


# The centipede song

<https://riverofsong.uk/>

*This is a traditional counting and clapping rhyme used in schools, according to AI. A teacher from the Middle East asked whether I knew the song, but it was new to me. Curious, I did some research and made an informal recording.*

***Make a line with hands on shoulders and walk lifting legs up on one side and the other. The leader takes the others off on a wavy path. The leader joins the tail to allow for a new leader after each verse is sung. Have three or four centipedes on the go so everyone gets a turn to be leader.***



A cen - ti - pede will cer - tain - ly need A hun - dred stri - py  
socks, But what will he do when he wears them out With climb - ing trees and  
rocks? What will he do when his socks wear through, When all of his socks wear  
out? He'll sit in a heap and start to weep, As his  
mo - ther be - gins to shout. Here's what his mo - ther will shout. When -  
e - ver his socks run out, "I bought you ten, Bought you twen - ty, bought you  
thir - ty, for - ty, fif - ty, Bought you six - ty, se - ven - ty, eigh - ty, nine - ty,  
Bought you a hun - dred socks, So off to bed now son - ny, Do you  
think I'm made of mo - ney? Un - til I can't af - ford to  
buy you more, You can keep your feet right off the floor!"

A centipede will certainly need  
A hundred stripy socks,  
But what will he do when he wears them out  
With climbing trees and rocks?  
What will he do when his socks wear through,  
When all of his socks wear out?  
He'll sit in a heap and start to weep,  
As his mother begins to shout.  
Here's what his mother will shout,  
Whenever his socks wear out.



Chorus: "I've bought you ten, bought you twenty,  
Bought you thirty, forty, fifty,  
Bought you sixty, seventy, eighty, ninety,  
Bought you a hundred socks!  
So off to bed now sonny,  
Do you think I'm made of money?  
Until I can afford to buy you more,  
You can keep your feet right off the floor!"



A centipede will certainly need  
A hundred tiny boots.  
But what will he do when his boots wear through,  
From wriggling under roots?  
What will he do when his boots wear through,  
When all of his boots wear out?  
He'll sit in a heap and start to weep,  
As his father begins to shout.  
Here's what his father will shout,  
Whenever his boots wear out. Chorus

