

Lloyd, Human

If I were just a fly on the table by your apple pie
Would you ask me to try and explain how aeronautics
made me fly?

If I were just a mouse in the attic of your lovely house
Would you ask my surmise on how architects designed this place I hide?

(chorus)

'Cause there's nothing more that I can say
To make you see the world this way
So much more than we can comprehend
And until we come to grips with this
And see the limits of our wits
We'll never see that we are only human

If God explained to me how He engineered this galaxy
Would this be something like teaching rocket science to a butterfly?

(chorus)