## 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

I say, what's the use?

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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?