

Try

Bros

I say green is the colour, it's the colour of our land.
Say what's the master plan to save the promised land.
And who'll, who'll heal her wounds, for us and our children
Let me tell you now.
We're the reason why there'll be no birds up in the sky
We got to put our hands together cos we're running out of timeWe've got to stop it now, we've got to try
We've got to stop it now we've got to tryThe land and the seas, these are the beauties that bleed
The skies that are weeping.
But what about the mouths that needs feeding
Let me tell you now
We're the reason there'll be no birds up in the sky
We got to put our hands together cos we're running out of timeWe've got to stop it now, we've got to try
We've got to stop it, we've got to try

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