

# Tripod, Trees

The trees are dying.  
I'd hate to be a tree in this new century.  
The trees are crying.  
I'd hate to have whats down to a tree done to me.

'Cause they cut them down, and turn them into wood.  
They rape entire forests for the corporate good.  
A million awful things are done trees.  
But worst of all... (Worst of all)

Trees get chained to hippies.  
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(Free the trees!)  
I'd rather have a squirell store his nuts in me.  
Help! I'm chained up to a hippie!  
(Free the trees)  
Smokin' dope right near me!  
(Free the trees)  
Not offering me any.  
(Free the trees)  
Playin' Bongo's badly.

== Fegh Maha Version ends here ==

Whoa-whoa-whoa!

(Free the trees)  
Oh, If I fall in the forest, no one's gonna hear me but these f-----' hippies.  
(Free the trees)  
You know, I'd rather be a table.  
(Free the trees)  
I think I'd rather be woodchips,  
(Free the trees)  
I'd rather be ciggarete papers that's for sure.

Uh, yeah, uh, yeah come on.  
Free the trees, free the trees, free the trees.

(This is just a fader)  
I've made my point quite clearly.  
Am I laboring it now...