

# Dance of the Crackpots

Ian Dury

Oh, let's get up and let's get excited  
It's a public party and you're all invited  
Let's cut the custard, see the mustard  
Please hold steady 'till we're maladjusted  
Sing boop-ba-de-boop, sing twiddle-de-de  
Invite the Germans home for tea  
Let them mock and let them sneer  
The wise young crackpot knows no fear

The emancipation that's sweeping the nation  
When it seemed that the world was sunk  
You can bet your boots on your own pursuits  
History is bunk  
From Rosemary Clooney to Jerry Lee Lewis  
From Debussy to Thelonius Monk  
It's the modern art of the human heart  
The shape of things to funk, funk, funk

Let's see you do it, you always knew it  
It's totally impossible to misconstrue it  
In sight of the fact and in spite of the fashion  
Living is a lap-top animated fashion  
Pay no attention to the bones of contention  
To the new-age boogie for the old-age pension  
Let them stop and let them score  
We'll get madder - we were born

Motivation is the new sensation  
The fantasy keeps you fit  
On the human assumption, you don't have the gumption  
Get up and do your bit  
Being daft is a therapy class  
Which sharpens up your wits  
Totally enthusic about the music  
And it shows in the face you sit, sit, sit

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Emancipation that's sweeping the nation  
Worldwide tonic funk  
You can bet your boots on your own pursuits  
History is bunk  
From Rosemary Clooney to Jerry Lee Lewis  
From Debussy to Thelonius Monk  
It's the modern art in the human heart  
The shape of things to funk, funk, funk, funk, funk