

## This Ball's on Fire

If your brain did serve you well                   Dm  
you would listen to the child                   Edim  
who says you steal her future                   A  
and leave the warming running wild           Gm Bb Dm

Would temperature rise, would we melt the ice       F       Dm  
would we have a climate crisis                   F       Dm  
would hurricanes cry, would farmlands dry       F       Dm  
if our brains knew the how and why?           Gm     Bb   Dm

    This ball's on fire                           Gm     Bb  
    The walls are coming down                 F       C  
    In the ashes of the world we knew         F   C   Bb   F  
    the truth is but a clown                   Bb     C     D

If our brains did serve us well  
would we need to ask ourselves,  
which catastrophes are natural  
and when to ring the warming bell?

When the cards are called in the climate game  
and likeliness ducks the blame  
which of the homes and lives that are lost  
are entered as a climate cost?

    This ball's on fire  
    Firemen going down  
    In the web of slick deniers  
    the truth is but a clown

If our brains came to suffice  
we would start to mobilize  
as if it were, a world war three  
to end this idiocy

We would break free from the legacy  
of shame and guilt and greed  
To guard the world for the ones to come  
our brains will need to run

    This ball's on fire  
    I hear a young girl's voice  
    Among liars and deniers  
    the truth is still a choice