

Chumbawamba "Wormkind"

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Creation, not so much out of the blue as
Once upon a time there was a pile of brown
And out of that brown grew pips and seeds
And worms crawled from out of that brown
And life flourished and multiplied, multiplied
And pips and seeds grew into plants and trees
And bore fruit which was eaten by wormkind
And worms grew wings or fins or arms and legs
And grew into animalkind, animalkind
And creatures walked the earth
And fish swam in the sea
And birds flew in between trees
That's how we came to be
And pips and seeds were returned to the earth
Along with a generous helping of brown
And life continued to grow and flourish
From brown to green, from green to brown
Like, like the seasons
And was regenerating, always regenerating
The earth was everybody's home
Every being was free to grow and roam
Their roots were everywhere and everything
All dependent on each other for existing
Existing as one
Whole earth catalogue
Existing as one
Big happy family
Existing as one
Web of destiny
Existing as one
Earth, together

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