

Manic Depression (Jimi)

Ian Dury

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
It's better left to wander to and fro
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 you wear yourself away

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

It's the way the cripple crumbles
It's the flaw of the jungle
Be reliable and humble
You'll be beggared if you bumble
A merry making catchall phrase
Twentieth Century malaise
It's on everybody's lips
I'm afraid you've had your chips

Manic depression, manic depression
It's 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 are shoot and hip, hoot and shit

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