

06. What It Is to Be

(Joseph LeDoux)

They say it's hard to figure out
Those special things that we're about
We've got flesh and bone, heart and brain
But is that all that we can claim

Is there something else, we can call our own
That stays with us once we're gone
Or do we just, die with our brain
When we stop feeling fear and hope, love and pain

We feel the present, we remember our past
We see our future, and we hope we last
To be is to know and feel, and that's truth
But to know the truth you've got to, search and sleuth

It's easy to test, how neurons work
How we see and hear, how muscles jerk
But it's a hard mystery
To understand what it is to be

We are really, just things of this world
In space and time we each unfurl
Someday scientists will reveal
Just what it means to know and to feel