

Moles, Hounds, Bears, Bees and Hares

They Might Be Giants

Moles, moles
Spending their lives down a hole
And when it's raining, they get complaining
And run around out of control
MolesHounds, hounds
Walk with their nose to the ground
The joy in their eyes
And the shock of surprise
When they bring you the thing that they found
HoundsDon't wake up the hibernating bear
He'll spend all winter there,
AsleepBees, bees
Spend most of their time inside hives
But when the breeze knocks the hives of the trees, oh
We better run for our lives
BeesHares, hares
Some call them bunnies- Who cares?
Though it sounds phony
Rabbits were coney
Out on this island right hare
HaresDon't wake up the hibernating bear
He'll spend all winter there,
Asleep

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