

MUTATE

Won't you give a big hand for errors
Applause for mistakes?
Without them we wouldn't be here
Let's hear it for inexactitude
For imprecision, Bravo!
For fudging it, hip hip, three cheers

DNA, of twisted double helix fame
Is an expert at that self-replication game
But once in a million times it goes wrong
And thanks to that we're singing this song...

[Chorus]

If that new mutation hits an egg or seed
Which manage to combine together and then lead
To one new fungus, plant or beast
That babe will be a little different at least

That mutation will probably reduce
Our new pal's ability to reproduce
But every now and then a mutation arrives
That gives you a better chance of making more lives

[Chorus]

When the kids inherit that mutated gene
They're fitter than they otherwise might have been
To have more kids themselves and pass it on
And so it spreads through the population

Let's award the first prize for cock-ups
The second for slips
Without them we're nothing but slimy algae
Put your hands together
For things that go wrong
Take off your hats to serendipity

Won't you give a big hand for errors
Applause for mistakes?
Without them we wouldn't be here
Let's hear it for inexactitude
For imprecision, Bravo!
For fudging it, hip hip, three cheers
For fudging it, hip hip, three cheers
For fudging it, hip hip, three cheers