

# GREEN BLUES

by Joyce Johnson Rouse

Drink cans, cigarette butts, candy wrappers, too  
I see 'em lying in the grass and I get the blues

I get the green blues, oh — I get the green blues  
I get the green blues, cause somebody's trashing our planet

My neighbor put some chemicals out on his lawn  
And all the little crawdaddys in the creek were dead by dawn

I get the green blues, oh — I get the green blues  
I get the green blues, when somebody's trashing our planet

They're building up a building about a mile from me  
But why'd they have to cut down every single tree?

I get the green blues, oh — I get the green blues  
I get the green blues, cause somebody's trashing our planet

Is it safe to drink the water, is it safe to breathe the air  
I hear people talking 'bout it, but do enough people care?

I got the green blues, oh — I got the green blues  
I got the green blues, cause somebody's trashing our planet