

Ant Song

Throwing Muses

Multi-colored plastic spheres
Everything we want to know is in them
And we know it, and we know it;
We're an ant.
You have six left to build your ant house
U-Boy? No, Birthday. Oh!
All your balls of knowledge
But there's only one that's wisdom
It's the apple, pick the apple -
Not the bomb.
Stockpiled inside you
You're too tall
Oh gain your balance
Or you fall.
High HOPES.