

# 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 time We've got to stop it now, we've got to try  
We've got to stop it now we've got to try The 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 time We'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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