

## THE LIFE THAT LIVES ON MAN

### THE LOUSE [spoken over music]

Good day! The name's *Pediculus humanus* - but you can call us head louse!  
We know we're not popular with you humans, but let us tell you about our great great  
great great great great great great great great - oh, I've lost count -  
but lots more "greats" anyway - grandmother!

She lived in Heidenburg in Sweden. The Heidenburgers had a fine and sensible way of  
choosing their town mayor each year. All the old men would sit around a table with their long  
beards touching the table top. Then my noble ancestor would be placed in the middle of the table.  
Whichever beard she chose to climb - that man became mayor. They appreciated our talents in the good  
old days!

### CHORUS

From the humid jungle of your armpits  
To the arid desert on the back of your hand  
In the temperate forest on the top of your head  
We're the life that lives on man  
From the cosy tunnel of your eyelash  
To the saline marshland of your hillocky tongue  
In the nourishing wax of your cavernous ear  
We're the life that lives on man (x4)

### THE FLEA [spoken over music]

Hello! My name's *Pulex irritans*. You'd call me a human flea, but I'm just as happy living on a badger or  
a pig! I had a yummy dinner off you earlier. I stabbed you with my spears then spat saliva into you to  
stop your blood clotting. Then I stuck a third spear into you to make a kind of tube. Then I sucked up  
lots of lovely blood! Mmmmm.....

### CHORUS

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To the arid desert on the back of your hand  
In the temperate forest on the top of your head  
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### THE FOLLICLE MITE [spoken over music]

Yooohoooo! I'm *Demodex*, your friendly follicle mite. I make a cosy home inside your eyelash follicles.  
We're so small that a family of twenty can live inside a single one of your eyelash roots. Mind you, we do  
wish you'd use eye make-up. It's so delicious and nourishing and we could have lots more babies if you  
did! Please dooooooo.....

### CHORUS

From the humid jungle of your armpits  
To the arid desert on the back of your hand  
In the temperate forest on the top of your head  
We're the life that lives on man  
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