

What Will We Tell the Children

Which way will the branch bend
When there's no wind left to blow
Which way will the river run
When there's no where left to go
What do we tell the children
When they start to ask us why
And where are the keepers
Who bled the whole thing dry

What kind of air are we to breath
When there's none to take in
What kind of soil do we turn over
When the fallout's been
What do we tell the children
When they start to ask us why
And where are the keepers
Who bled the whole thing dry

When do you think they'll tell us
Don't they know that we know too
When do you think they'll listen
To the likes of me and you
What do we tell the children
When they start to ask us why
And where are the keepers
Who bled the whole thing dry

And what kind of rain will fall
On the land that's dead and gone
And what kind of flowers
Will look up for the sun
What do we tell the children
When they start to ask us why
And where are the keepers
Who bled the whole thing dry

What colour will the leaves be
A darker shade of brown
Is this the kind of legacy
To leave to the unborn
What do we tell the children
When they start to ask us why
And where are the keepers
Who bled the whole thing dry

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