

Chumbawamba "Insectkind"

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Chapter seven

There's bugs on the house plants of the folks back home

Insects are material, they're not inferior

Insects are material, they're not inferior

What do we want?

Insect liberation!

When do we want it?

Now!

Insects are dirty, insects are filthy

They never bother washing their legs or faces

Insects are ugly, insects are evil

They sniff around the brown and then they eat it

An insect loses its way one day and gets trapped in the house

An insect in the house, but not in this month's issue of "Wonderful Home"

Fly spray or stinky thing, hanging from the ceiling

A rolled up newspaper on the head, the poor insect ends up dead dead dead dead

But insects are dirty, insects are filthy

They never bother washing their legs or faces

Insects are ugly, insects are evil

They sniff around the brown and then they eat it

They eat shit, and they're walking on it!

They fly around from town to town spreading disease

They're ugly little monsters, and I hate them

Won't you get rid of them for me? Please!

But who likes the taste, who makes use of our waste?

Who puts the goodness back into the soil?

It's insects, bacteria, germs, and worms

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