

# The B-52's, Juicy Jungle

Millions of trees  
Don't chop them down  
See them growing for miles around  
I like the rainclouds  
I like the heat  
Don't want parched earth burning my feet  
I like the jungle  
I like its style  
Keep it growing, keep it wild  
Let it grow for miles and miles and miles

All the creatures big and small  
I don't go hunting 'cause I like them all  
In the jungle. In the jungle  
Juicy jungle's gonna disappear  
Juicy jungle's gonna disappear  
You've got an axe to grind? Don't grind it here  
'Cause juicy jungle's getting smaller year after year

Vines and plants in the wild  
Let them grow for miles and miles in every direction  
All the creatures big and small  
I don't need a gun 'cause I like them all  
Juicy jungle's gonna disappear  
Juicy jungle's gonna disappear  
You've got an axe to grind? Don't grind it here  
'Cause juicy jungle's getting smaller year after year

I may never see it, but I don't care  
As long as I know that it's gonna grow  
As long as I know taht it's still there

I like the jungle  
I like it wild  
Let it grow in every direction for miles and miles  
In every direction for miles and miles  
Juicy jungle's gonna disappear  
Juicy jungle's gonna disappear  
You've got an axe to grind? Don't grind it here  
'Cause juicy jungle's getting smaller year after year  
Juicy jungle's gonna disappear leave it alone  
Leave it alone  
Keep it wild