

	4/4 bc
<b>chorus:</b> Our house is overrun by little wing-ed ones:	D A
They fly up your nose; they crawl through your clothes.	A D
They land on the walls, and gather in the halls.	G D
There are even bugs in some of our mugs!	A GA
With the scent of spiders in the air and the	G A
Sticky webs that they all share	A D
One wonders how the bugs even dare	D G
To fly everywhere – both here and there.	D AD D
Clearly it's our very own fault –	G D
We really thought they'd be quickly caught.	A GD D
But, our house is overrun by little wing-ed ones:	D A
They fly up your nose; they crawl through your clothes.	A D
They land on the walls, and gather in the halls.	G D
There are even bugs in some of our mugs!	A GA
We join together in a common shout	G A
Of what we want, there is no doubt	A D
It's nothing short of "Bugs keep out!"	D G
But with these critters we have no clout.	D AD D
Even though we may complain	G D
In their domain, they surely reign.	A GD D
So, our house is overrun by little wing-ed ones:	D A
They fly up your nose; they crawl through your clothes.	A D
They land on the walls, and gather in the halls.	G D
There are even bugs in some of our mugs!	A GA