

# SOMEBODY'S HABITAT

by Joyce Johnson Rouse

A long time ago before Columbus got found  
A squirrel could run without touching the ground  
From the coast of Carolina to the Mississippi  
Just living and loving and flying through the trees  
Living and loving and high-fiving in the trees

Then progress came along with axes and saws  
They cut the big timber for a pretty good cause  
Houses and churches and schools and such  
Nobody thought they were cutting too much  
It's time to say, "Hey, baby, maybe we're cutting too much."

## *CHORUS:*

Whoa-oh! Ooooo-eee! That thing is more than a tree!  
It's sponge and it's filter, and climate control  
It's biodiversity and part of your soul  
It's home and it's shelter for eagles and cats  
And we're writing our future off — on habitat

Now the sawmills and chip mills are grinding away  
A billion tons or so every day  
Clear-cutting old growth in no time flat  
To print Hollywood gossip and somebody's stats  
And political boloney on habitat

Now we're grinding up little teenage trees  
To catch a snoutful of snot when we sneeze  
The land is left degraded and cracked  
And we're wrapping our burgers in habitat  
And blowing our noses on somebody's habitat

## *REPEAT CHORUS*

Sending holiday greetings on habitat  
What'll the eagles think of that?  
Wiping our butt----ons off with habitat  
Shining our boo-tays with some critical habitat

Credit card offers and paper sacks  
Wally World flyers and baseball bats  
Pallets and crates and birthday hats  
And diapering our babies with habitat  
Diapering our babies with some other baby's habitat

Maybe its not too late to be  
Living and loving in harmony  
Instead of writing our future off on habitat  
We could be lovin' our babies by saving some other babies' habitat