

All we ever wanted  
is to know how the shake off every impulse  
looking up evolution's skirt  
to see what the future will bring

The thing that smacks our nostrils  
track down it's origin and reason  
and somehow we just can't help but feel  
we beat up the wrong guy

Everything seems to work fine  
but something doesn't compute  
it does not compute  
Everybody's feelin' alright  
but something doesn't compute  
it does not compute

The answers gone to waste  
the question is wrapped in hesitation  
but all the handshakes in the world  
couldn't grasp why this is absurd

Everytime this happens  
some representative of instinct  
slips you his business card and leaves you  
to figure out what it means

This sinking feeling  
that there's more than meets the eye  
You just have to wonder why

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