

1994

Loudon Wainwright III

There's been a brand neew breakthrough  
Though they're not sure what it means  
We used to blame our parents  
Now we can pin it on our genes  
Hey and I'm not talking 501's  
I don't mean no pair of pants  
I'm talking about a future  
Where nothing's left to chance

If you'rre dumb, fat, queer, or crazy  
No one is to blame  
You've just been dealt a lousy hand  
In the genetic poker game  
And if you start killing people  
It's not evil you're not cruel  
It's just a little goop polluting  
Your genetic swimming pool

Chorus:

They can spot the culprit  
And magnify it on a screen  
Those scientists and doctors  
Can pinpoint that nasty genre  
And with a little engineering

They can take that wayward train  
And they can get it back on track  
So you're smart, straight, thin, and sane

Abandon what is random  
Don't you leave it up to luck  
Why not submit yourself to a little  
Genetic nip and tuck  
Yeah we can put a man upon the moon  
And we can conquer inner space  
With a little genetic tinkering  
We can make a master race

Now back there in the first verse  
I sang that nothing is left to chance  
We're locked into a box or a goose step  
In life's dna dance  
Now the future is no mystery  
Finally you can make plans  
Yes It's your destiny and you won it  
Just pray it stays in your hands

R: