

Ah ...

There's a million, billion, trillion stars but I'm down here low,  
Fussin' over scars on my soul  
On my soul, on my soul, on my soul,  
On my soul, I am so infinitesimal, oh.

They say it started with a big bang,  
But they say it came out of a small thing.  
Lately, I'm feeling like a big bang,  
'Cause I've been making something out of nothing...

(Like my soul)

Millions and billions and trillions of stars but I'm down here low,  
Fussin' over scars on my soul,  
On my soul, on my soul, on my soul,  
On my soul, I am so infinitesimal, oh.

They say it started with a big bang,  
But they say it was really just a small thing.  
Strangely, I'm feeling like a big bang,  
'Cause I've been making mountains out of concaves.

Do you ever really think about the grains?  
Every little one's got a million things.  
Every little bit's got a billion bits.  
And that ain't it, no that ain't it.

And did you know that when you really get close,  
Nothing really touches, bro, just kind of floats?  
So, when you think it might just come to blows,  
Just so you know, it won't, because it can't, bro.

There's a million, billion, trillion stars but I'm down here low,  
Fussin' over scars on my soul.  
On my soul, on my soul, on my soul,  
On my soul, I am so infinitesimal, oh.

They say it started with a big bang,  
But they say it was really just a small thing.  
Strangely, I'm feeling like a big bang,  
'Cause I've been making something out of nothing.

Like my soul, just like my soul, you think it's so infinitesimal.

Ah ...