

# John Entwistle, Bogeyman

Entwistle (c) 1978

When I was a kid my mother used to tell me  
If you don't behave and do what I say  
I'm going to tell your Dad when he gets home  
And there'll be hell to pay  
Pick yourself up off the floor  
And put those toys away  
Wash that face and hands  
You'd think your skin was turning gray  
The Bogeyman will get you  
Sure as night turns into day  
The Bogey man will get you  
He'll come and drag you away  
Sit up straight and eat your greens  
Stop playing with your food  
Don't pick your nose at the table  
Go straight to bed, that's very rude  
So I spent the night with my head in the covers  
Protected by electric light  
When my Mom came in to say good night  
I nearly died of fright  
Chorus  
The Bogeyman will get you  
Sure as night turns into day  
The Bogeyman will get you  
He'll come and drag you away  
Now I'm all grown up I realize how silly kids can be  
But I stay up all night with a baseball bat  
That Bogeyman ain't going to get me