

# John Entwistle, Boris The Spider

Look, he's crawling up my wall  
Black and hairy, very small  
Now he's up above my head  
Hanging by a little thread

Boris the spider  
Boris the spider

Now he's dropped on to the floor  
Heading for the bedroom door  
Maybe he's as scared as me  
Where's he gone now, I can't see

Boris the spider  
Boris the spider

Creepy, crawly  
Creepy, crawly  
Creepy, creepy, crawly, crawly  
Creepy, creepy, crawly, crawly  
Creepy, creepy, crawly, crawly  
Creepy, creepy, crawly, crawly

There he is wrapped in a ball  
Doesn't seem to move at all  
Perhaps he's dead, I'll just make sure  
Pick this book up off the floor

Boris the spider  
Boris the spider

Creepy, crawly  
Creepy, crawly  
Creepy, creepy, crawly, crawly  
Creepy, creepy, crawly, crawly  
Creepy, creepy, crawly, crawly  
Creepy, creepy, crawly, crawly

He's come to a sticky end  
Don't think he will ever mend  
Never more will he crawl 'round  
He's embedded in the ground

Boris the spider  
Boris the spider