

Poor Old Planet

Poor old planet, poor all species
as climate change will get worse
Poor old nature, poor creation
I think you've been cast by a curse

But I don't want you to die, I can see all the lies
There's nothing there that's new
But it isn't too late to get hold our fate
and you know what I say is true

And meanwhile in mansions and manors with style
they are praising the progress and growth
and the leaders we need, are indeed paralyzed
and carping there's no other road

Poor old forests, poor old farmlands
as climate change will get worse
Poor old waters, poor old world
I think you've been cast by a curse

But you know that it's true, there is so much to do
it's no good to lie down and cry
and the day that you see, that's the day that all of your
sadness and sickness will die

For the wealth we are building, while wasting this earth
is only causing us pain
it's disguised itself well, as progress and growth
but destruction is still it's name

Poor old human race, tortured by past
and threatened by climate's curse
Poor old people, poor old planet
poor old mother Earth