

Mean Old Bed Bug Blues

Words & Music by Jack Wood

Medium slow

(♩ = $\overset{\frown}{\text{3}}$)

N.C. A

mf

Gals, bed bugs— sure is ev-il, they don't mean me no good..

D⁷

Yeah, bed bug sure is ev - il, they don't mean me no good..

E⁷

— Thinks— he's a wood-peck - er—

D⁷ A⁷ D⁷ A⁽⁷⁾

— and I'm a - - chunk of wood. —

Verse 2

When I lay down at night, I wonder how can a poor gal sleep, *(Twice)*
When some is holding my hand, others eating my feet.

Verse 3

Bed bug as big as a jackass will bite you and stand and grin. *(Twice)*
They'll drink all they can, and then turn around and bite you again.

Verse 4

Something moan in the corner, I went over and see. *(Twice)*
It was the bed bug a-prayin': "Lord, gimme some more cheese."