

300-1000  
Mosquitoes and ticks

Mosquitoes and ticks make me obsess  
Don't you know i had west nile virus  
How can it be that these little pests  
Can survive all that poison and nuclear tests

And yet here they are, sucking my blood  
Stinging and biting, and living in mud  
I am terrified of being bitten again  
There was a time, i can't recall when

I didn't give a shit about those pesky shits  
But now when i see them it puts me in fits  
And so i don't go into the woods for a hike  
Or ride to the store at dusk on my bike

For i am afraid of getting sick from their bite  
These bastards for me are a genuine blight  
I don't sit on porches or cook steak on the grill  
For i am afraid the mosquito will fill

Up on my red cells, and come back for more  
And leave me convulsing and sick on the floor  
So i guess i'll stay inside until such a time  
That mosquitoes and ticks on me will not dine

Hate em  
Hate em  
Hate em