

Better By the Pound

Funkadelic

Pleasure's the motivation for the human race
Everything starts and ends with sex and appeal
Feeling good is the bait, Satan uses to fish for you and me
Comfort is the poison when it's the spirit he wants to kill
There's a tidal wave of mysticism
Surging through our jet-aged generation
It's all designed to take us to the sky
There's such a need for us to feel nice and it's getting better
We got to have it more than we ought to
The preacher keeps promisin' satisfaction
The ladies keep giving up the gratifaction
You know what? I'm feeling better by the pound
There's a tidal wave of mysticism
Surging through our jet-aged generation
It's all designed to take us to the sky
You know what? I'm feeling better by the pound
I'm feeling better by the pound
Joyful is the hocus pocus that's haunting all mankind
Said he couldn't be what he needs to be you see
He and only he is free
Well, he who is truly free
Say, free from the need to be free
There's a tidal wave of mysticism
Surging through our jet-aged generation
It's all designed to take us to the sky