

MICHELSON-MORLEY

1

Lyrics © 1981 by Bill Roper and Clif Flynt

Music: "Mary O'Meara" by Anne Passovoy

D

Ah, Michelson-Morley,

Your experiment's poorly

A

Designed to discover light speed.

With all the equipment

G

You got in this shipment,

D

A

You can't tell approach from recede.

G

D

It's quite disappointing indeed.

Search for the aether

That pervades the starlanes.

Keep searching until you turn blue.

And if you can't find it,

Then kindly remind that

It's sure not the fault of you two,

For failures can win Nobels too.

So start spinning mirrors

To see the beat clearer,

Then shine a light beam through the air.

And set your source moving

So that you'll be proving

The difference you seek's really there.

Did I tell you that physics ain't fair?

No difference detected,

Your theory's rejected,

And aether goes right out the door.

Einsteinian physics,

Relativity will fix

Results that you just can't ignore.

'Cause that's what new theories are for.

Sleep well in your dreaming,

Experiments scheming,

Though all of your work was in vain.

You failed in your searching,

But left the world lurching,

Newtonian physics your bane.

And you got your Nobel just the same.

*Someone asked Clif and I to write a song about mad scientists. Instead, we ended up writing a song about two scientists who surely had to be **annoyed** that their carefully planned experiment simply wasn't finding **anything** that they were looking for.*