

## **Dirt Poor Robins "Sonnet To Science"**

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What's in the middle of the world?  
Does anybody know, has anybody been there?  
Hell no, I never wanna go  
So come and dig your hole anywhere but here

We all are living with the sun (burning above us)  
I wonder when will everyone fall in love

What's in the center of a man?  
Can we understand all that he is made of?  
Look now, words are falling out  
His mouth, you hear him shout about everything he's  
done

We all are living with the sun (burning above us)  
I wonder when will everyone fall in love

Why kill the bow guitar with all it's mathematic talk  
And drive the muse into a distant star

Vulture who draws it's wings to spread it's gold  
realities  
And circle hope until it breathes no more

So the war goes on, it never ends  
Like a record it spins, riding round our whole plan

Choosing our enemies and friends  
And we'll do it again, and again, and again

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