Ian Dury And The Blockheads
"Manic Depression (Jimi)"

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 jumboÂ'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 ainÂ't

Well itÂ's the way the cripple crumbles,
ItÂ's the flaw of the jungle
Be reliable and humble
YourÂ'll be beggared if you bumble
Merry making catchall phrase
The twentieth century malaise
ItÂ's on everybodyÂ's lips
IÂ'm afraid youÂ've had your chips

Manic depression, manic depression
Is not a pleasant fucker, pheasant plucker
Manic depression, manic depression
ItÂ'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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