

## Genesis

### "Hair On The Arms And Legs"

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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 and all  
Of them locked away

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Population; starvation; his mind keeps  
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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?"

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