

Clone

Meat Puppets

There seemed to be a buzzing in the air
The barnyard creatures settled off to bed
All at once they heard the sound
A soft vibration filled the ground
Now it came as they were sleeping

Now the magic science knife
Is cutting up the molecules of gold
Now the magic scientists
Are patching up the fabric of the soul...
A slip of the coil

They printed them and stacked them on a shelf
And lined them up imprinted on a page
And printed there in paper news
The farm reports became untrue
Now it came as they were sleeping

Now the magic science knife
Is cutting up the molecules of gold
Now the magic scientists
Are patching up the fabric of the soul...
A slip of the coil

The perfect sheep can fly a fancy plane
It's counterpart prepares a perfect meal
The luxury of DNA
Has given them their hands and brains
And appetites for wine and chocolate

Now the magic science knife
Is cutting up the molecules of gold
Now the magic scientists
Are patching up the fabric of the soul...
A slip of the coil

Now the magic science knife
Is cutting up the molecules of gold
Now the magic scientists
Are patching up the fabric of the soul...
A slip of the coil
A slip of the coil
A slip of the coil
A slip of the coil