

He's keeping busy  
Yeah he's bleeding stones  
With his machinations and his palindromes  
It was anything but hear the voice  
anything but hear the voice  
It was anything but hear the voice  
That says that we're all basically alone

Poor Professor Pynchon had only good intentions  
When he put his Bunsen burners all away  
And turning to a playground in a Petri dish  
Where single cells would swing their fists  
At anything that looks like easy prey  
In this nature show that rages every day  
It was then he heard his intuition say

We were all basically alone  
And despite what all his studies had shown  
That what's mistaken for closeness  
Is just a case for mitosis  
And why do some show no mercy  
While others are painfully shy  
Tell me doctor can you quantify  
He just wants to know the reason, the reason why

Why do they congregate in groups of four  
Scatter like a billion spores  
And let the wind just carry them away?  
How can kids be so mean?  
Our famous doctor tried to glean  
As he went home at the end of the day  
In this nature show that rages every day  
It was then he heard his intuition say

We were all basically alone  
Despite what all his studies had shown  
That what's mistaken for closeness  
Is just a case of mitosis  
Sure fatal doses of malcontent through osmosis  
And why do some show no mercy  
While others are painfully shy  
Tell me doctor, can you quantify?  
The reason why