

Chicago, When All The Laughter Dies In Sorrow

(K. Lascelles)

When all the laughter dies in sorrow
And the tears have risen to a flood
When all the wars have found a cause
In human wisdom and in blood
Do you think they'll cry in sadness
Do you think the eye will blink
Do you think they'll curse the madness
Do you even think they'll think
When all the great galactic systems
Sigh to a frozen halt in space
Do you think there will be some remnant
Of beauty of the human race
Do you think there will be a vestige
Or a snuffle or a cosmic tear
Do you think a greater thinking thing
Will give a damn that man was here