This Photon is Your Photon

The photon is wave-like. The photon’s particle-like
It is a little dreamlike and a little childlike;
From Maxwell’s equations to those of Einstein’s
The photon was made for you and me.

As the photons traveled along the eigenvector,
I saw them exit the movie projector;
I saw them illuminate the bowling alley:
The photon was made for you and me.

Light roams and rambles taking quantized steps
At a frequency of one to more than peta Hertz;
And all around me the light was astounding:
The photon was made for you and me.

When the sun came shining, the photons were consoling,
And the wheat fields photosynthesizing and the mares were foaling,
The colors were uplifting and the meadows enchanting:
The photon was made for you and me.

As I went walking I saw a sign there
And on the sign it said "No Botanists."
But on the other side it didn’t say nothing,
That side was made for the photon and me.

In the shadow of the tower there were no photons,
It was so cold we put on long johns;
As we wished for light, I stood there asking
Wasn’t the photon made for you and me?

Nobody living can ever stop me,
As I go walkin’ the academic freedom highway;
Nobody living can ever make me turn back
The photon was made for you and me.