

# The Atom

Ani DiFranco

The glory of the atom begs a reverent word  
The primary design of the whole universe  
Yeah, let us sing its praises, let us bow our heads in prayer  
At the magnificent consciousness incarnate there  
The smallest unit of matter with its orbiting electrons  
Echoing off the solar system like a hawk in the hills at dawn  
The smallest unit of matter  
Uniting bird and rock and tree and you and me  
Oh, holy is the atom, the truly intelligent design  
To which all of evolution is graciously aligned  
The one single structure to which everything distills  
The air, the wood smoke there and the hills  
Oh, leave me here surrounded by everything that's real  
Far outside the boundaries of the digitized ordeal, yeah  
Leave me here awake, leave me here to heal  
Human beings are a cross between monkeys and ants  
You can see us from your spaceship  
Melting the polar ice caps with our arrogance  
Summon a congress of angels dressed in riot gear  
We've got ourselves a serious situation down here  
I have this great, great uncle who worked on the atomic bomb  
He got a Nobel Prize in physics and a place in this song  
And I bet there were no windows and no women in the room  
When they applied themselves to the pure science of boom  
Yeah, messin' with the atom is the highest form of blasphemy  
Whether you are making weapons or simple electricity  
Someone fashion me a pulpit, I have been called to engage  
With the maniacal heretics of the nuclear age  
Let the religious get religion, let consumers get a clue  
Let scientists get perspective, let activists get their due  
Let industry get a conscience, let the earth inherit the meek  
Let the divinity of nature speak  
Oh, the glory of the atom begs a reverent word  
The primary design of the whole universe  
Yes, let us sing its praises, let us bow our heads in prayer  
At the magnificent consciousness incarnate there

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