

# Lyrics



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# Atheism Has No Holidays

from  
Water On Mars

Since my childhood and my youth,  
I've been searching for the truth  
Of how the universe and life arose.  
I have studied deities, studied probabilities -  
Tried to find the grand design that some propose.

Atheists say 'ain't no way.'  
Agnostics don't know what to say.  
Humanists say that it's reason we should praise.  
Thought I think that reason's great, one thing makes me hesitate  
It's that Atheism has no holidays.

CHORUS:

Atheism has no holidays.  
It has no ethnic foods; it has no pantheon to praise.  
There's no salvation, no resurrection for the body that decays.  
Yes, Atheism has no holidays.

How about the tidal flow,  
Gravitation, solar glow?  
These are cause to celebrate, I have no doubts.  
You can make some foods taboo, for if Jewish folks eschew  
Ham and cheese, then you can give up Brussel sprouts.

CHORUS:

What about Earth's axis tilt?  
Have a drink and lift your kilt.  
That's the reason that the seasons come and go.  
But while doing rites of spring, use protection on your thing  
Or you will hasten your appointment down below!

CHORUS:

# A Glimpse Of Heaven

## from Water On Mars

When it's new moon in the mountains, you can see the Milky Way  
And through an X-ray telescope its center's bright as day.  
It's a glimpse of heaven, but don't dare get too close.  
Look at what they're doing there and bid them adios.

### CHORUS:

There's Black holes eating white hot gas,  
Farting X-rays out their ass;  
Dwarf and neutron stars add their dim glow.  
Temperature's ten million plus;  
Vaporizing folks like us.  
If that's heaven, who the hell would go?

Back when El was god of Canaan, and he lived upon a hill,  
The moon was god of Babylon, his home was further still.  
Romans worshipped planets but we've sent satellites;  
None of them looks heavenly so we have raised our sights.

### CHORUS: Up to...

Back when Zeus lived on Olympus, then his heaven was in sight.  
Since then it's receded from us at the speed of light.  
If we'll never get there, then try this strategy  
Let's make heaven here on Earth our first priority.

### CHORUS: Who needs...

# Gods Of Other Planets

## from Water On Mars

There's three hundred billion twinkling stars throughout the Milky Way.  
And ten percent have planets, thirty billion, so they say.  
And the chances some are Earthlike, given planets everywhere,  
Means the chances life has started somewhere else are pretty fair.

And if life has started and intelligence has co-evolved,  
Will they wonder if or when a deity had been involved?  
If we find a signal someone else has broadcast from elsewhere,  
Will it be the news, a comedy, or preachers on the air?

CHORUS:

We've got gods up in the heavens, we've got gods on land and sea.  
Some are natural, some are spirit, some are statues you can see.  
But the gods of other planets still remain a mystery.  
Will they strike us as familiar or some brand new theory?

Will the gods of other planets be thought multiple or one?  
And will we find some planets that decided there are none?  
Will their science make more sense to us than their theology?  
Will their people kill each other over their theosophy?

CHORUS:

If they notice our sun wobbling will they wonder if we're here?  
Will they speculate on qualities of gods that we revere?  
If eventually we visit them will they think we're divine?  
Will they make up tales that credit nature's works to our design?

CHORUS:

# The Lumbar Spine

from  
Water On Mars

To whom do you think I should whine? To Darwin or to God?  
Because the human lumbar spine appears so clearly flawed.  
To rise up to our upright stance created a lordotic curve.  
So if we're lifting or twisting or dancing, there's danger we might pinch a nerve.

CHORUS:

Is lordosis from the Lord or all the options chance explored?  
If you're extolling our design, what about the lumbar spine?

For creatures crawling on the ground, a straight spine will suffice.  
And in the trees, to hang around, a straight spine's just as nice.  
But when we rose to stand erect, the curvature that was required,  
Compressed our lumbar discs at awkward angles, which leaves a lot to be desired.

CHORUS:

Was it intelligent design or Darwin's randomness,  
That left the human lumbar spine such an ungodly mess?  
It's blasphemy to criticize the creator's adequacy,  
But if our low back were his thesis project, would you give him his Ph.D.?

CHORUS:

# Corpus Luteum

from  
Water On Mars

There's a little yellow body inside your ovary  
That makes a lot of hormones supporting pregnancy.  
Without this little body, I mean the yellow one,  
We know that sexual intercourse would just be pointless fun!

It's a temporary glandlet your ovary has grown.  
It's mostly granulosa cells that make progesterone.  
Though flowers are romantic, our little embryos  
Prefer a corpus luteum to any yellow rose.

# How Old Will Grandpa Be?

from  
Water On Mars

When I dream of heaven and all the folks I'll see  
I remember Grandpa and sitting on his knee.  
I was off at college when they told me Grandpa died  
And I still feel empty although my tears have dried.

When we go to heaven, then we'll all reunite  
One big happy family in heaven's holy light.  
Though that's somewhat comforting, a question comes to me:  
When we meet in heaven, how old will Grandpa be?

CHORUS:

How old will Grandpa be? He'd like to be twenty-three,  
But I liked him at seventy, so how old will he be?  
Grandma died at twenty-four; Grandpa lived for sixty more.  
When they enter heaven's door, how old will they be?

When we get to heaven and see God face to face,  
We will need some magic to suddenly take place.  
Grandpa will find Grandma still as pretty as can be;  
Grandma may find Grandpa a gray antiquity.

CHORUS:

How old will Grandpa be? He'd like to be twenty-three,  
But I liked him at seventy, so how old will he be?  
What about his own Grandpère? Will he still speak French up there?  
Is he having an affair? How old will he be?

Grandma never knew me; she died too long ago.  
I was only twenty when Grandpa had to go.  
If I go to heaven and I live to ninety-three,  
Will Grandpa bounce this old fart on his arthritic knee?

CHORUS:

How old will Grandpa be? He'd like to be twenty-three,  
But I liked him at seventy, so how old will he be?  
When they toll our final bell, what if we wind up in hell?  
Will the magic work as well? How old we will be?

# The Ice Man

from  
Water On Mars

About five thousand years ago, one frosty Alpine night  
There was a lonely trekker beneath the pale moonlight.  
A stalker followed close behind with murderous intent.  
He aimed and let his arrow fly; it was no accident.

And no one heard the trekker in his death throes as he cried.  
So on that freezing mountain, the lonely trekker died.  
The slayer ran back to his hearth, the snowfall hid his trail;  
Then covered up the victim; no one ever went to jail.

CHORUS:

Someone shot the Iceman down five thousand years ago.  
We found the arrowhead in him; that's all we need to know.  
Murdered in the prime of life, just forty-five years old.  
We'd better call up Interpol; the trail is getting cold.

It took five thousand years to find the arrowhead in him.  
His HMO was stalling throughout the interim.  
Now we know it was murder but what could the motive be?  
We found his ax and knife with him; there was no robbery.

CHORUS:

The Iceman had been hiking through the Alps of Italy.  
Then near today's Swiss border, he met with tragedy.  
When he sneaked past the border, we lost track of his affairs.  
Are Swiss banks hiding funds today owed to his legal heirs?

CHORUS:



# Lower G.I. Blues

from  
Water On Mars

Put your hands together. Hold them like a cup.  
Seal up all the spaces 'cause you're gonna fill them up.  
Then put in some solids, some liquid and some gas.  
That describes the problem that's faced daily by your ass.

CHORUS:

So, it's nothing but bad news when you get lower G.I. blues;  
When you've got nothing left to lose, you got them lower G.I. blues.

Open your hands slightly. Let just gas out below.  
Your hands will fail to do it, but your ass can as you know.  
It knows if you are standing, or seated, or alone,  
And if your pants are off or you are on that porcelain throne.

CHORUS:

You need your anal sphincter in high society.  
When it's intact, it saves your ass from impropriety.  
Finally, do not lightly call someone else an ass,  
Unless your implication is they've got a lot of class.

CHORUS:

# Randomness

from  
Water On Mars

If it weren't for randomness  
There would not be such a mess.  
Though there's order here and there,  
Entropy grows everywhere.  
Giver Of Diversity,  
Randomness, we sing of thee!

Randomness turned chemistry  
Into biochemistry.  
Randomness created life,  
After life it started strife.  
After strife, selection came;  
That's the name of Darwin's game.

Randomness made you and me  
From the creatures in the sea.  
Evolution really can  
Turn a fish into a man.  
Though your mother-in-law's a shrew,  
You're a monkey's uncle too.

It would seem that randomness  
Means creation's purposeless.  
And that means there's no design  
Only plans like yours and mine.  
Randomness tells you and me  
We will be what we will be.

# Water On Mars

from  
Water On Mars

Venus is the brightest of the evening stars.  
And our outer neighbor is the planet Mars.  
Satellites now orbit, measure and explore,  
Seeking something living, even if just a spore.

Venus is foreboding, though appearing fair  
Much too hot for living, we've stopped looking there.  
Photographs and spectra of Mars' surface show  
Atmosphere and channels and the two icecaps, so.....

CHORUS:

There's water on Mars circumpolar.  
Water on Mars - though it's colder  
Water on Mars - could mean life's there.  
Water on Mars - but not much air.

Water's necessary for life's origin.  
Stanley Miller showed us how it could begin.  
Water must be liquid for things to dissolve,  
But once life gets started, anything can evolve.

CHORUS:

Science fiction tells us of green men from Mars.  
Star Wars movies show us distant space bazaars.  
We'd be just as happy once we're there and back,  
With some blue-green algae under its South icepack.

CHORUS:

CODA:

Who can say what we'll find there?

# The Four Forces

from  
Water On Mars

The strong force keeps protons congealed.  
The weak force lets neutrons decay.  
While electron flow makes a magnetic field  
And gravity bends a light ray.

Four forces are all that apply  
To keep everything in its place.  
They range from the strong force across nuclei  
To gravity acting through space.

Their strength variation is great  
Through dozens of powers of ten.  
If just one were weaker or stronger, our fate  
Would change and we might not have been.

w w w . s c i e n t i f i c g o s p e l . c o m

# Ferdinand Magellan

## from Water On Mars

Ferdinand Magellan lived five hundred years ago.  
People thought the Earth was flat; the Church had told them so.  
Then at the age of twelve he learned of what Columbus found  
And started thinking, like Columbus, that the Earth was round.

When just a teenage boy, he stood one summer night in June  
And watched with friends in wonder as the Earth eclipsed the moon.  
The shadow of the Earth was round, the Church was wrong he swore.  
"I've seen Earth's shadow on the moon, and trust that shadow more."

Ferdinand convinced the king of Spain to let him sail  
Around the world when other monarchs thought that he would fail.  
He started out with five ships and two hundred forty men  
And it would be three years before a ship came home again.

Just South of Argentina he found straits that bear his name.  
He sailed through in the summer when the winds were rather tame  
And came out in an ocean, which was peaceful, calm and blue.  
He named it the Pacific, which was true when no winds blew.

Crossing the Pacific took almost a hundred days,  
Eating rats and oxhides with their scurvied brows ablaze.  
Their lookout sighted Guam in March of fifteen twenty-one  
And though they didn't know it yet, their voyage was half done.

Then onward to the Philippines where they stayed quite a while,  
Converting folks to Christian ways, which raised the natives' bile.  
So they attacked Magellan and they killed him on the beach.  
Now, thanks to T.V., Jerry Falwell's safely out of reach.

It was Juan del Cano who would sail back home to Spain,  
For some refused to sail again and many more were slain.  
One ship and eighteen men returned in fifteen twenty-two  
And faith in our Earth's shadow was what carried these few through.

He saw Earth's shadow on the moon and trusted shadows more  
Than what the Inquisition taught in its religious lore.  
For if the Earth were round and if ships sailed off to the West,  
They'd be back where they came from when they finally came to rest.

# The Father Of His Country

from  
Water On Mars

They've made some observations on our Y chromosome  
Reflecting ancient nations and genes that strayed from home.  
The message in the bases is sixteen million men  
Have DNA with traces of common origin.

We find them in each nation where Genghis Khan once rode.  
The simplest explanation is they're the seeds he sowed.  
The general direction of Mongol ravishment  
Just followed his erection across the continent.

CHORUS:

You hear them hooves a' drummin'; the Mongols on a raid.  
It's Genghis Khan a' comin' and he's looking to get laid.

Now Genghis was a leader whose armies conquered all,  
And even greater breeder as genes today recall.  
With every new encounter as he rode into town,  
If female, he would mount her, in hay or eider down.

CHORUS:

Mongolian armed forces could range both far and wide.  
Give credit to the horses the cavalry would ride.  
Though tired and heavy laden, they'd wait to eat each day  
While Genghis and some maiden were rolling in their hay.

CHORUS:

When Darwin wrote of fitness, he meant to reproduce.  
Y chromosomes bear witness that Genghis could seduce.  
And then, of course, survival of offspring is the thing.  
Reminding every rival, it's good to be the king!

CHORUS:

# Scientific Love Song

## from Water On Mars

When I first saw you darlin' my dopamine rose  
As your pheromones wafted up into my nose.  
When you induced my phenylethylamine,  
Then I was your slave, honey, you were my queen.

### CHORUS:

I'm lost in the madness of hormonal storm.  
Suppressing your alchemy takes chloroform.  
You weave your magic, then I wave my wand,  
And I'm bound to you by a chemical bond.

When I see you and my catecholamines rise,  
Then I fibrillate in my chest and my thighs.  
I'm glued to you by oxytocin release.  
If you want me gone, better call the police!

### CHORUS:

There are those who say love is a big mystery.  
Does it spoil your romance to learn it's chemistry?  
The psychology that makes both of us fond,  
Complex though it is, is a chemical bond.

### CHORUS:

# The Single Best Idea Anybody Ever Had

from  
Water On Mars

Charles Darwin sailed the Beagle and saw life's variety  
Which was said to be created by the Christian deity.  
But in looking at creation, Darwin saw another plan  
Which could seem somewhat unusual for a former clergyman.

Variation, competition and selection in the past  
Have determined speciation, who would fade and would last.  
It's surprising this idea still makes some folks hopping mad.  
It's the single best idea anybody ever had.

## CHORUS:

Better than Newton? Yes I think so.  
Better than Einstein? Who would know?  
Better than Moses? Should we go there?  
Better than Moses? Do we dare?  
Better than Plato, Crick and Watson, Thomas Jefferson, Saint Paul?  
Charles Darwin had the single best idea of them all.

After Darwin wrote his thesis back in eighteen fifty nine  
Some folks found his thoughts disturbing but to science they were fine.  
Evolution was the power moving all biology  
Just mutation, drift, selection were the total strategy.

## CHORUS:

Now the evidence is in and we have shown the genome's drift.  
We have found genes in E Coli like those in the chimney swift.  
And the genes we find in lawyers haven't changed too much from sharks.  
Perhaps genes we share with red ants could have biased Karl Marx!

## CHORUS:

CODA: It's the single best idea anybody ever had.



# The End

from  
Water On Mars

Some sad morning when my life is o'er  
I shall decay.  
I'll revert to molecules once more  
When I decay.

I shall decay, how gory.  
I shall decay. [While they're mourning]  
When I die, it is certain by and by;  
I shall decay.

Tutankhamon has been mummified  
Still he decayed.  
Mummies in the Andes were freeze-dried.  
Still they decayed.

I shall decay, how gory.  
I shall decay. [While they're mourning]  
When I die, it is certain by and by;  
I shall decay.

Here's what happens pathologically  
When you decay.  
Lysosomes burst, setting enzymes free.  
They munch away.

I shall decay, how gory.  
I shall decay. [While they're mourning]  
When I die, it is certain by and by;  
I shall decay.

Molecules will spread o'er land and sea  
When I decay;  
Thus recycling me eternally.  
Hip, hip, hooray.

I shall decay, how gory.  
I shall decay. [While they're mourning]  
When I die, it is certain by and by;  
I shall decay.