

# Eyes Adrift, Slow Race

Inside a jar of prehistoric air  
Neon fossil penguins grow on trees  
The child professor doesn't care  
He has a friendly new disease  
It causes me to swear  
I never said I care, I never said

It takes a paucity of scale  
To simulate what's in the jar  
A friendly fire of forest whales  
On rubber hearts and vacuum stars  
It causes me to swear  
I never said I care, I never said

We could have ourselves a slow race  
And the object is to lose  
The awards flow by like icebergs  
Deep and giant blue

There are no fish left in the streams  
They all have taken to the air  
And with their rattles, guns, and beads  
New age pirates sit and stare  
It causes me to swear  
I never said I care, I never said  
We could have ourselves a slow race  
And the object is to lose  
The awards flow by like icebergs  
Deep and giant blue

There are no fish left in the streams  
They all have taken to the air  
And with their rattles, guns, and beads  
New age pirates sit and stare  
It causes me to swear  
I never said I cared, I never said  
We could have ourselves a slow race  
And the object is to lose  
The awards flow by like icebergs  
Deep and giant blue  
There's a boring intermission  
In the middle of the play  
The awards flow by like icebergs  
Made of ancient clay