

Where Do The Children Play?

Big Mountain

Well I think it's fine, building jumbo planes
Or taking a ride on a cosmic train
Switch on summer from a slot machine
Yes, get what you want to if you want, 'cause you can get anything I know we've come a long way
We're changing day to day
But tell me, where do the children play? Well you roll on roads over fresh green grass
For your lorry loads, pumping petrol gas
And you make them long, and you make them tough
But they just go on and on, and it seems that you can't get off Oh, I know we've come a long way
We're changing day to day
But tell me, where do the children play? Well you've cracked the sky, scrapers fill the air
But will you keep on building higher till there's no more room up there
Will you make us laugh, will you make us cry?
Will you tell us when to live, will you tell us when to die? I know we've come a long way
We're changing day to day
But tell me, where do the children play?

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