

When the wind blows

When the wind blows
When the rain pours
I wish that I was safe indoors,

So warm at home
With Ma and Dad,
With toys and food for girl and lad,

The day grows dark
Stormy clouds clash
The frightening roar, a mighty flash.

Perhaps sweet Earth
Is feeling cross
Counting the ways we've caused her loss,

Her wealth just squandered
Gobbled up
Is there no cornucopia cup?

An endless stream
Of all that's good,
Who should we ask, how should

We live? To save
The world must we
Take less, abandon Earth to her distress?

Give up that flight?
Forego that treat?
When Greta calls us to our feet?

Gaia in pain
Weeps tears of ice.

