



## Song 2: Internal Affairs

Ringmaster: Roll up, get in the queue; we've got something for you.  
Magnification is high.  
Get in line if you please, folks don't feed the disease.  
Here come the crew, who will look after you. On them you'll rely.

Good Bacteria: We're in your gut and in your food;  
And we're good bacteria.  
We make things taste the way they should –  
Don't fear good bacteria.  
We're your friends who never sleep.  
Everything you sow you'll reap.  
When you're feeling great, thank your symbiotic mate  
That's me – Good Bacteria,  
Real good bacteria.

Ringmaster: Don't get out of your seat – here's a terrible treat.  
Here come the mad guys – the bad guys  
And they need fresh flesh to eat.

Bad Bacteria: We're mean and tough – we love a fight;  
We're hot, and we're bad bacteria.  
Obscene and rough – a parasite;  
You got to fear bad bacteria!  
Gangrene, Plague, Leprosy;  
Cholera and TB  
Man's worst nightmares are we.

Ringmaster: On the prowl by day and night – they're hot and ready to ignite.  
And when the police are out of sight,  
These two gangs just love to fight.

(Cont.)



Immune System:

Cruisin' your blood, keepin' the peace;  
The Immune System.  
Born-in-the-bone, body police:  
The Immune System.  
Spleen and lymph nodes:  
Our army abodes;  
You're safe with the Lymphocyte platoon.  
The Immune System.  
The Immune System.  
The Immune System.