

Home is Where the Music Plays

Words and Music by Steven Brandick © 2007

THE MESS WE'VE MADE

Looking high, looking low
Looking for a way to go
Looking for a way
to leave this world behind.
It's about you. It's about me.
It's about fate and destiny.
It's about saving face.
It's about pride.

I wake up in the morning
to the silence of the old neighborhood
where the baker and the butcher,
the grocer and the ice cream parlor stood.
Yes we changed the world
just like we said we would.
Ain't it a shame?
Just look at the mess we've made.

It's our kids. It's our nation.
It's about future generations.
Leaving them a place
where they can thrive.
We've lived well. We've lived good.
We've lived better than we should.
It's not too much to ask we make it right.

Come on Baby Boom
Get your wallets. Get your brooms.
It's not too late to clean up
what we've done.
But the dirty corporate police
will take more than elbow grease
and the planet needs more
than nice slogans.