

Ian Dury And The Blockheads, I'm Partial To You

I'm partial to your abracadabra
I'm raptured by the joy of it all
So stop me where you start
The cockles of his heart
The panties sends it right up the wall

Please, please, stop it, it likes it
Tickles it to death either way
These lovely boots exist
To drive it round the twist
The call of nature must be obeyed

Glad it's over, but this is worse
Could hardly say it had been coerced
Stop it cos it likes it, it's worse

I'm partial to your abracadabra
The unforeseen erogenous zones
Stop, it insists
Slap it with your wrists
It likes it when you leave it alone

There's been a manifestation
Nature made it answer the call
It simply can't resist
Boots and pants like this
Abracadabra for all

Glad that's over, but this is worse
Roll it over, too perverse
Stop it cos it likes it, it's worse

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