

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