Their Brains Were Small and They Died

Their Brains Were Small and They Died
(Mark Graham)

When I sit in contemplation of the human situation
I often feel a certain sense of pride.
For our achievements are many and mighty
And the evidence cannot be denied.
But my reverie is shaken 'cause my thoughts are always taken To a tragedy that happened long ago,
When there moved throughout the land
Beings awesome and grand
The fabulous dinosaur.

They were creatures in a manner quite reptilian
In their unique and stylish way,
And their numbers could be reckoned in the millions;
But there are zero of these heroes in the world today.
They had music, art and fashion, there was dinosauric passion
And I think they'd be enraged and mortified
That when they`re mentioned today it's only to say:
Their brains were small and they died.

Perhaps some asteroid that mother earth could not avoid
Became the agent of their premature demise.
Well l understand that these things can happen,
So who are we to criticize?
When we'll spend most any price to have the ultimate device
That insures the perfect global suicide.
Well, l would venture instead that the humanoid head
Is where the tinier brain resides.
And when we're gone our works they'll start to crumble
Until nothing can be found.
In ten million years some other guys may stumble On our fossils then some asshole will begin to expound, in some scientific study to his cockroach science buddies How the evidence can never be denied---They were big dumb and slow, they couldn't go with the flow Their brains were small, and they died.

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