

Fermi Paradox

Hank Green

In 1950, at Los Alamos, a scientist was talking with his friends
And the conversation had them all fully engrossed
About this universe that almost has no end
And as they were all about to return to their study
Enrico suddenly shouted "Where is everybody?"
And he sat down and did a few simple calculations
That indicated we should've been visited thousands of times
At least, based on his estimations

Oh, that's the Fermi Paradox
If they're out there, why don't we hear 'em talk?
The galaxy just keeps on spinnin'
With four hundred billion stars in it
And I just can't believe that we could be unique
When there's so much space in this galaxy
Oh, I want Pandora's Box
To be open, but instead we're stuck in Fermi's Paradox

There are dozens of ways this paradox might be resolved
And you probably can think of some yourself
Maybe advanced technology rarely evolves
Or maybe God sent them all to hell
Or maybe advanced technology leads to its own destruction
Or maybe species lose interest in reproduction
Or maybe they're just afraid of what we'll do when we find out
So, they're hiding until we grow a bit and don't have the same tendency to frequently freak out

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Oh, the question of whether there is more life out there
As far as I'm concerned, is moot
But it appears that the aliens do not use Foursquare
And, no, I'm not trying to be cute
Because the way that we listen is defined by our ears
And the time that we've been listening just a couple dozen years
We'll be lucky when we see them if we notice them at all
Our cosmic phone could be ringing off the hook right now, and we're just not answering the call

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Oh, yeah, we're stuck in Fermi's Paradox
Oh, no, we're stuck in Fermi's Paradox

Oh, yeah, we're stuck in Fermi's Paradox