

Black Monsters

When your out on the jungle beat
They get through your lace holes and onto your feet
And anywhere else that you show bare skin
You can bet they'll wriggle and find a way in

Don't knock'em off or they'll leave in their jaws
This is the first of the jungle laws
Because if you do then infection's a threat
You should burn them off, with a lit cigarette

They start very thin, just like a thread
And wriggle about 'til they find a warm bed
Then they bite down and suck out your blood
Sometimes a dribble and sometimes a flood

Under your armpits or deep in your groin
Deep where your legs and body adjoin
Or anywhere else they can find a hold
They're far from timid; in fact they're quite bold

As they feed they swell twenty time their size
They'll do it right there, in front of your eyes
So try to keep them out of you breeches
Oh, how I hate those horrible leeches

Ernie Yeomans