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-FOR-e 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?
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-PLEIST-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 . . .

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-BOUT its TRUNK OF THORNS? Now TELL me WHAT that's FOR?
. . . DREAM-ing TUSKS of MAS-TO-DO-NOS 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 . . .