

Land & Sea

High above the rocky shore, the mountains and the sea
High over the polar caps, hot deserts and ice fields
I listen to the wisdom in the wind that called to me
And as it called the bells rang out
O'er all our land and sea

For years you've made a profit as you've filled the ground with holes
Sent down your picks and shovels and drills for ore and coals
Its pickin' hear and 'ewin there until the stones all gone
The land and people bear the scars
While profits are passed on

Listen to the wisdom
In the wind that called to me
Listen as the bells ring out
O'er all our land and sea

It was profiteering killed the trees and laid the mountains bare
The swift blade and the stock exchange felled many a forest fair
Its profiteering to the roots, just hear young timber tear
When they've had their fill they close the mill
Leave poisoned lakes and air

On sailing day fair wind or fowl you'd all be on the quay
'cause when the fish were running you could smell money
For years and years you fished the sea, the fish were always there
But now your left with empty nets
And species almost rare.

And then she whispered through the trees and said this is your home
You've used up all your resources down to the bone
Gone to never be replaced the story's long been sung
And then she sighed make up your mind
Before man himself is gone

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