

## **Mark Graham**

# **"The Big Band Theory"**

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Many billion years before in what we call the days of yore  
The view was so uncluttered and pristine.  
The Universe was void nary one stray asteroid,  
Creation, friends, had yet to make the scene.  
Then with a rude and primal hiss, some fundamental orifice  
Blasted forth effluvia and gas.  
So call it what you may, but for now just let us say  
That the cosmos in it's glory came to pass.

It was on that fateful day the earth was sent upon it's way,  
A pleasure cruise upon the cosmic sea.  
With Jupiter and Mars and a cast of well-known stars  
To keep their little buddy company.  
The director of the cruise kept them thoroughly amused,  
And delighted were they with the bill of fare.  
They were certainly surprised when they finaly realized  
That they'd booked a one way trip to  
God knows where.

Being molten for a term, old Terra Firma became firm  
And oceans filled the holes eventually,  
The celestial planning board soon came to full accord  
And zoned the planet residentially.  
When the great time-sharing plan on Condo Earth began,  
Real estate was for the wealthy few.  
Now even low class bugs and germs could afford the easy terms  
On a luxury apartment with a view.

It wasn't long before gigantic dinosaurs  
Were strolling up and down throughout the land,  
But their tiny cerebellums weren't smart enough to tell 'em  
That their terrible demise was close at hand.  
Those tremendous herbivores ate their herbal hors d'oeuvres,  
Gamboling about without a care,

And now they can be found far underneath the ground  
In some forgotten geologic layer.

The time went age by age and other creatures took the stage,  
Gorillas, rats, and dogs, were in the cast,  
And a naked biped beast who may not have been the least,  
But was among those folks who took their places last.  
This two-legged prima donna told all the other fauna  
That the starring role was his and his alone.  
When others asked him why, he just pointed to the sky  
And said that God had told him on the phone.

With his new opposing thumb and his king-sized cranium  
Man sallied forth with grace and savoir faire.  
With Promethean desire he soon discovered fire,  
And arson but a single step from there.  
The wheel and gasoline, to the full-sized limousine,  
Music, art and law are but a few,  
But name what can compare to the artistry so rare  
Of the sparerib that has met the barbecue.

Now, I would like to say that we've come a long, long way  
From that big primeval blast a-way back when,  
And before we say farewell I'd like to know just where the hell  
This rollercoaster ride is going to end.  
Will we all be blown away on some atomic Judgment Day?  
Or travel off through space in high renown,  
But where e'er we finally go, one thing I truly know  
Is we'll find some way to go there sitting down.

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