

There Ain't No Bugs On Me

Tune: It Ain't Gonna Rain

G
Well, the night was dark and drizzly
D7
And the air was full of sleet,
The old man joined the Ku Klux

G
And ma she lost her sheet.

Chorus:

G
Oh, there ain't no bugs on me,
D7
There ain't no bugs on me,
There may be bugs on some of you mugs,
G
But there ain't no bugs on me.

Well, the Juney bug comes in the month of June,
And the lightning bug in May,
Bed bug comes just any old time,
But they're not going to stay.

Billy Sunday is a preacher,
His church is always full,
The neighbors gather from miles around
To hear him shoot the bull.

Well, the monkey swings by the end of his tail,
And jumps from tree to tree,
There may be monkey in some of you guys,
But there ain't no monkey in me!

Alternate chorus:
Well, there ain't no flies on me,
There ain't no flies on me,
There may be flies on some of you guys,
But there ain't no flies on me.