

Ants In Yer Pants!

(Mary Potter)

(Chorus)

Ants! Ants! Ants in yer pants!
Mud in yer tea and sticks in yer stew!
You can take the coutry life
But it's not, not, not for me even if it is for you

Wake up in the morning feeling rather blue
Shake out your blanket there's a spider in there too
What's for breakfast? Last night's greasy stew

Rain, rain it's pouring like a drain
Trickling down your neck it drives you quite insane
And your wellies are filling up again

(Chorus)

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