

Gourds, Son Of Bum

Expecting me to clean my house out
Under my fridge I found the roach bug
They were eating my potatoes
They even got to raise a fambly

It ain't no failing I just want 'em out
I live in filth and now I want 'em out
They don't even hep me to pay my rent
They even eat the cash I hadn't spent

The son of bum ain't like a stink bug
They aren't like the roly pollies
They don't behave like a cicada
But there better than the crab bug

If I could only dream about them
And bathe them in the new age light
I'd put cookies in my bedroom
And gladly let them spend night in my bed
In my bed