

David Crosby & Graham Nash

"To The Last Whale...Critical Mass/Wind On The Water"

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Over the years you have been hunted
By the men who threw harpoons
And in the long run he will kill you, just to feed the pets
we raise
Put the flowers in your vase, and make the lipstick for
your face

Over the years you swam the ocean
Following feelings of your own
Now that you are washed up on the shoreline, I can see
your body lie
It's a shame you have to die to put the shadow on our
eye

Maybe we'll go, maybe we'll disappear
It's not that we don't know, it's just that we don't want to
care
Under the bridges, over the foam
Wind on the water, carry me home

Over the years you swam the ocean
Following feelings of your own
And now you are washed up on the shoreline, I, I can
see your body lie
It's a shame you have to die to put the shadow on our
eye
(Under the bridges, over the foam)
Wind on the water, carry me home

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