Darwin's Children

Edwin McCain Band

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 stageAnd 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 timeThe 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 awayWell 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 timeOn the wings of invention now we hurdle toward our fate
As sure as the sunset burns
Collective resignation, evolutionary fate
When will we ever learnNow 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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