

# Mr. Wiggles

## Parliament

From the ocean comes a notion  
That the real eyes lies in rhythm  
And the rhythm of vision is a dancer From the lookin' come the seeing  
One with real eyes realize  
The rhythm of vision is a dancer And when he dance, it's always on the one  
Going down you can see sounds of silence  
Primal heartbeats could be seen with the naked eye Ee didy awk, oh, I'm the jock and I'm back  
(The one with real eyes realize that the reason)  
On the scene with the record machine  
Sayin' ooh papa doo, how d'y'all do?  
(Is that everything is on the one) I'm Mr. Wiggles the worm  
These are my ladies Giggle and Squirm  
Three bionic idiots  
Your deejays for the Affair Where we'll be gettin' down  
And won't be comin' up for air  
May I have this swim?  
Mr. Wiggles here, sayin', "May we funk you?" I got a string on my thing  
Rhythm in my thing  
Wind me up  
I can do my thing underwater I got a string attached to my thing  
When you pull my string  
I can do my thing like I oughta Ooh, the Motor Booty Affair this is the big one  
The marathon, not your average 50 yard dash of funk  
The Olympics, cross country style Comin' to you from number one Bimini Road  
(I got a string on my thing)  
In beautiful downtown Atlantis  
(Rhythm in my thing)  
Where you might see the jellyfish jammin' with the salmon  
(I can do my thing underwater) Come face to face with a mouth named Jaws  
(I got a string attached to my thing)  
Freak out with a Mermaid named Rita  
(When you pull my string, I can do my thing like I oughta)  
And meet Mr. Wiggles the worm I got wheels on my thing, oh  
Real in my thing  
Emerald city  
I can do my thing underwater I got a string attached to my thing  
When you pull my string  
I can do my thing like I oughta Check me out  
I can slide between the molecules

Of wetness like an eel through seaweed  
 One slithering idiot Mr. Wiggles here, your DJ for the Affair  
 Where we'll be getting down and won't be coming up for air  
 So, you can leave your nose at home  
 You might wanna rent a blow hole, oh (That's how it goes in the land of no nose)  
 Let me bait my rap, go wiggle  
 (The best stroke is the breast stroke)  
 This fish tale begins where most fish tails end  
 With a school of fool fish  
 Playin' hooky from school but gettin' caught and likin' it I got a string on my thing, oh  
 Reel in my thing  
 Go wiggle ya'll  
 I can do my thing underwater I got a string attached to my thing, yo yo  
 Wheel on my string  
 (Aquaboogie, baby)  
 I can do my thing like I oughta Eee ditty I, oh, I'm jock  
 And I'm back on the scene  
 With my record machine  
 Sayin', ooh poppa doo how ya'll doin'?  
 Mr. Wiggles the worm here Sayin' this is an underwater story  
 In the fields of your mind  
 (I can do my thing underwater)  
 We're swimmin' past a clock  
 Who has its hand behind its back  
 On past reality, he ain't lookin' for a moment We'll leave a candle in the windows  
 Of our conscious mind  
 And we'll find our way back to the one end time  
 (I got wheels on my thing, when you pull my string)  
 The Motor Booty Affair (I can do my thing underwater)  
 Where you can dance underwater and not get wet  
 (I got a string attached to my thing)  
 Aqua dooloop a baby  
 (When you pull my string)  
 Rhythm  
 (I can do my thing like I oughta) Mr. Wiggles here on roller skates and a yo yo  
 Actin' the fool, one slithering idiot  
 These are my ladies Giggles and Squirm  
 We are three bionic worms, your DJ for the Affair  
 (Sliding through the water without gettin' wet)  
 And I can do my thang underwater, ha Comin' to you live from number one Bimini Road  
 In the Emerald City, downtown Atlantis, on W E F U N K  
 We funk, we funk and we funk  
 And we wiggle and we funk, oh Mr. Wiggles here  
 Sayin' Eee to the ock  
 Oh, I'm the jock

And I'm back on the scene  
With my record machine  
Sayin' ooh papa doo, how ya'll doin'? Go wiggle  
To all the fish and the fishes, go wiggle  
Eee to the ock, oh, I'm the jock  
And I'm back on the scene with my record machine  
Sayin' ooh papa doo, how ya'll doin'? Go wiggle  
(Dancin' underwater and not getting wet)  
Oh, go wiggle, go wiggle  
From the ocean comes the notion  
That real lies in the eyes of rhythm  
And the rhythm of vision is a dancer  
(Eee to the ock, oh, I'm the jock)  
From the lookin' comes the seeing  
(And I'm back on the scene with my record machine)  
One with real eyes realize  
(Sayin' ooh papa doo, how ya'll doin'? Go wiggle)  
That the rhythm of vision is a dancer  
And when he dance it's always on the one  
Goin' down you could see sounds of silence  
Primal heartbeats could be seen with the naked eye  
(What in the world is that worm talkin' about?)  
And the ones with real eyes realize  
That everything is on the one, go wiggle, yo  
Eee to the ock, oh, I'm the jock  
And I'm back on the scene with my record machine  
Sayin' ooh papa doo, how ya'll doin'? Go wiggle  
Psychoalphadiscobetabioaquadoo loop, go wiggle  
Swimmin' on past your conscious mind  
Who's tied up for a moment  
But he'll be back on time, in the meantime, go wiggle

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