

Harper Roy "Garden Of Uranium"

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There's fuel in a hand shake
And power in a smile
Energy to spare
And time to reconcile
In every blade of grass
And breath of air
A future sitting there
And you don't care about the children
There's plenty where they're from
To populate the garden
Of uranium
There's power in a sun ray
And travel on the tide
Hurricanes and storms
To saddle up and ride

In every wind of change
On any side
An idea to be tried
And you don't care about the children...
And then there are the meglos
With power in their hands
Dumping lethal waste
In shallow pasturelands
Scattering suicide
Into the winds
And no one understands
And they don't care about the children...

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