Mercy Mercy Me

Stylhook

Oh, mercy, mercy me
Oh, things ain't what they used to be
No, no, where did all the blue sky go?
Poison is the wind that blows
From the north, east, south and sea
Oh, mercy, mercy me
Oh, things ain't what they used to be
No, no, oil wasted on the oceans
And upon our seas
Fish full of mercury
Oh, mercy, mercy me
Oh, things ain't what they used to be
No, no, radiation in the ground and in the sky
Animals and birds who live nearby are dying
Oh, mercy, mercy me
Oh, things ain't what they used to be
What about this overcrowded land?
How much more abuse from man can you stand?
My sweet Lord, my sweet Lord, my sweet Lord
(Someone who needs me, yeah)
(Mercy, mercy me, mercy me)
Oh
Mercy, mercy, mercy
Mercy me
Mercy, mercy, mercy
Mercy me

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