Tree Song

Anna Tabbush

For two thousand years we've stood
Fed the soil through our roots
Fed the birds with our fruits
Now you chop us down, down, down
You chop us down

We have made the air you breathe
Shade and shelter with our leaves
Cured ailments and disease
Now you chop us down, down, down
You chop us down

Watch the owls fly from the trees
Watch the squirrel as she flees
Will you hear their dying pleas?
When you chop us down, down, down
You chop us down

Will you know which tree you hack
When you weald your deadly axe?
Will you look up all the facts?
Before you chop us down, down, down
You chop us down

When you've turned the trees to gold
When you've lost the treasure you hold
Will you mourn what you have sold?
When they chop us down, down, down
They chop us down, down, down
They chop us down, down, down
They chop us down