

# Ian Dury, I'm Partial To Your Abracadabra

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 'cause 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 'cause it likes it, it's worse.

I'm partial to your abracadabra  
I'm partial to your abracadabra  
I'm partial to your abracadabra  
I'm partial to your abracadabra