

WALKING IN A CLEARCUT LUMBERLAND

(Tune: Walking in a Winter Wonderland)

Revised Lyrics © Paul Finkleman

Money talks... people listen. In the snow, tree stumps glisten.
No birds on the wing - no frogs that sing,
Walking in a clearcut lumberland!

Pulp mills roar... and break the quiet.
It's a laugh - a real riot.
There are no trees, no birds, no bees,
Walking in a clearcut lumberland!

In the clearcut we can build a snowman,
but he would be as lonely as could be!
It's not a place for families to go, man,
[slowly] unless you like depressing scenery!

So you stop! And you listen. And you sense... something's missin'
'cause birds don't sing - it's an awful thing
Walking in a clearcut lumberland!

The forest is a mighty eco-system,
rich in wilderness and wildlife.
The problem is: some people keep insistin'
[slowly] that forests are worth more dead than alive!

So you stop! And you listen.
And you sense... something's missin'...
a man-made blight - it's a terrible sight...
Walking in a clearcut lumberland!

What a horrible way to spend a winter's day
Walking in a clear cut lumber land!