

The Silent (Monday Morning)

They're waving, they reach out, they're trying to cry	Dm E7 Am
Their lips they are moving, they try and they try	Dm Am E7
But no one can hear them, they can't say a word	Am C E7
Their screams they are silent, no sound can be heard	Am Dm E7 Am

They want to be seen, they're trying so bold
They're trying to tell, their story untold
Cause they are the unborn, from the next century
and there is something they want us to see

And if you try hard, their lips can be read
the grim naked story of what lies ahead
and deep in their eyes, there you can see
what we are doing to the future to be

While greenhouse gases are filling the air
who is to listen, who is to care
when the temperature's rising, who will understand
who will speak for them, who will take a stand