

Tones™ **"Forest Trilogy"**

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Standing by the forest looking at the trees
Some have been there for centuries
It's as dark as night deep inside the trees
Silent when the wind is still deep inside the trees
Your trees my trees
Just wood for your front door
And wood for my guitar Ooh the forest
I can only dream of when all this land was deep within
the forest
Where the black crow flies
And Leaf The Lucky, Hawkeye, Champlain, Chief
Pontiac
They all lived to see the forests thrive
But now the forest cries
If we could only put some trees back
Trees for the air we breathe and for the picturesque
scenery
We need green trees there tomorrow
When we're gone a child will need some air to
borrow
It's their turn
Air to borrow
What makes our air Dad
Air's green trees,
trees we don't have enough of
Hey where's the woods
There used to be woods here
Who took the forest
What did you do to the forest

The ice is melting, the climate's getting hot
Bees birds butterflies species disappearing
Who cut the forest for the money in the chop
Who's clear cutting the forest
Global warming yeh
They rock to the forest and they rock to the chop
I can't dance this mess about
This abomination
You and I let's take the seed won't be
so heavy
You and I lets put some in
Rock to the forest where the eyes will be looking at you

Rock to the forest and you stick the shovel in
You walk to the forest and you stick the shovel in
They chop chop chop chop green trees they make
oxygen
I can't dance this mess about this abomination
Wood for the fences and the wood for the deck
chop chop chop
Wood for the matches and you light the cigarette
chop chop chop
I ain't m not down on christmas but chopping trees
ain't great
What if all those Christmas trees could be making our
air sweet
You and I we'll take the seed won't be so heavy
oh yeh
One by one we'll put some in everyone can help
oh yeh.....
You and I in our own backyard we rock to the forest and
we stick the shovel in
Plant a tree

Majestic sticks
Who's ticket twenty , one by six board
Kiln dried and dipped in some green preservative
Wood for the home he's fencing it in
But fences like coffins make no oxygen
Majestic Sticks tree tops of green in the blue sky
There on the hill swaying in the breeze so high
I love to see the trees
Love trees love trees I love
It's cool the air they make's invisible
Majestic trees
Trees we need every tree, every tree, all
the trees
Save the trees, save the trees,
Save the trees for the air we breathe
And the birds that fly in the choking CO2 skies

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