

# 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