

## 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  
Psychoalphadiscobetabioaquadooloop, 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