

My Brother Eats Bugs Hans Mayer, Frank Gosar

There's no holes in my sweater- that moths might have made
We never need fly paper never need raid
Come into our kitchen you won't see a fly
No worms in the garden I'll tell you why (chorus)

My brother eats bugs - Grasshoppers, crickets and slugs Butterfly wings and other gross things- My brother eats bugs

When we go fishing- there's one thing I hate
We never catch nothing cuz he eats the bate
When we have a picnic there's one thing he'll do
It there's any ants he'll eat them all too (chorus)

He munches on hornets -but never gets stung
But he won't eat wholly bears- they tickle his tongue
We caught some fire flies one night in the park
He swallowed them all- now he glows in the dark (chorus)

I'm starting to think that my brother's part frog
He even eats fleas that he picks off the dog
But I'm starting to think that he's on the right track
Mosquitoes bite people- he bites them back (chorus)

Nobody likes me every body hates me
I guess I'll east some bugs