

# Life as a Fish

N\*E\*R\*D

First they say the angels sing, and then, the big bang  
That was the first day, there's six more  
From organisms to single cells, mutate, to shells  
Then mutate into spores On dry land (dry land)  
Where the living scream die man (die man)  
Awwwwww By the seventh day, He rested as He looked at them  
Those made, those, men Guess it's safe to say that they don't know  
Since they're not alone, and there's no dusk or dawn  
As they've never washed ashore, but of course, what for?  
Who cares what lies beyond On dry land (dry land)  
Where the living scream die man (die man)  
Awwwwww They see our bones, and say oh no not them again  
And scream swim, just, swim So while the federal buildings blow, below, fish glow  
How lovely that must be  
You shoulda listened to Jacques Costeau, don't say, you know  
Stop sending your trash to sea Leave it on the dry land (dry land)  
Where the living scream die man (die man)  
Awwwwww He made this world, took it and gave it back again  
And we learned, no-thing  
(Nothing, we, we learned nothing right?)

Songwriters

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