

Bedbugs

Squirrel Nut Zippers

Down in the country where I was born,
We'd go to church ev'ry Sunday mornin',
Then in the evening the lights would fade,
These are the words that my mama said:

"Children I hope you sleep tight,
And don't let the bedbugs bite,
If you should die before you wake,
Pray good God your soul will take."

(Don't let the bedbugs bite ya, [children]
Don't let the bedbugs bite ya, [children]
Don't let the bedbugs bite ya.)

Preacher would tell us that the lord was good,
All us little children should knock on wood,
Preacher would tell us 'bout the angels and saints,
Grandfather taught us 'bout the spooks and [inaudable],
He said:

"(Don't let the bedbugs bite ya, [children]
Don't let the bedbugs bite ya, [no, no]
Don't let the bedbugs bite ya.)"

Then I'd pull the covers up over my head,
Stop thinkin' 'bout the things underneath the bed,
Thunder and the lightnin' begin to boom,
Somebody's knockin', but nobody's home.

(Don't let the bedbugs bite ya, [children]
Don't let the bedbugs bite ya, [children]
Don't let the bedbugs bite ya, [no, no]
Don't let the bedbugs bite ya.) [x2]