

Pi

Hard 'n Phirm

When ink and pen in hands of men inscribe your form by beetle pee,
they draw an altar on which god has slaughtered all stability.
No eyes could ever soak in all the places you anoint,
and yet to see you all at once we only need the point.
Flirting with infinity are geometric progeny
that fit inside you oh so tight with triangles that feel so right.

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93238462643383279
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Forever constant harmony sets flawless discipline,
the patron saint of imperfection frees us from our sin.
And if our transcendentalists should find the final form,
then man will know the death of god where wonder was before.

Ya'I know this Pi shit backwards and forwards. Check it out.
I met three chicks, then I pointed at the door.
A girl entered in so that made it four.
I snapped one time and came another five.
Add 'em all up and that makes nine.
The average age 26.5.
Now that's what I call getting some pi.
Five of the chicks wore six inch heels.
Two of the nine squealed like seals.
Five one four was the area code,
Quebec, Canada - my winter abode.
In my one point three million dollar chalet,
Pi backwards pi forwards all night and all day.

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13282306647093844
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0284102701938521
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Lyrics submitted by Geoff.

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