The Stomach is the Monarch by Jonny Berliner and Emilie Taylor-Brown

Intro - Am E F E x 2

 \mathbf{E} F Am Am \mathbf{E} F \mathbf{E} Am Love gives tummies butterflies, fear can make you sick, F \mathbf{E} Heartbreak often leads to ice cream, appetite loss or gin and tonic, \mathbf{E} Am E F Am Cute babies I could just eat them, and angry people find, Am F \mathbf{E} Am That if they'd done some feedin', they'd be in a better state of mind. We talk as if emotions were digestive, Victorians suggested this was actually true, G F Am F \mathbf{E} The stomach was the monarch of the body, soul and intellect,

The brain was always organ number two.

In novels, poems, medicine and social theorisation,
Victorians would write about this gut-brain brain-gut conversation,
Whilst indigestion now's mainly due to food,
They would get dyspepsia from imbalance in their mood,
Trite novels or the stress of public transport,
And bad melodies were gastric dynamite,
The stomach was the monarch of the body, soul, and intellect,
A notion that was never taken light.

Am E F

Modulate up 1 semitone

Whilst bowels would need protecting from the troubles in their head, Their senses could be jumbled up by the sort of food on which they fed, In Dickens, Scrooge is met by Marley dead in chains, But was it undigested beef that made him come back again. HG Wells' thought stomachs so inefficient, His gutless Martians almost won the war, The stomach was monarch of the body, soul, and intellect, It's there when you look at the literature.

Modulate up 1 semitone

Now Victorians saw the body as a kind nation state, With a stomach for a capital, and bacteria to populate, So, the Martians never beat us, in Wells' famous tale, When our microscopic allies helped us humans tip the scale, So, microbiome studies ain't so modern, Victorians linked microbes to our health, The stomach was monarch of the body, soul, and intellect, That's what modern science seems to say as well The stomach is the monarch of the body, soul and reason, Neglecting it is treason to yourself.