

LITTLE BIRD (We All Share One Home)

by Rachel Sumner and Joyce Johnson Rouse

Little bird, little bird, oh, where did you go?
You once flew these sandy shores and made them your home
Now I see the mansions and manicured lawns
I look for the little bird, but the little bird's gone
 What we do to the little bird, we do to our own
 We are all bound together, we all share one home

I once knew a crooked creek where orange lilies grew
And under the lilies were flowers of blue
Now its straight as an arrow and under cement
How do we tell our children where the crooked creek went
 What we do to the creeks, we do to our own
 We are all bound together, we all share one home

I once walked a forest with tall ancient trees
With chattering squirrels and rustling leaves
Now its silenced by clearcut, instead of remorse
There's a sign that says: "Trees — a renewable resource"
 What we do to the forest, we do to our own
 We are all bound together, we all share one home

When we honor the wild and protect nature's song
We honor our own and we keep all life strong
What we do to the planet, we do to our own
We are all bound together, we all share one home
We are all bound together, we all share one home