

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 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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