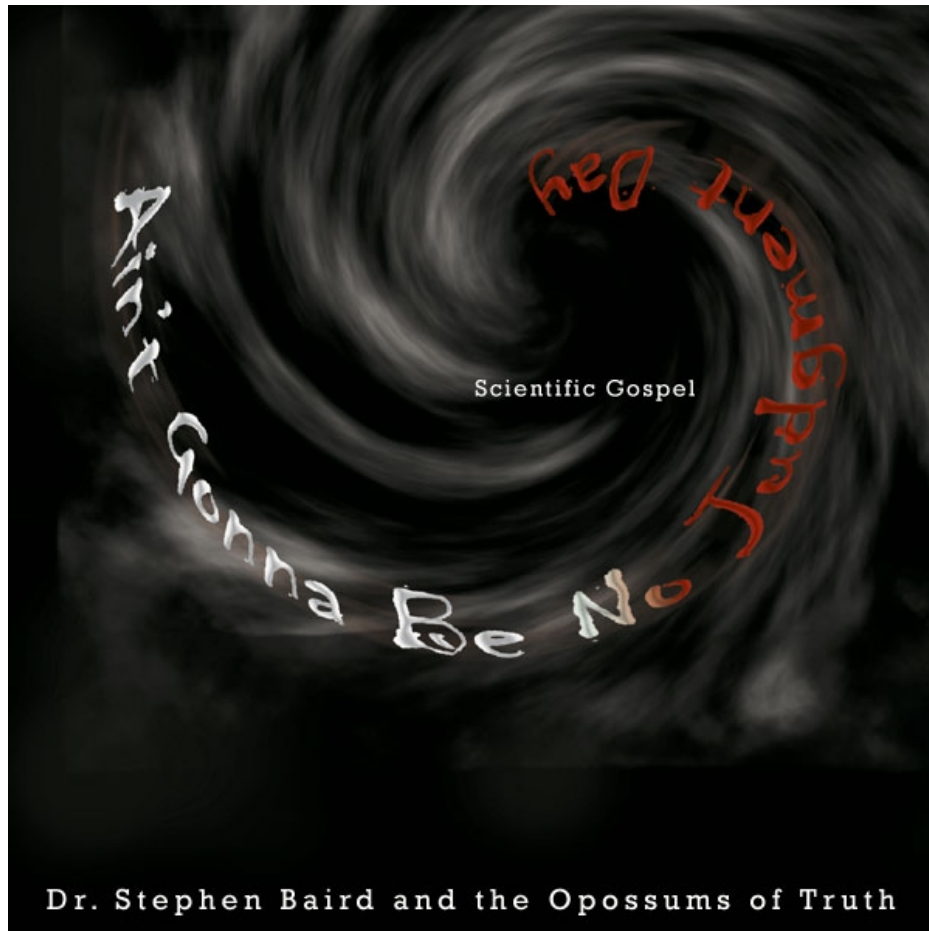


Lyrics



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Ain't Gonna Be No Judgment Day

PRAYER IN THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS

©1989 Stephen Baird

Go roll out your rug or put on your shawl
Or just bow your head, but tell one and all,
It's time for morning prayers.

CHORUS:

It's time to....get down and pray, get carried away.
Let the Supreme Court look the other way.
There is no better way to start the day
Than to get right down and pray.

English is fine and Hebrew is too
Latin's OK or practice your Urdu
Ave Maria, Baruch Adonai
Mumble a mantra or just heave a sigh.

CHORUS:

Protestants stand as Catholics all kneel.
Jews stand and sway to music they must feel.
Baptists ignore the hubbub and the fuss;
They say to themselves, "God hears only us."

CHORUS:

Agnostics can stay and if they don't know
The words to a prayer, then they'll just watch the show.
Atheists are welcome and they don't have to pray;
They can bring tables of numbers to say....two, three, four.

CHORUS:

Krishnas all dance and jingle a bell
Baptists are sure they'll waltz right into hell
Preachers complain, "Hey! This ain't what we meant,"
"Rather than dancing, those freaks should repent."

CHORUS:

CODA:

There is no better way to start the day
Than a prayer said the right way.

Ain't Gonna Be No Judgment Day

CHARLIE DARWIN

©2000 Stephen Baird

We were mired in mystery, whose mists obscured our view.
Mythology told everyone what we should say and do.
Then Darwin's parents made him diploid back in eighteen eight,
And when their son began to shine the darkness would abate.

Charlie went to Cambridge for his bachelor's degree.
Though most folks haven't heard he got it in theology.
He set sail on the Beagle after he turned twenty-two,
And nothing would remain the same when Darwin's trip was through.

CHORUS:

It was Charlie Darwin who gave sight to our eyes,
Who showed, with Alfred Wallace, how species did arise.
It was Charlie Darwin who showed there was no plan -
Just mutation and selection, in The Descent of Man.

He used his own money, for there were not any grants.
He studied variation both of animals and plants.
He found when variation puts a species to the test,
Although it happens gradually, selection finds the best.

CHORUS

Darwin wrote his origin and everyone said, "Great!"
Well, maybe not exactly, for it kindled some debate.
But evidence has mounted, so there's no remaining doubt
That evolution made us all unless you are devout.

CHORUS

Ain't Gonna Be No Judgment Day

THE BALLAD OF GREGOR MENDEL

©2000 Stephen Baird

When Gregor Mendel was a boy he worked hard on the farm,
Scratching out a living with the muscle in his arm.
They didn't have a lot to eat - some chickens and goat cheese,
And in their garden for legumes, young Gregor planted peas.

When he had grown to twenty-five, he was ordained a priest.
Most of us would think that meant the farming would have ceased.
He studied math and science - got Vienna U. degrees.
Then came back to the abbey and persisted planting peas.

CHORUS

Little bitty round peas, great big wrinkled peas,
Long pods, short pods, a potpourri of peas.
He didn't propagate pods of peas for recipes,
He pondered properties, assorting independently.

For seventeen years Mendel taught a high school science course.
In his leisure time he was forbidden intercourse.
It was in the garden that he liked to take his ease.
What was Mendel doing there? Just propagating peas.

CHORUS

Now, since he couldn't mate himself he mated all his plants,
Then published how their properties assorted just by chance.
With really tight statistics that had some suspecting sleaze,
But Mendel's probabilities predicted genes in peas.

CHORUS

But then the abbot died and he was buried by the church.
The abbot's death meant Mendel had to give up his research.
He was elected abbot and all he could say was "Please!"
"Who wants to shuffle papers, when he could be shucking peas?"

CHORUS

Ain't Gonna Be No Judgment Day

RANDOMNESS IS GOOD ENOUGH FOR ME

©1997 Stephen Baird

Since our universe began, some folks see a godly plan
Guiding all creation on its course.
Other folks of different mind, look for evidence and find
Random evolution is our source.

CHORUS:

Randomness is good enough for me.
If there's no design it means I'm free.
You can pray to go to heaven.
I'm gonna try to roll a seven.
Randomness is good enough for me.

If our guidance is divine, and there is a grand design
Why do crime and poverty persist?
Since things always ain't so grand, could it be we were not planned
Or God needs a new optometrist?

CHORUS:

Do think that life is fair? Do you think God answers prayer?
Will you get four aces if you pray?
If you're only dealt a straight, let the others supplicate.
You'll still win the pot most any day.

CHORUS:

Ain't Gonna Be No Judgment Day

VIRGIN OF SPUMONI

©2000 Stephen Baird

Pilgrims go by plane or auto up to Lourdes and its famed grotto
Hoping for the Virgin to appear.
And down south in Guadalupe, you can worship as a groupie
Of their apparition so we hear.

Now in Houston, throngs are crushing as they see the faithful rushing
To a spot devotees just now found.
And the object of devotion, causing all of this commotion
Is the Virgin's picture on the ground.

CHORUS:

Some kid dropped his ice cream cone, one boiling summer day,
And as he watched it melting down, he heard somebody say,
"Holy Mary, I can see, in red and white and brown,
The Virgin of Spumoni on the sidewalk in our town."

Yes, we've got a brand new Virgin, who can heal without a surgeon.
Business is the best it's been all year.
It looks like a football scrimmage as they crowd around her image.
Vendors hawking crosses, cards and beer.

CHORUS:

Someone reaches out and touches, then he throws away his crutches.
We saw him in USA Today.
But he's relapsed now, it's tragic. Yes, we've lost the Virgin's magic
Since somebody's dog licked her away.

CHORUS

CODA:

The Virgin of Spumoni was of very short renown.

Ain't Gonna Be No Judgment Day

THE NAKED APE

© 2001 Stephen Baird

We call ourselves the naked ape ever since we lost most of our hair.
By custom now we comb, shave or drape the places it's still there.
But why was it that ancient man, so warm and fuzzy then
All lost their hair while some lost their tan and while we are asking, just when?

CHORUS:

When did get naked? Were there commensurate gains?
Did our new interest in fig leaves help us develop large brains?
When our hairlines receded, what else did our genome do?
When did we get naked and has it been good for you?

If you construct a mouse or rat that's mutated so it's become nude,
To rid these pests you won't need a cat, as you will soon conclude!
Their thymuses have atrophied but ours have turned out fine.
Such tragedy passed over our breed for we became naked like swine.

CHORUS:

Charles Darwin has taught some of us that selection will seek out the best.
So getting naked has been a plus for we have passed the test.
It's now the hundred thousandth year since modern man arose
And so my dear just for auld lang syne, let's both take off all of our clothes.

CHORUS:

Ain't Gonna Be No Judgment Day

THE PARTLY MYTHOLOGICAL BALLAD OF STANLEY MILLER

©2000 Stephen Baird

When Stanley Miller was a kid he loved his chemistry,
Stinking his folks' basement up with childish sorcery.
Finally he got bigger and joined Harold Urey's group,
Starting to experiment with Earth's primordial soup.

First he got a fancy flask blown out of Pyrex glass,
Piped in hydrogen, ammonia, and some methane gas,
Then some water vapor and a little CO₂,
Sparked it and amino acids formed within the brew.

CHORUS:

Stan goosed the atmosphere with an electric spark
And when Stanley goosed it there was magic in its arc.
There was complexity that could not be reduced.
Then Stan goosed the atmosphere and look what he produced!

Stanley changed conditions and here's what he catalyzed:
Bases such as adenine were also synthesized,
Even simple sugars and some lipids did appear -
All from gases found in our Earth's early atmosphere.

CHORUS:

Charley Darwin's evolution made diversity
Did it start with holy sparks of creativity?
Or could Stanley's synthesis replace divinity?
Did he show what happened when the The Voice said, "Let There Be"?

CHORUS:

CODA:

Could Stanley Miller, if he had eons of time
Make it clear up to man or just a ribozyme?

Ain't Gonna Be No Judgment Day

WE MIGHT HAVE BEEN DINOSAURS

©2001 Stephen Baird

Sixty-five million years ago, one dark and stormy night,
The Yucatan was shattered by a thunderous flash of light.
An asteroid had crashed to Earth and changed our destiny.
Creating what we call today, the K T boundary.

A dust cloud rose to block the sun and soon the plants all died.
The dinosaurs all starved and froze and some were petrified.
Some furry mammals managed to squeak by this tragedy.
Then evolution changed these mouse-like folks to you and me.

CHORUS:

We might have been dinosaurs ruling the Earth.
We'd eat rats for breakfast and all hatch at birth.
With four fingered hands we'd all count in base eight,
There'd be eight commandments we'd all venerate.

Tyrannosaurus Rex would be the lawyers of today,
While Brontosaurus staffed the NFL and NBA.
Velociraptors would fulfill the politicians' role,
While snakes evangelized and sold salvation for the soul.

CHORUS:

(last line)...and show up at 12 for a 10 o'clock date.

Now Randomness is such a callous deity to serve.
You've got it made and then an asteroid decides to swerve.
And asteroids still cross our orbit, much to our chagrin,
To blow us all to hell and let the rodents start again.

CHORUS:

We might have been dinosaurs ruling the Earth.
We'd eat rats for breakfast and all hatch at birth.
With four fingered hands we'd all count in base eight,
14 o'clock New Year's, we'd all celebrate.

FINISH:

We'd show up at 10 for an 8 o'clock date.
There'd be 8 commandments we'd all venerate.

Ain't Gonna Be No Judgment Day

DEAD WHITE MALES

©1992 Stephen Baird

Society's in trouble and we don't know what to do.
We're challenging the older styles and clamoring for new.
The many want the privileges once held by very few,
But lest we lose them all, remember whom we owe them to.

It was Dead White Males who fashioned our society.
Dead White Males encouraged our variety.
Dead White Males did it with propriety.
We owe our social order all to Dead White Males.

Political correctness is the watchword of the day.
You'd better watch out what you think and more so what you say.
It's OK to be gay, its OK how you play and pray,
But who were they who drew the maps to show us all the way?

They were Dead White Males who led the revolutions.
Dead White Males who wrote the constitutions.
Dead White Males who founded institutions,
So why the persecution of those Dead White Males?

Feminists complain that some acknowledgment is due.
Activists of color all demand some credit, too.
Revisionists all want to write the history books anew,
But we know history's mostly due to relatively few

Of those Dead White Males, like Jesus Christ and Socrates.
Dead White Males, like Homer and Hippocrates.
Dead White Males, even mediocrities.
We'd still live in caves if not for Dead White Males.

Dead White Males, Columbus and King Ferdinand,
Dead White Males, Napoleon and Tallyrand,
Dead White Males, even Archduke Ferdinand
Who caused a war when he became a Dead White Male.

Dead White Males, Moses, Marx and Madison,
Dead White Males, Groucho Marx and Jefferson,
Dead White Males, Darwin, Mendel, Mendelsohn.
All we need is just a few more Dead White Males.

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Ain't Gonna Be No Judgment Day

THE FAMILY OF MAN

©1998 Stephen Baird

Our sun synthesized us from hydrogen gas
By building up atoms of increasing mass,
And here on our planet, where water could flow,
The first simple life forms emerged long ago.

We need heavy metals iron, cobalt and zinc
For enzymes and blood cells to keep pale folks pink.
One finds all these atoms in Earth's rocky crust
Where nature has used them to make us from dust.

CHORUS:

The rocks are our cousins and so are the trees.
We're brothers and sisters with fish in the seas.
We're twins of the monkeys, yes, since time began.
Creation's all part of The Family of Man.

CHORUS:

The genomes of humans and orangutans
Have homologues working in *C. Elegans*.
Shared sequences ranging from great apes to germs
Show us we ascended from microbes and worms.

CHORUS:

The sun is our father, our mother the sea,
Our siblings all nature, so go hug a tree.
Next family reunion, just visit the zoo:
The flora and fauna that gave birth to you.

Ain't Gonna Be No Judgment Day

WATER

Lyrics ©1994 Stephen Baird

Based on "Cool Water"

Music by Bob Nolan ©1936 Valley Publishers Inc., Music of the West

When Earth was new and nothing grew, the sea was blue with water.

Hot water.

And clouds and rain would wax and wane and on the plain fell water.

Cool clear water.

Then from a storm a lake would form and sun would warm the water.

Warm water.

And then they say that RNA appeared one day in water.

Lukewarm water.

It could duplicate and produce another mate that went on to replicate and finally saturate the water.

Water.

So you can see without the sea and rivers running free, there'd be no you or me.

Water, cool clear water.

So now we're here and it clear why we revere the water.

Cool Water.

For when it's dry, we start to fry and wail and cry for water.

Cool clear water.

Viability needs the great complexity of organic chemistry tied to solubility in water.

Water.

So you can see without the sea and rivers running free, there'd be no you or me.

Water, cool clear water.

Ain't Gonna Be No Judgment Day

WALK DOWN IN THE WATER

©1999 Stephen Baird

First we walked down under water, then we crawled up on the land;
Sprouted wings to sail the breezes, and spread over desert sand.
When our forelimbs grew their fingers and our hind limbs sprouted toes,
We had all sealed up our gill slits and relied upon a nose.

CHORUS:

Walk down in the water, crawl upon the land
Regulate your temperatures, drop from trees and stand.
Fiddle with your fingers. Use your brain to plan.
Talk to one another. You've just evolved a man.

The Devonian saw changes back 400 million years.
Eusthenopteron grew lobe fins poking out their sides and rears.
Then we think Acanthostega was the first big tetrapod
That could paddle to the shoreline and then waggle on the sod.

CHORUS:

Great big piles of fossil feces next to fossil bones on land
Make us think homeothermy finally gained the upper hand
And when apes were brachiating through the trees without a slip
They improved upon their vision and their thumbs opposed to grip.

CHORUS:

Ain't Gonna Be No Judgment Day

THE GREAT COLORADO

©1990 Stephen Baird

From north in Alaska, the winter storms blow
Clear down to the Rockies to drop all their snow.
When in the springtime, their snowy crown warms
From winter's white snowflakes, a great river forms.

The ages have rolled and the river has flowed.
Her deep canyons show where she cut her own road.
Her walls hold the dwellings of people long gone.
We come and we go but the river rolls on.

CHORUS:

Down from the mountainside, swift and ice cold,
Crushing the granite rocks and stealing their gold.
Then through a Grand Canyon that dwarfs all the rest
The Great Colorado carved out the Southwest.

We built dams across her to harness her power.
We've siphoned her water to make dry land flower.
She lights up Las Vegas, turns night into day,
And sends power and water as far as L.A.

CHORUS:

She reaches the ocean on Mexico's shore.
The sun draws her water back skyward once more.
The spring and the summer and fall come and go
'Til once more the Rockies are cover with snow.

CHORUS:

Ain't Gonna Be No Judgment Day

WE'RE 99.9% THE SAME

©2001 Stephen Baird

Well the genome has been read, and here's what its sequence said.
It has a brand new gospel to proclaim.
Though some bigots may be pissed, we've found races don't exist.
Just one base in a thousand's not the same.

We're just two percent from chimps, Nobel laureates and pimps
The message in our genome's pretty clear.
Close to monkeys is OK, but to Jesse Helms, Oy Veh!
Just who the hell designed the system here?

CHORUS:

We are 99.9 percent the same.
We are 99.9 percent the same.
Black and white, café au lait,
Read the genome, it will say
That we're 99.9 percent the same.

Men share genes with worms you know flies with congressmen, moreso.
But these comparisons are pretty tame.
What's a shock to most of us, which you may want to discuss
John Wayne and Pee Wee Herman are the same.

CHORUS:

Yes, we're.....

In two hundred thousand years since we got up off our rears
And walked from Africa both far and wide,
We've picked up three million SNPS, showing our relationships
While making mutant pigments in our hide.

CHORUS:

Still, we're.....

FINISH:

Yo Yo Ma and Eminem are just the same.
Michael Jordan and Strom Thurmond are the same.
David Duke and Clarence Thomas are the same.
Jerry Falwell and bin Laden are the same.

Ain't Gonna Be No Judgment Day

DO YOU THINK WE'RE ALONE?

©1999 Stephen Baird

There are certain stars that wobble if you watch them every night,
And we think it's planet's orbits that pull them left and right.
If there's lots of other planets out there in our galaxy,
Have they started life like we did? Are there folks like you and me?

CHORUS:

Do you think we're alone in the great Milky Way?
There are planets circling stars in Andromeda today.
Are they watching "I Love Lucy" forty-four light years away?
Do you think we're alone in the great Milky Way?

Let's recall Giordano Bruno back four hundred years ago.
Well, the Pope had him arrested and then set him aglow.
This was brother Bruno's heresy: to ask if stars were suns
And then if these stars had planets or were ours the only ones?

CHORUS:

If you think that life has started is it mostly single cells
Or do complex organisms do science and run gels?
Are they based on three base codons then transcribed to RNA?
Has selection made them vary as it has on Earth today?

CHORUS:

Ain't Gonna Be No Judgment Day

I HAVE SEEN EVOLUTION WITH MY OWN TWO EYES

©1999 Stephen Baird

Out on the plains of Kansas, in their ivy covered halls,
There's been no evolution, they're still Neanderthals.
Their school board has decided, even at their kids' expense,
Teachers teaching science may ignore the evidence.

CHORUS

I have seen evolution with my own two eyes.
I have watched as drug resistant cells arise.
I have seen the mutations in their DNA.
I have watched evolution changing life today.

How should our modern science and religion interface,
Considering the prophets and their short database?
What Bible story tells us that we cannot use our brains,
And must wear a blindfold like the school board on the plains?

CHORUS

Are apes and humans branches of the same old family tree?
And is our closest cousin in fact a chimpanzee?
If you doubt this relationship, here's all you have to do.
Put the Kansas school board in a lineup at the zoo.

CHORUS

Ain't Gonna Be No Judgment Day

AIN'T GONNA BE NO JUDGMENT DAY

©1998 Stephen Baird

The Cosmos is a great big place made of mostly empty space
Whose mass by now is stretching pretty thin.
Since we learned the Big Bang boomed, we have more or less assumed
We'd collapse and then blow up again.

There must be enormous mass, stars, dark matter, clouds of gas
To oppose creation's swelling force.
Wise men who are in the know, tell us that their studies show
Insufficient mass to halt our course.

CHORUS:

Ain't gonna be no judgment day, Hallelujah and Whoop-dee-doo.
The cosmos just gonna fade away, ain't nothin' anyone can do.
The data that we have portend we'll keep expanding without end
No judgment day for those who sinned, Hallelujah and Whoop-dee-doo.

We'll expand forevermore. Time will never shut its door.
Fellow sinners, fill your hearts with mirth.
If there is no end of time, what we do, sublime or crime
Fashions heaven or hell right here on Earth.

CHORUS:

Armageddon's in the Book, but let's take a closer look.
Since that Book was written, we've learned more.
If there is no final crunch, take your lover out to lunch
Just don't let Ken Starr hear if you score.

CHORUS: