Little Cabin in the Woods	America (My Country 'Tis of Thee)
Little cabin in the woods, (outline cabin) Little man by the window stood, (hand over eyes) Saw a rabbit hopping by, (hand with rabbit ears) Frightened as can be. (look scared) "Help me! Help me! Help," he said, (throw hands into air) "Before the hunter shoots me dead," (aim imaginary gun) Little rabbit, come inside, (motion to come) Safely to abide. (rock baby in arms) Repeat, making itty, bitty motions with a tiny voice. Repeat, making gigantic motions with a low, booming voice.	My country 'tis of thee, Sweet land of liberty, Of thee I sing; Land where my fathers died, Land of the pilgrims' pride, From every mountainside Let freedom ring! My native country, thee, Land of the noble free, Thy name I love; I love thy rocks and rills, Thy woods and templed hills; My heart with rapture thrills, Like that above.
Ch-ch-ch-chigger (Tune: K-k-Katy) Ch-ch-chigger, horrible chigger,	Boom Chica Boom! I Said A Boom Chica Boom! (repeat) I Said A Boom Chica Boom! (repeat)
You're the only b-b-b-bug that I abhor. When the m-m-m-moon shines over the campsite, I will scratch my b-b-b-bites until they're sore.	I Said A Boom Chica Boom! (repeat) I Said A Boom Chica Rocka Chica Rocka Chica Boom! (repeat)
Ch-ch-chicken, a la-la king-en, You're so g-g-g-good I want some more. When the b-b-b-banquet is all over, I'll be waiting at the b-b-b-bathroom door.	U-HUH! (repeat) OH-YEAH! (repeat) ONE MORE TIME! (repeat) Style!
G-g-g-grapefruit, belligerent grapefruit, You're the only f-f-f-fruit that I detest. When I sp-sp-sp-spoon you from the rind, All the j-j-j-juice squirts right out on my vest.	<i>Underwater</i> (flap finger in the lips) <i>Motorcycle</i> – Vroom Chica Vroom! Vroom Chica Rocka Chicka Rocka Chica Vroom! <i>Janitor</i> – Broom Push-a Broom! Broom Push-a Mop-a Push-a Mop-a Push-a Broom!
I-i-i-ice cream, c-c-c-cake-um, You're the very f-f-f-food that I adore. When I've f-f-f-finished with my salad, Please come through the k-k-k-kitchen door.	