

Evolution Rag

The Incredible String Band

We're the fish men and the sea apes
Look at our tails and scales
And our big tough leader, away he wails

He thinks he is the king pin but he's outraced
By those little weedy stranger with the grin on his face
But that is the illusionist, the circus man
And the whole man murdering sea is his caravan

Eat air croquettes, my children dear
If you want to save yourself time and tears
History picnickers follow me
Evolution up the slopes of the sea
Up the slopes of the sea, up the slopes of the sea

Out on the land, out on the land singing hurray
While a million years pass by and we get well on our way
Grandma clears the trash left by previous picnic slaves
And with just one swipe of her ragged fins uncovers the caves

Singing Billy go store the map safely underground
He does but what is this that he has found

The map has gone how will we grow old
Grandma's tears have made the barbecue cold
I find myself saying here's where I came in
The illusionist has vanished like a red hot gin
Like a red hot gin, like a red hot gin

Oh yeah