

## Pliocene

Cosmo Sheldrake

Here come go rummaging  
Oh where has your poor stomach been?  
Gone like the Pliocene  
So temporary, got lost in between

Here we go again here we go again  
Here we go again here we go again  
Hit the lights and leave the lid on 'till it's over

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I danced a sarabande  
A waltz and a jig with the sea  
We danced with our heads hung  
We couldn't wake up from our dream

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Built like a butterfly  
So fluttery, on what will we wean  
There goes that myth again  
That all of this is but a machine

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