

When Charlie Darwin Tried to Make a Monkey Out of Me.

Kevin Lee

A fellow in the know believes, we came here from baboons;
But the only type that looks it, is them scientific goons.
And besides their calculations, and their stacks of scribbled paper;
They are heading for a fight, before they'll have me going ape.
They can go and chase their tails, they can go back to their trees;
If Charlie Darwin thinks he'll make a monkey out of me!

Well Charlie's made a monkey of his-self, up to this minute;
And he's welcome to his theory, but he shan't include me in it.
It'll be the sharpest mouthful, he'll ever regret he ever said;
If he tries to prove my grand-sire, was a hairy quadruped.
There'll be shouting, there'll be pushing, there'll be fisticuffs and
blows;
And our hairy friend will suffer, with a flattened piggy-nose.
He can call me what he likes, but by chum I disagreed;
When Charlie Darwin tried to make a monkey out of me!

There's Neanderthal, Cro-magnon, Gibbon, and Orangutan;
And Charlie's traced his Ancestry to-each-and-every-one.
But my Father's Father's Father lived in Dublin – didn't he?
While Charlie's Father's Father was a hairy Chimpanzee!
They were monkeying about, swinging in their family-tree;
And I'll choke the bloke that tries to make a Monkey out of me.

Some other roosters reckon, that we started in the sea;
And we wiggled, and we wiggled, till we finally set off free.
Then we lost our fins and flippers and we crawled out at Japan;
And nobody can swim to touch a Japanese-type-man.
But Charlie went bananas, and he traced us back to Monkeys;
Though the only proof he had, was polly-ticians and their flunkeys.
Well, I thought it was a joke, and I never could agree;

When Charlie Darwin tried to make a monkey out of me.

Now, we've had another bit of gab, from Charlie and his gang;
They've decided that we started, from a Mother-of-a BANG.
With Atomics, and the madness, that the Nations won't diminish;
There will likely be another BANG – to mark the blinkin' finish.
Well, he's told it to me once, but if he tells it to me twice;
Then I'll tell the tyke his fortune – and it won't be very nice.
I'll suggest what he can do – with his Tarzan theory;
If Charlie Darwin tries to make, a monkey out of me!

END

Evolution is a fallacy. At the end of his life Charles Darwin rejected it as untrue; believing, if it was true, the fossil record would be full of animals evolving between one species and another. But, in all his travels, he only ever found complete species, disproving his theory of Evolution. And so, he admitted he was wrong. All the animals on earth are the result of direct creation by Jesus Christ, and, unless He directly creates another one, there cannot be anymore, ever.

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