

Infinitesimal

Mother Mother

There's a million, billion, trillion stars but I'm down here low
Fussin' over scars on my soul, on my soul, on my soul, on my soul
On my soul, I am so infinitesimal, oh

They say it started with a big bang
But they say it came out of a small thing
Lately I'm feeling like a big bang
'Cause I've been making something out of nothing...Like my soul

Millions and billions and trillions of stars but I'm down here low
Fussin' over scars on my soul, on my soul, on my soul, on my soul
On my soul, I am so infinitesimal, oh

They say it started with a big bang
But they say it was really just a small thing
Strangely I'm feeling like a big bang
'Cause I've been making mountains out of concaves

Do you ever really think about the grains?
Every little one's got a million things
Every little bit's got a billion bits, and that ain't it, no that ain't it
And did you know that when you really get close
Nothing really touches, bro, just kind of floats?
So when you think it might just come to blows
Just so you know, it won't, cause it can't, bro

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Fussin' over scars on my soul, on my soul, on my soul, on my soul
On my soul, I am so infinitesimal, oh

They say it started with a big bang
But they say it was really just a small thing
Strangely I'm feeling like a big bang
'Cause I've been making something out of nothing

Like my soul, just like my soul, you think it's so infinitesimal