

Incrave

"Evolution Rag"

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We're the fish men or the sea apes
Look at our tails and scales
And out big tough leader away he wails
He thinks he is the king pin but he's outraced
By the little weedy stranger with the grin on his face
But that is the illusionist the circus man
And the whole man murdering sea is his caravan (it
leaks)

Eat air croquettes my children dear
If you want to save yourself time and tears
History picnickers follow me
Evolution up the slopes of the sea

Out on the land out on the land singing hurray
While a million years pass by and we get well on out
way
Grandma clears the trash left by previous picnic slaves
And with just one swipe of her ragged fins she
uncovers the caves
Singing billy go store the map safely underground
He does but what is this that he has found

The map has gone how will we grow old
Grandma's tears made the barbecue cold
I fing myself saying here's where I came in
The illusionist has vanished like a red hot gin

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