

Insipid

nobody cares about insipid little songs
nobody living here will ever sing along
so write it down, dream, envision it and long
nobody cares about insipid little songs
nobody cares about your vision of the world
or wants to hear about the future to unfurl
so throw your poems and lectures into the whirl
nobody cares about your reasons for the world

cause the Earth is spinning
at one thousand miles per hour
through an endless universe
of frightening power
and the Earth is flying
around a giant ball of fire
at sixty seven thousand miles per hour

nobody cares about the lessons you once taught
nobody living now cares what the dead once thought
it's just a game get down, get high and get off
nobody cares about your insipid little thoughts

the Milky Way's rotating
and we're flying around its center
at four hundred and ninety thousand miles per hour
standard deviation
and we're sailing at
two hundred and forty two miles per second
toward the Leo constellation
there are one hundred billion galaxies residing
in the universe yet observed from here
and our Milky Way will
collide with Andromeda
in a mere five billion years