

All we ever wanted
is to know how the shake off every impulse
looking up evolution's skirt
to see what the future will bring

The thing that smacks our nostrils
track down it's origin and reason
and somehow we just can't help but feel
we beat up the wrong guy

Everything seems to work fine
but something doesn't compute
it does not compute
Everybody's feelin' alright
but something doesn't compute
it does not compute

The answers gone to waste
the question is wrapped in hesitation
but all the handshakes in the world
couldn't grasp why this is absurd

Everytime this happens
some representative of instinct
slips you his business card and leaves you
to figure out what it means

This sinking feeling
that there's more than meets the eye
You just have to wonder why

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