

Voice of change

(I won't) let the sea at my shore
Be a home, for our waste
No, not any more.

I won't let, the trees, green and tall
Be cut down for profit, I won't let them fall.

(I won't) let the air that I breathe
Be so full of, pollution
From all the industry.

For we need, to work side by side
We can't tell, our children, that we have not tried.