miss American Pie  
Drove my Chevy to the levee but the levee was dry  
Them good ole boys were drinking whiskey 'n rye  
And singin' this'll be the day that I die