

# Trees, Same Old Song Remains The Same

As I look out over this beautiful land  
I follow my eyes up to the bright blue sky  
I think to myself when all this goes  
that'll be the day that I want to die  
From where I stand I see a devastated land  
devastation of an entire Nation  
The line is drawn and its all clear cut  
the damage is done with one last chop  
The engines roar as the cars roll by  
and I just want to die  
I'm just singing the same old song  
its going, its going, its Gone  
I'm just SICK of the Same Old Song  
As I look out over this beautiful land  
I throw my arms up at the bright blue sky  
I know in my heart when all this goes  
that'll be the day that I want to die  
but until the day I lay my body to rest  
I'll put my life and death to the test  
and fight for this Land for which I stand  
right down to my very last breath.