I wake up every morning
Every night I go to bed
Like everybody, I was born and
like everybody, someday I’ll be dead

Like the sun a-rising
and the sun going down
It’s all workin’ to a pattern
that keeps the whole thing going ‘round

Around, around, around
It’s just the way it happens
Around, around, around
always in patterns

Gotta see the bigger picture
Before looking at the small
If you can’t see the forest for the trees
then you’re not really seeing at all

Before you do anything
got to know how it’s done
Work from a pattern to the details
you’ll be halfway there
before you’ve even begun

Around, around, around
They’ll tell you what you need to know
From what the weather’s doin’,
if there’s rain a-brewin’
to how to make your garden grow

We can rely on patterns
and you can learn them faster
Train your brain to retain them.
Become a pattern master

Like a tessellated tamarillo
Or a spiral full of herbs
or Fibonacci geometry in broccoli
or all of these rhyming words.

It really blows my mind
The way it’s all designed
Oh no, I’m not religious
but it’s prodigious
all these patterns in this world of mine.

They go around, around, around
in a dynamic relationship
with the answers at your fingertip
Life is just one big mobius trip

If you can disprove patterns
well, I’ll eat my hat and
make my habitat into a
room full of padding
in downtown Ballarat and
just talk in scat...
Scoobeedoobeedoobee... (like that)