

# Darwin's Children

Edwin McCain

Seven million years of progress handed down on silver wings  
Of gossamer and protein still we haven't learned a thing  
Are we caught up in our anger, locked up in our rage  
In the opera of selection on this our earthly stage

And Charlie's spinning laughing, laughing in his grave  
Laughing at the prophecy, the prophecy he gave  
Can we spread our wings like angels, can we break out of the grind  
Are we destined to be Darwin's children this time

The ribbons of our cigarettes vanish in the air  
In the glow of our great teacher we sit and blankly stare  
And the sky could open up and what would we have to say  
Something cute about burning out, better than fading away

And Charlie's spinning laughing, laughing in his grave  
Laughing at the prophecy, the prophecy he gave  
Can we spread our wings like angels, can we break out of the grind  
Are we destined to be Darwin's children this time

On the wings of invention now we hurdle toward our fate  
As sure as the sunset burns  
Collective resignation, evolutionary fate  
When will we ever learn

And Charlie's spinning laughing, laughing in his grave  
Laughing at the prophecy, the prophecy he gave  
Can we spread our wings like angels, can we break out of the grind  
Are we destined to be Darwin's children this time