

millipedes

Sidney Gish

They just told me yesterday
What'll be a me one day
They said there's time though

The number's small
Should I call?
Or I could tell nobody
After all in time they'll see

And millipedes crawling on the wall don't know at all
The fortune that they've all been granted
To never know what has been planted
Permanently, replicated, still replicating
Replicating, replicating

Now I'm the one stuck in the ball
Nothing could fix me at all
And if I did have a thousand legs and a thousand chances
One thousand lives and a thousand chances
Then there'd still be billions
Billions and trillions of
Strands that might fail me but I hope they'd be alright
If I did I hoped they be alright
Replicated, still replicating
Replicating, replicating