

## **Incredible String Band "Evolution Rag"**

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We're the fish men and the sea apes  
Look at our tails and scales  
And our big tough leader, away he wails

He thinks he is the king pin but he's outraced  
By those 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

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  
Up the slopes of the sea, 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 our way  
Grandma clears the trash left by previous picnic slaves  
And with just one swipe of her ragged fins 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 have made the barbecue cold  
I find myself saying here's where I came in  
The illusionist has vanished like a red hot gin  
Like a red hot gin, like a red hot gin

Oh yeah

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