

# 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  
*Yet you chop us down, down, down*  
*You chop us down*

See the owl 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 wield 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*