

Imitosis

Andrew Bird

His keeping busier as bitter storms
His imaginations and his palindromes
It was anything but hear the voice
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That says that were all basically alone
Poor Professor Pension had only good intentions
When he put his Bunsen burners all away
And turned into a playground a Petri dish
Of single cells would swing their fists at anything
That looks like easy prey in this Nature show that rages every day
It was bound, a part his intuition say
We were all basically alone
And despite what all his studies had shown
What was mistaken for closeness, was just a case of mitosis
Weighed deception or mercy while others train for the show
And tell me doctor can you pull my file
Cause he just wants to know the reason, the reason why
Why do they congregate in groups of four
Scatter like a billion spores
And let the wind just carry them away?
How can cutes be so mean
Our famous doctor tried to gleam
As he went home at the end of the day
In this Nature show that rages every day
It was bound apart his intuition, say
We were all basically all alone
Despite what all his studies had shown
What was mistaken for closeness, was just a case of mitosis
She fatal doses, malcontent to osmosis
Weighed deception or mercy while others are paying for the shot
Well, tell me doctor can you pull my file, reason why

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