

Darwin's Children

[Edwin McCain](#)

Seven million years of progress handed down on silver wings
Of gossamer and protein still we haven't learned a thing
Are we caught up in our anger, are we locked up in our rage
In the opera of selection on this our earthly stage And Charlie's spinning laughing, and he is laughing in his grave
He is laughing at the prophecy, the prophecy he gave
Can we spread our wings like angels, can we break out of the grind
Are we destined to be Darwin's children this time The ribbons of our cigarettes vanish in the air
In the glow of our great teacher we sit and blankly stare
And the sky could open up and what would we have to say
Something cute about burning out, better than fading away Well now Charlie's spinning laughing, and he is
laughing in his grave
He is laughing at the prophecy, the prophecy he gave
Can we spread our wings like angels, can we break out of the grind
Are we destined to be Darwin's children this time On the wings of invention now we hurdle toward our fate
As sure as the sunset burns
Collective resignation, evolutionary fate
When will we ever learn Now Charlie's spinning laughing, and he is laughing in his grave
He is laughing at the prophecy, the prophecy he gave
Can we spread our wings like angels, can we break out of the grind
Are we destined to be Darwin's children this time

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