

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.

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