

Karate High School, What Are Those Scientists Up To

No journal would publish a hypothesis as silly as this:
I've fallen for you.
They wire me with tubes.
They place me in front of you.
They try to prove that love is a reaction.
Hey, what are those scientists up to?
What are they out to prove?
They run every test, but still scratch their heads.
Can you really call this progress?
You should unplug the cord;
Your blank clipboard shows the score of how it's bigger than us.
Hey, what are those scientists up to?
What are they out to prove?
The mystery is the proof.
There isn't a big enough net to intercept the orbit of love.
Hey, what are those scientists up to?