

Crosby, Stills & Nash, To The Last Whale: Critica

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 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.