

## Who, The "Boris The Spider"

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Look who's crawlign 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 down 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 crawley  
creepy crawley

creepy creepy  
crawley crawley  
creepy creepy  
crawley crawley  
creepy creepy  
crawley crawley  
creepy creepy  
crawley crawley

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 speck up off the floor

BORIS THE SPIDER  
BORIS THE SPIDER

creepy crawley  
creepy crawley

creepy creepy  
crawley crawley

creepy creepy  
crawley crawley  
creepy creepy  
crawley crawley  
creepy creepy  
crawley crawley

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

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