

# Tom Milsom, Genetics

I knew our plan was doomed  
Right from the start  
The human bodt's made of  
more than just a heart,

And though it seemed we'd be  
Together for eternity,  
That's a long long away  
From how it seems to be to me

It isn't right  
That we should fight  
About the way we fit together  
Just another complication  
That is standing in our way  
And you know  
I love you so  
And even though we'll make a monster  
It's a beautiful disaster  
That's too terrible to simply throw away

Our arteries are red  
And our veins remain blue  
But even so our damaged  
Blood trickles through  
It's true  
That all our relatives dies  
From the blood  
That trickled 'round them inside  
And so far we've lived our lives  
Thinking everything was fine,  
Not thinking of the trouble  
Borne inside us at the time,

And now we've come  
To find the sum  
Is greater than the parts that make it  
This hereditary sorrow  
That's kept quiet through the years  
All the grief  
And the relief  
Our parents felt when we were healthy  
Newborn babies we don't get  
Because genetics is a science  
Made of tears