

Ani DiFranco, The Atom

The glory of the atom, begs a reverent word.
The primary design of the whole universe.
Yeah, let us sing it's praises, let us bow our heads in prayer.
At the magnificent consciousness incarnate there.
The smallest unit of matter with it's orbiting electrons,
Echoing off the solar system, like a hawk in the hills at dawn.
The smallest unit of matter,
Uniting bird and rock and tree, and you and me.
Oh holy is the atom, the truly intelligent design,
To which all of evolution is graciously aligned.
The one single structure to which everything distills.
The air, the wood smoke there and the hills
Oh leave me here surrounded by everything that's real.
Far outside the boundaries of the digitized ordeal.
Leave me here awake, leave me here to heal.
Human beings are a cross between monkeys and ants.
You can see us from your spaceship,
Melting the poor icecaps with our arrogance.
Summon a congress of angels, dressed in riot gear.
We've got ourselves a serious situation down here...
I have this great, great uncle who worked on the atomic bomb.
He got a Nobel Prize in physics, and a place in this song.
And I bet there were no windows, and no women in the room
When they applied themselves to the pure science of boom
Yeah messin' with the atom is the highest form of blasphemy,
Whether you are making weapons, or simple electricity.
Someone fashion me a pulpit, I have been called to engage
With the maniacal heretics of the nuclear age.
Let the religious get religion. Let consumers get a clue.
Let scientists get perspective. Let activists get their due.
Let industry get a conscience. Let the earth inherit the meek.
Let the divinity of nature speak.
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Yeah, let us sing it's praises, let us bow our heads in prayer.
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