

# Mercy, Mercy Me (The Ec - 12A - 93.69

[Marvin Gaye](#)

Ah, mercy, mercy me,  
Ah, things ain't what they used to be, no, no.  
Where did all the blue skies go?  
Poison is the wind that blows from the north and south and east. Mercy, mercy me,  
Ah, things ain't what they used to be, no, no.  
Oil wasted on the ocean and upon  
Our seas fish full of mercury, Oh, mercy, mercy me.  
Ah, things ain't what they used to be, no, no, no.  
Radiation underground and in the sky;  
Animals and birds who live near by are dying. Oh, mercy, mercy me.  
Ah, things ain't what they used to be.  
What about this over crowded land?  
How much more abuse from man can she stand?

Songwriters

Gaye, Marvin PPublished by

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