

## The Flies

Words and music by Kevin Adams

### [V.1]

Flies all over your dinner, flies on your baby's face,  
We know you hate it, you're inundated with flies all over the place;  
In your larder round your head, keep you awake when you're in bed.  
We are not nice guys; we are the flies.

### [Chorus]

Keep your flypaper and swatters,  
We'll escape, you still ain't got us.  
What's that black cloud in the sky?  
*Is it a bird? Is it a plane? No!*  
*It's the flies! We are the flies!*

### [V.2]

Flies on the council waste tip, swarming here because  
Household waste is very tasty, gives us such a buzz.  
Throw your food away and then I pick it up on my antennae,  
Well-fed, well-bred guys; we are the flies.  
*Blue-bottle, cool blue-bottle.*

### [Chorus]

Keep your flypaper and swatters...

### [V.3]

The sewage works a treat now, so much effluent,  
There's no lack here of fresh bacteria, the smell is heaven sent.  
One thing that we know is true, a man's gotta do what a man's gotta do.  
Unhygienic guys; we are the flies.  
*Unhygienic, unhygienic.*

### [Chorus]

Keep your flypaper and swatters...

### [V.4]

Everyone's out to get us, no-one's on our side;  
It's war they're waging, they're all engaged in mass insect-o-cide.  
But for every fly that you erase, there's ten more here to take his place.  
Reproductive guys; we are the flies.  
*Reproductive, so productive.*

### [Chorus]

Keep your flypaper and swatters...

