

Bros **"Try"**

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I say green is the colour, it's the colour of our land
It was painted, created by his hand
Say what's the master plan to save the promised land
And who'll, who'll heal her wounds, for us and our
children
Let me tell you now
We're the reason why there'll be no birds up in the sky
We got to put our hands together cos we're running out
of time

(CHORUS)

We've got to stop it now, we've got to try
We've got to stop it now, we've got to try

The land and the seas, these are the beauties that
bleed
The skies that are weeping
But what about the mouths that need feeding
let me tell you now
We're the reason why there'll be no birds up in the sky
We got to put our hands together cos we're running out
of time

(CHORUS)

We've got to stop it now, we've got to try
We've got to stop it now, we've got to try

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