

The Atom

Ani DiFranco

The glory of the atom begs a reverent word
The primary design of the whole universe
Yeah, let us sing its praises, let us bow our heads in prayer
At the magnificent consciousness incarnate there

The smallest unit of matter with its orbiting electrons
Echoing off the solar system like a hawk in the hills at dawn
The smallest unit of matter
Uniting bird and rock and tree and you and me

Oh, holy is the atom, the truly intelligent design
To which all of evolution is graciously aligned
The one single structure to which everything distills
The air, the wood smoke there and the hills

Oh, leave me here surrounded by everything that's real
Far outside the boundaries of the digitized ordeal, yeah
Leave me here awake, leave me here to heal

Human beings are a cross between monkeys and ants
You can see us from your spaceship
Melting the polar ice caps with our arrogance
Summon a congress of angels dressed in riot gear
We've got ourselves a serious situation down here

I have this great, great uncle who worked on the atomic bomb
He got a Nobel Prize in physics and a place in this song
And I bet there were no windows and no women in the room
When they applied themselves to the pure science of boom

Yeah, messin' with the atom is the highest form of blasphemy
Whether you are making weapons or simple electricity
Someone fashion me a pulpit, I have been called to engage
With the maniacal heretics of the nuclear age

Let the religious get religion, let consumers get a clue
Let scientists get perspective, let activists get their due
Let industry get a conscience, let the earth inherit the meek
Let the divinity of nature speak

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