

The Body Song

Ian Dury

The foot which steps with measured tread
Receives instructions from your head
It's the body song
It's the body song

The leg, a source of much delight
Which carries weight and governs height
It's the body song
It's the body song

The flesh we've got beneath our skin
Is what we keep our feelings in
It's the body song
It's the body song

Manipulation has its charms
For fingers, hands and also arms
It's the body song
It's the body song

Dreams of joy and songs of pain
Come well inside the brain's domain
It's the body song
It's the body song

The sight of smiles upon the face
Gives hope for all the human race
It's the body song
It's the body song

The mysteries that most perplex
Are heart of love and soul of sex
It's the body song
It's the body song

What bodies need in general terms
Is food and clothes and free of germs
It's the body song
It's the body song