

Slow Race

Eyes Adrift

Inside a jar of prehistoric air
Neon fossil penguins grow on trees
The child professor doesn't care
He has a friendly new disease
It causes me to swear
I never said I care, I never said

It takes a paucity of scale
To simulate what's in the jar
A friendly fire of forest whales
On rubber hearts and vacuum stars
It causes me to swear
I never said I care, I never said

We could have ourselves a slow race
And the object is to lose
The awards flow by like icebergs
Deep and giant blue

There are no fish left in the streams
They all have taken to the air
And with their rattles, guns, and beads
New age pirates sit and stare
It causes me to swear
I never said I care, I never said
We could have ourselves a slow race
And the object is to lose
The awards flow by like icebergs
Deep and giant blue

There are no fish left in the streams
They all have taken to the air
And with their rattles, guns, and beads
New age pirates sit and stare
It causes me to swear
I never said I cared, I never said
We could have ourselves a slow race
And the object is to lose
The awards flow by like icebergs
Deep and giant blue
There's a boring intermission
In the middle of the play
The awards flow by like icebergs
Made of ancient clay