

The Bloodmobile

They Might Be Giants

The Bloodmobile, the Bloodmobile
A delivery service inside us

We begin in the heart's right ventricle
And travel to the lungs
Red blood cells get oxygen
To take back to the heart

Then from the left side of the heart
And out to every cell
Delivered by the Bloodmobile

The food that's been digested
Is waiting at the dock
To be taken to the tissues
In the body's grocery truck

So from the small intestine
It's carried everywhere
Delivered by the Bloodmobile

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The white blood cells are soldiers
That fight infectious germs
They make the antibodies
Their weapons in the fight

The army is transported
Wherever they must go
Delivered by the Bloodmobile

We need to send a message
To tell a limb to grow
Or speed the heart or regulate
Your hunger or your sleep

The hormones are the message
They're sent from many glands
The messenger's the Bloodmobile

Somebody's got to haul out the trash
To the liver and the kidneys, it's not a pretty job
Carbon dioxide gets carried to the lungs to be exhaled
And the garbage truck is the Bloodmobile

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To carry oxygen, nutrients
Things that fight infections
Do the trash collection and deliver the mail
And we're all delivered by the Bloodmobile