

# “Ghosts of Evolution”

by Connie Barlow

<http://thegreatstory.org/songs/ghosts.html>

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WALK-in' DOWN a CI-TY STREET, orange BALLS at my FEET  
... Small CAR-ri-on-FEED-ing DIN-O-SAURS: they're TAK-ing a TREAT  
They've been EAT-ing ... GINK-GO FRUIT ... since the MID-dle Jur-AS-SIC  
... EAT 'em up DI-nos, ELSE THEY'RE SQUASHED by ALL of this TRAF-FIC

GHOSTS ... GHOSTS ... I'm SEE-ing GHOSTS of E-vo-LU-TION  
DEEP ... TIME ... EYES ... give me FOS-sil RE-so-LU-TION  
GHOSTS ... GHOSTS ... I'm SEE-ing MON-sters EV'ry-WHERE  
a-NA-chron-IS-tic FRUITS AND THORNS are GIV-ing ME a SCARE

LEARN to SEE a GI-ant SLOTH or BIG-TUSKED MAS-to-DON  
... Takes a TRIP to a LO-cal GRO-C'RY STORE with DAD-dy OR with MOM  
... Look for BINS of BIG FRUIT ... WITH their ... HU-mun-gous SEED  
Just WHO COULD SWAL-low and POOP THOSE PITS,  
Who COULD those BIG FRUITS FEED?

PON-der A-vo-CA-DO . . . be-FORE it's GUA-ca-MO-LE  
To PLANT THOSE PITS in a MOUND OF POOP takes a BIG BUTT, HO-ly MO-ly!  
Who's LIV-ing THERE to-DAY . . . in the HILLS of pe-RU?  
Whose AN-AL SPHINC-ter-could HAN-DLE-the-JOB-that GROUND SLOTHS USED to DO?  
Or-may-be-it-was TOX-o-DON who CO-E-VOLVED that DARK GREEN en-IG-MA?  
Chuck-ie D found TO-xy's SKULL AND BONES on the PLAINS of AR-gen-TI-NA

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What a-BOUT THOSE JUI-cy MAN-GO FRUITS e-VOLVED in TROP-i-cal A-SIA?  
Who could SWAL-low-and-POOP-those-PITS-WITH-OUT-get-ting-MASS-IVE HIP dis-PLAY-SIA  
Well CER-tain-ly ... EL ... E-PHANTS and RHI-NO-cer-OUS  
But THEY'RE NOT GHOSTS at LEAST NOT YET ex-TINCT be-CAUSE of US.

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No SU-PER-MAR-ket-SELLS-a-MER-i-ca's GE-NUS mac-LUR-A  
But HORS-es ATE those GREEN SOFT-BALLS, of THAT I CAN as-SURE YA  
a-na-chron-IS-TIC THOSE . . . FRUITS BE-CAME when HOR-ses WENT ex-TINCT  
. . . HERE-in-the a-MER-I-CAS, post-PLAIST-O-CENE I THINK  
But the SPAN-IARDS BROUGHT the HOR-SES BACK and LOOSED THEM ON the LAND  
Ma-CLUR-A TREES have a PART-NER NOW, they can MAKE a-NO-ther STAND

I'm seeing . . .

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The SAD-DEST PLANT has GOT TO BE our LOVE-ly HO-ney LO-CUST  
Its MAS-SIVE SEED pods HAVE NO FRIENDS I can SEE in FOS-sil-FO-CUS  
And WHAT a-BOU-T its TRUNK OF THORNS? Now TELL me WHAT that's FOR?  
. . . DREAM-ing TUSKS of MAS-TO-DONS strip-ping BARK to EAT once MORE  
In a COLD . . . BLEAK . . . WIN-TER . . . when NO-thing ELSE is GREEN  
Oh NO, those TIMES have-LONG SINCE PASSED; this IS the HO-lo-CENE

You can STILL find this AWE . . . SOME TREE be-DECKED in PODS and THORNS  
. . . IN THE WILDS of the PRAIR-IE STATES . . . LOOK-ing SO for-LORN  
So SHUT YOUR EYES in HOR-ROR . . . when IN a PARK-ing LOT  
These HARD-y TREES were BRED BY US to HAVE NO PODS to ROT  
Noth-ing MES-sy AT ALL . . . to SWEEP UP or CLOT . . .  
No THORNS to POKE a PASS-ER-BY or SKEW-er a TOT.

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. . . are GIV-ing ME a SCARE . . . I SEE them EV'ry-WHERE . . .