

# Conservation Conversation

Gruff Rhys

With a sentence plucked from air,  
She will tell you of a bear,  
That will eat up your insides,  
Unless you run to the mountain tops and hide. And as the conservation conversation,  
Gets replaced by condensation,  
And hot air:  
Solar flare,  
Human toll:  
Remote control.  
Now the lunches are devoured,  
we will recline for an hour,  
Watch the butterflies and dream,  
Of a fly that is built of margarine. And as the conservation conversation,  
Gets replaced by condensation,  
And hot air:  
Solar flare,  
Human toll:  
Remote control. The observation deck's in full rotation,  
At the scenic nuclear power station,  
Hear the steady drip of condensation,  
And the conservation conversation.  
Conservation conversation,  
Gets replaced by condensation,  
And hot air:  
Solar flare,  
Hear that drone,  
Destroy my home. Conservation Conversation.  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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