

# Gilberto Gil, The Secret Life Of Plants

I can't conceive the nucleus of all  
Begins inside a tiny seed  
And what we think as insignificant  
Provides the purest air we breathe

But who am I to doubt or question  
The inevitable being  
For these are but a few discoveries  
We find inside the Secret Life of Plants

A species smaller than the eye can see  
Or larger than most living things  
And yet we take from it without consent  
Our shelter, food, habilitment

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But far too many give them in return  
A stomp, cut, drown, or burn  
As is they're nothing  
But if you ask yourself where would you be  
Without them you will find you would not

And some believe antennas are their leaves  
That spans beyond our galaxy  
They've been, they are and probably will be  
Who are the mediocrity

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