

## SOMETHING TO SAY

What is he saying, his eyes full of longing,  
Long fingers plucking at his guitar?  
A cold wind brings rain, but he stays and he plays -  
Not just for the money that might come his way.  
His harsh voice commands. He has something to say!

That he's wanting much more than a coin in his cap.  
He's telling us things that we already know.  
That the innocent suffer, that animals die,  
And the ozone's destruction's because you and I  
Like driving our cars, and watching t.v.  
And although we are scared by the thought of the sun  
Sending cancerous rays down upon everyone,  
We prefer to buy sun specs and barrier creams  
And sprawl on the beaches, indulging our dreams.

You don't want to listen? You've heard it before?  
You've tossed him a quid so you need do no more!  
He's just an idealist – callow, naïve,  
Caring and wearing his heart on his sleeve.

But hardening your heart and closing your ears  
Won't soften the blow as the writing appears.  
For it's etched in the sky and it's there in the sea  
And it's scratched on the bark of each dying tree.  
His song is a warning. His song is a plea.  
The millennium comes, bringing hope - or despair.  
For the love of our children, we all have to care.