

Traffic, Withing Tree

When the eagle flies you'd better watch your eyes
He's gonna sweep everything in his path
And when the heavens cry it's gonna drown the sky
And you'll get caught in the aftermath
When the mountains move it's no good trying
To prove that you've been doing everything you can
And don't you start to cry when you're about to die
You gotta stand up and take it like a man
Because you've been taking instead of giving
And all the while you've been living lies
Economics, all your atomics
Ain't gonna save you from that bird in the sky
And when the good times roll wrapped up in your mink coat
You will be stepping from your Cadillac
You will be stepping from your Cadillac
And in a micro flash you're gonna feel the lash
Of big eagle's wing across your back
And when the seas subside you'll see him glide right out of view
In clouds of snow the rains will come
And wash away the scum so that all the little flowers can grow
There'll be no more taking, only giving
And the sun pouring down
No economics and no atomics
Just the spread of Mother Nature's gown
Do you hear me, Mother Nature? ...