

# Imitosis

Andrew Bird

His keeping busier as bitter storms  
His imaginations and his palindromes  
It was anything but hear the voice  
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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