

Animaniacs, The Senses

The sense of sight is what guides us right
When we go out on walks
The sense of smells, the way you tell
That you need to change your socks
The sense of touch is what hurts so much
When you bang your toe on the bed
The sense of hearing is something good
'Cause if a tree falls in the wood
Would there be a sound? You bet there would
If it landed on top of your head
Your head, if a tree lands on top of your head
The sense of taste affects your waist
Which makes five senses in all
There's a sixth sense, too but it's hard to explain
It's a psychic connection that's inside your brain
So you can understand people like Shirley MacLaine
Who wear crystals they bought in the mall
The mall, who wear crystals they bought in the mall
And now the other senses
There are scents you can smell
Like cologne from Chanel
Or the scents of expensive perfume
There are scents of flowers
We hope overpowers
The kitty box next to your room, phew
There's a sense of pride
You have deep down inside
When you practice a sense of fair play
There are dollars and cents that you pay at a toll
Or the census man who is taking a poll
And a sense of confusion, we're out of control
And they really should take us away, away
They really should take us away
There's a sense of humor
A sense of doom
Or a sense of awe, sense of timing
The sense of a word
A sense of absurd
Like trying to do all this rhyming
There's incense
And horse sense
And common sense, it's true
Sense of wonder, sense of beauty
Sense of honor, sense of duty
A sense of doubt, a sense of danger
A sense of fear, when you meet a stranger
A sense of style, a sense of worth
A sense of direction for knowing the earth
A sense of dread as we're singing this song
That it's starting to turn out completely all wrong
And it's time that we end it because it's too long
'Cause it just doesn't make any sense, no sense
It just doesn't make any sense!