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Am Dm  
 When you land on Bailey's Seven you may not like what you see  
 Am Em  
 There are monsters there behind each rock and up in every tree;  
 Am Dm  
 There are demon flies up in the skies and manticores beneath  
 Am Em Am  
 And there's little fuzzy animals with big sharp teeth!

Am Dm  
 Little fuzzy animals, little furry animals,  
 Am Em Am  
 Little fuzzy animals with big sharp teeth!

Now not all of the monsters here should fill you full of dread,  
 For the demon flies speak English and they love to scout ahead;  
 The manticores will haul you through the swamp and through the mud  
 But the little fuzzy animals will drink your blood!

Little fuzzy animals, little furry animals,  
 Little fuzzy animals will drink your blood!

Now when nightfall comes to Bailey's and the shadow's growing deep,  
 The music of the jungle night will lull you into sleep;  
 It's so restful and so peaceful that you'll never feel the pain  
 From the little fuzzy telepaths who eat your brain!

Little fuzzy telepaths, little furry telepaths,  
 Little fuzzy telepaths who eat your brain!

When you land on Bailey's Seven now you'll know what lies in store:  
 There are hordes of gentle fiends and harmless monsters there galore,  
 But with all the cute and fuzzy ones you know what you must do:  
 Get those little fuzzy buggers before they get you!

Get those little fuzzy buggers, get those little furry buggers,  
 Get those little fuzzy buggers before they—get—you!