

Nobody knows what's around the bend

We make it up as we go along

And we won't know until the end

If we were right, if we were wrong

Though animals have eyes with which to see

They taste their food, and feel the things they touch

And ears to hear, the same as you and me

And sense the world around them just as much

As any human being in this room

They do not tend to dwell upon the past

Or moan about their own impending doom

They live their lives as long as they may last

Like us, they see the stars in outer space

But do not know that they are balls of fire

Though we admire their innocence, and grace

On evolution's scale, we are the higher

The past, the future, distant worlds unknown

Are the realm of human beings unknown

The world is big, and we are small

We cannot understand it all

We have to scale it down a bit

To find a way for us to fit

And everybody gets to be

Famous....in their family

The snow is falling softly on the ground

Just as soft as anyone could please

And as it falls, it doesn't make a sound

And some lands on the branches of the trees

The snow can be a metaphor for life

Its silence can be louder than a song

It's lovely, it's pristine, it's very nice

But doesn't stay the same for very long

The sky is clear and now the snow has stopped

In puffs and chunks upon the ground below

The stuff that's on the branches starts to drop

It is the second coming of the snow

As long as you're alive, and not in jail

You've got your second chance, try not to fail

Everything you see each day,

each sound you hear, each thing you do

is filed somewhere in your brain
and thus, becomes a part of you

In a car, in bed

In the space inside your head

At work, in a bar

In a place that's very far away

A South Pacific island, an earthly paradise

A snake infested swamp or in a paddy growing rice

At home, in school

In a public swimming pool

On a plane, on a train

On the rocky coast of Maine

On a street, in a city, after dark, in the rain

In a basement, dark and gloomy

In your parents' living room

On the course of a race

On a ship in outer space

Any of these would be a good place

For a story to take place

Whoever they elect as Pope

Is going to find it hard to cope

Because the Catholic church has really an

Awful lot of pedophilia