

We Ask for a Clean World

Tune: The Man on the Flying Trapeze

Lyrics by Betty and Sunny, Raging Grannies of Westchester

We ask for a clean world, a world that is kind
We look for a good world but what do we find?
Too many people who don't seem to care
Who dies from so much tainted air.

So much nuclear waste is piled up, up, up, up
Underground in containers that leak
Those leaky containers were built by no-brainers.
And what else becomes of that waste?

CHORUS

We send it in weapons to an impov'ished place
To help in destroying an powerless race
Palestinians in Gaza, Iraqis in Iraq
Let's stop making nuclear waste!

Isn't it awful, isn't it funny
Political power still follows the money?
We hope those who don't care will lea-rn to share
The goods of the earth with the world

From the seats of great pow'r many tumble,
For the whole world belongs to the humble.
Although critics mutter and grumble
We must have a clean source of power!

CHORUS

We ask for a kind world where everyone cares
About clean, clear water and pure, sweet fresh air.
And wind, sun, and water create energy
And nuclear pow'rs history.