

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