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! O ooo-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 it’s 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

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