

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 fishies, 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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