

Name \_\_\_\_\_

## The Bloodmobile They Might Be Giants

The Bloodmobile  
The Bloodmobile  
A delivery service inside us

We begin in the heart's right ventricle  
And travel to the lungs  
Red blood cells get oxygen  
To take back to the heart  
Then from the left side of the heart  
And out to every cell  
Delivered by the Bloodmobile

The food that's been digested  
Is waiting at the dock  
To be taken to the tissues  
In the body's grocery truck  
So from the small intestine  
It's carried everywhere  
Delivered by the Bloodmobile

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The white blood cells are soldiers  
That fight infectious germs  
They make the antibodies  
Their weapons in the fight  
The army is transported  
Wherever they must go  
Delivered by the Bloodmobile

We need to send a message  
To tell a limb to grow  
Or speed the heart or regulate  
Your hunger or your sleep  
The hormones are the message  
They're sent from many glands  
The messenger's the Bloodmobile

Somebody's got to haul out the trash  
To the liver and the kidneys  
It's not a pretty job  
Carbon dioxide gets carried  
To the lungs to be exhaled  
And the garbage truck is the  
Bloodmobile

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To carry oxygen, nutrients, things that  
fight infections  
Do the trash collection and deliver the  
mail  
And we're all (and we're all)  
Delivered by the Bloodmobile