

## The Who

### "Boris The Spider"

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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

Who Boris The Spider

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