

# Genesis, Hair On The Arms And Legs

See him digging, see him weeding  
Every single day of the year  
Coffee at eleven, four-thirty tea  
His security is built on routine

But inside his mind there's a lot going on  
Planning the world but it just don't do no good  
I say, what's the use?

Population, starvation  
His mind keeps working hard  
Ending wars, changing laws  
But all of them locked away

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In cessation, repetition  
Funeral for an age of decay  
Meditation, deep frustration  
Caused our hairy friend to die

Here lies a man who failed to escape  
Filled his small head with the worries that plague the world  
I say, what's the use?