

I want to be the homecoming king of Facebook
I want to have a couple o million friends
It may be superficial
But I truly hope my wish'll
Be fulfilled, 'cause that's the current trend

It was a dark and stormy night
walking, hunched, against the rain
Far away, I saw the light
Of windows in a passing train

You are not me, I am not you
We live alone until we die
Behind those brilliant lights, I knew
That everyone was warm and dry

The naked apes began to walk the plains
A hundred thousand years ago or more
How odd it must have felt that they had brains
No creature had had such a thing before

Intellectual curiosity
Science, religion and magic and art
Long ago in the days of prehistory
No one thought to keep these fields apart

They painted pictures that were more than art
Pictures of the animals they killed
Magic and religion played a part
As the world became the subject of their will

How very strange existence must have seemed
When they slept, I wonder what they dreamed

We marvel at the beauty of the reef
A cemetery deep beneath the sea
Where tiny little corals came to grief
And this is what their bodies came to be

As I walk down this ancient city's streets
And try to know this ancient city's heart
I see how it's complex but still complete
A jigsaw puzzle made of many parts

How many people worked until they died
Hearts and minds dressed up in skin and bone
To build this monument to human pride
Stacking bricks and carving things in stone

Centuries of work is quite a price
For us to look and say "that's very nice."

When we wake up, our dreams are bright and clear

but in a moment they all fade away

there are new sights to see and sounds to hear

after all, it is another day

Like the stars that shine from such a distance

become invisible at break of dawn

the light of day rolls over all resistance

and the stars, in all their millions, are just gone

Those who had dreams of glory in their youth

get lost in life, as every day they deal

with the very inconvenient truth

life is, has been and always will be real

Dreams by day as well as dreams by night

fade quickly when they are exposed to light

We look through a window and see the world

The grass, the trees, it all looks rather tame

A fractal portion of the great big world

Just that small bit within the window frame

We cannot see the wind, but we can see

The leaves that bow before it as it passes

The automatic unanimity

In the deferential movement of the grasses

Perhaps we see the traffic zipping by

But where they all are going, we can't say

Perhaps we see a field of pale blue sky

Which other times appears as somber gray

What we can see is just a tiny part

Of a vastly more expansive work of art

In this awesome universe

Our world is insignificant

Really just an infinitesimal dot

So what we do or what we say

Or where we go throughout the day

Doesn't really matter such a lot

You are free to take a chance, smell the flowers, make romance

Eat and drink and laugh and have some fun

When we're dead and when we're gone

Other folks will carry on, the universe will not become undone

But if we choose to look around us

Taste the fruits and hear the sounds

There really is so much to do and see

So, it doesn't matter much at all

That it doesn't matter much at all

My friend, you are significant to me

the wind is blowing all around
the earth, it blows the leaves around
they make a lovely rustling sound
beneath our shuffling feet

...The autumn wind blows fresh and free
from Prague to Pottawattamie
so anywhere that you might be
life on Earth is sweet