

## **They Might Be Giants "Cells"**

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Life is made out of cells  
Cells make copies of themselves  
And they make copies of themselves  
And they make copies of themselves

Different cells have different jobs  
But they all have one thing in common

Inside of every cell is a twisted ladder  
A recipe for life called DNA  
The directions are written out in the ladder's rungs  
Where they can be found  
In every cell of everything that lives

A cell knows what it has to do  
To grow into some moss or a shrew  
Algae or a kangaroo, bug or a sunflower  
Dwight David Eisenhower, a frog, a fish or you

Cells are small, too small to see  
But together they can make a tree

Within the cell there's a tiny spiral staircase  
That tells the cell just how it's going to grow  
The instructions are spelled out in letters, one on every  
step  
In a language that the cell knows how to read

Inside the cell is a tiny double helix  
Another fancy word for DNA  
Which could also be a spiral staircase  
Which could also be a twisted ladder  
Which could also be a spring

Which could also be a spiral staircase  
Which could also be a twisted ladder  
Or a crazy looking spring, yeah

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