

# Ian Dury And The Blockheads, Manic Depression

The mind is a very precious flower  
That finds itself a strand amongst the weeds  
The cause and effect, is what you might expect  
And going round the bend is where it leads  
The elephant provides the ivory tower  
Is better left to wander too and fro  
But jumbo's got no chance, when the poacher doth advance  
With a ghastly poison arrow in his bow

Sometimes it all falls into place  
Other times it splashes in your face  
On occasion grafting wins the day  
Usually when you wear yourself away

Is this fair we ask ourselves as we get our headaches, bad backs and complaints  
Is this fair my little ones? is this fair?  
Oh no, it fucking ain't

Well it's the way the cripple crumbles,  
It's the flaw of the jungle  
Be reliable and humble  
Your'll be beggared if you bumble  
Merry making catchall phrase  
The twentieth century malaise  
It's on everybody's lips  
I'm afraid you've had your chips

Manic depression, manic depression  
Is not a pleasant fucker, pheasant plucker  
Manic depression, manic depression  
It's a hole full of soap, soul full of hope  
Manic depression, manic depression  
Life is all a bloody rush, a ruddy blush  
Manic depression, manic depression  
Memories I shoot and hip, hoot and shit

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