

I phone, you phone  
Whatcha gonna do phone  
He phone, she phone,  
Butterflies are free phone  
It phone, tit phone  
Just a little bit phone  
Old Joe fonebone  
Don't be alone phone  
We phone, they phone  
Beautiful spring day phone  
Let's go out and play phone  
Flowers bloom in May phone  
Skies above are gray phone  
Anything you say phone  
It's gonna be O.K. phone  
Hey phone, i phone, pie in the sky phone  
Be a groovy guy phone  
Have a cool ring tone  
E.T. phone home  
I phone,UFOne

When I see little babies on the metro or the tram  
I start making silly faces, that's just the kind of guy I am  
But there are times I know I've made an error  
When the baby looks at me and screams in terror

When something has been photoshopped  
And not even photoshopped well  
I don't quite understand why that should make me LOL

They spread their wings and drift upon the air  
As easy as we walk upon the ground  
Each in his place, so it is only fair  
We each have our own way to get around

The sky above's a sullen sort of gray  
And there are puddles on the ground, but yet  
It is a rather pleasant sort of day  
The world is very pretty when it's wet

Now and then we get a bit frustrated  
With stupid things that people say and do  
Life is difficult and complicated  
It is for me, I'm sure it is for you

Relax. Don't struggle. You don't have to try.  
Look at the birds – how easily they fly

We're at a point in history  
When everything's about to change

All we know about the future is:  
It will be strange  
Because as we move forward on  
The straight and never ending track  
We find ourselves accelerating  
And there is no turning back  
We look ahead, we look behind  
To the vanishing of the point  
The sunset' s final dying spark  
The brilliance of the burning joint  
The voice that comes from far away  
A tiny whisper in your mind  
Carpe Diem, seize the day  
But too much brilliance makes you blind  
And so we compartmentalize  
There are more things than we can know  
The clouds that roll across the skies  
The world within, the plants that grow  
The diver goes beneath the sea  
And sees things that I'll never see  
A botanist might name with ease  
100,000 kinds of trees  
The painter paints, the singer sings  
The farmer farms, and grows the things  
For cooks to cook, for us to eat

So in the end, it's all complete  
Things weren't always so diverse  
There was once a simpler state  
But when the serpent tempted Eve  
It was the red pill that they ate  
With the birth of consciousness  
A flower began to be unfurled  
And in a multitude of ways  
We began to know the world  
And some went North and some went South  
And some went East and some went West  
And all of us began to think  
That we were better than the rest  
And all our senses were attuned  
To build the discovery of things  
And peace and harmony were ruined  
But something else began to spring  
From the dark and dismal swamps  
Deep within the human mind  
Intelligence began to flow  
Through the valley of the blind  
Reaching out with tiny tendrils  
Linear and quite distinct  
Oh, millenia ago  
They've had a lot of time to grow

The streams have merged, the currents surged

And know we know the things we know

And it's all interlinked...again

We cannot tell the worlds apart

We have the science of the arts

The wonder of our beating hearts

In fiction and biology

The magic of cosmology

All the knowledge of mankind

Is stored on our computer chips

And all our weirdest fantasies

Are in the pot, are being stirred

Into a new reality

And as the phonemes and the facts

Like molecules are rearranged

I don't know what will come of that

I only know, it will be strange