Please Woodcutter

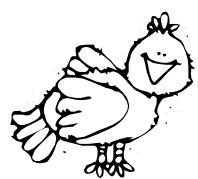
Please, woodcutter, south of the border Please don't cut that tree. A little bird is singing Outside my window. She's not singing just for me.

She flies, winter, south, where it's warmer. She lives in that tree. Please don't cut her woods, oh Please don't cut her home. You love her just like me

Factory worker, north of the border
Won't you also care? That little bird, who
Sings, oh so sweetly, struggles through your smokey air.

She flies in spring, north, where it's cooler She builds there her nest in it lay her eggs, they soon will be her babies. She sings to them while they rest.

Please, woodcutter, south of the border, Please don't cut that tree. A little bird is singing Outside my window. She's not singing just for me.



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