

# Bugs

## Lambchop

Bugs rub their legs  
Together in fevered pitch  
It trips me out  
Never gonna let it out Birds they wheeze  
And my legs they itch  
Yeah, it flips me out  
Wonder what it's all about And think of things  
And how they got this way  
Way above the rest  
Isn't this the fucking best? Superficial we may say  
So, down to earth in an earthy kind of way  
It's just the best that we can do  
Is this just the best that we can do Planes that buzz, and cars that roam  
Trees that grow through the forest foam  
Squirrels that cross you overhead  
Makes their way to the squirrelly bed  
And even squirrels have beds A natural light  
In the natural world  
It flips me out  
Never gonna read about it Our favored nation  
And our favorite girl  
She trips me out  
Never ever really doubt it And as your hand rests gently on her head  
Remove the clutter and the papers that you read  
A whispered comment, or a compliment is said  
And you take her hand and you gesture toward the bed  
I can't believe this feels this good  
No, I can't believe this feels this good

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