

I love Prague in the Springtime
when love is in the air
and I love Prague in the Summer
when the gardens bloom so fair
when the leaves change in the autumn
the air is crisp and clear
and now it's time for the winter, and
Oh, fuck, I don't want to be here

.com, .net, .edu, .org
slowly, we are becoming Borg

The leaves are falling from the trees like snow
almost as light as air, they fall real slow
they scratch the asphalt with a rasping sound
but fall quite silently on grassy ground

A scooter roars across the public green
and in its wake, it's churning up a mean
and angry cloud of chopped up leaves and dust
as the driver, and his boss, assume they must

But if he hadn't come to work at all
it would not, in any way, disturb the fall
the winter would still come, as we all know
and leave the leaves all covered up in snow

They'd decompose into the rich, black earth
in preparation for the spring's re-birth
that, of course, was always nature's plan
which worked quite well, before the time of man

If we want the joy that nature brings
we don't need to do a single thing