

## Chumbawamba

# "96. The Incompatibility Of Sport And Cosmic Consciousness"

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When I play cricket  
I'm the longest at the wicket  
I can jump and swim  
And I live in the gym  
But I can't come to terms  
With my existence as part of the universe  
I gaze at the sky  
I think how? When? And why?  
I go to the lavatory  
In tune with astrology  
Well I get really confused  
With the complicated scoring system  
Used in tennis  
I get around in canoes  
Racing cars, balloons  
I drink squash, eat Polo  
Mints, climb mountains solo  
But I can't get my head  
'Round that Salvador Dali  
Weirdo stuff  
I really feel fine  
With the planets in line  
I see the future in hands  
And I live off the land  
But I can't see Frank Bruno  
Asking me which star sign  
I think he is  
Whether you are physically  
Or mentally inclined  
Imagine what the fun could be  
If both could be combined  
I know I'm speaking as a weakling  
With a cosmic kind of mind  
But I can feel in sport emotions  
Of a unifying kind  
So do whatever you like to do  
And whether you win or not  
Make sure the game was fairly played  
And try to smile a lot  
Because whatever you do should be good for you  
Make the most of what you've got

'Cause Whatever you do should be good for you  
Make the most of what you've got

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