

## Clone

## Meat Puppets

There seemed to be a buzzing in the air  
The barnyard creatures settled off to bed  
All at once they heard the sound  
A soft vibration filled the ground  
Now it came as they were sleeping

Now the magic science knife  
Is cutting up the molecules of gold  
Now the magic scientists  
Are patching up the fabric of the soul...  
A slip of the coil

They printed them and stacked them on a shelf  
And lined them up imprinted on a page  
And printed there in paper news  
The farm reports became untrue  
Now it came as they were sleeping

Now the magic science knife  
Is cutting up the molecules of gold  
Now the magic scientists  
Are patching up the fabric of the soul...  
A slip of the coil

The perfect sheep can fly a fancy plane  
It's counterpart prepares a perfect meal  
The luxury of DNA  
Has given them their hands and brains  
And appetites for wine and chocolate

Now the magic science knife  
Is cutting up the molecules of gold  
Now the magic scientists  
Are patching up the fabric of the soul...  
A slip of the coil

Now the magic science knife  
Is cutting up the molecules of gold  
Now the magic scientists  
Are patching up the fabric of the soul...  
A slip of the coil  
A slip of the coil  
A slip of the coil  
A slip of the coil