

How Are We Going to Save Tomorrow? (The PCB Song)

I wandered by the river's edge one cold and cloudy morn.
I overheard a fisherman singing a sad song.
I asked him, "What's the matter?" He looked up angrily,
Said, "Ain't you ever heard of P. C. B.?"

CHORUS 1:

Throw away that shadnet, get rid of hook and line.
There's no more Hudson fishing, not for a long, long time.
The poison's in the river bed, no matter whose the crime.
But how are we gonna save tomorrow?

The river was looking cleaner, it started to get clear,
We looked forward to the fishing getting better every year.
But now the scientists tell us things are not as they appear.
How are we gonna save tomorrow?

CHORUS

The experts knew about it; so why not you and me?
Who controls the information in this land of the free?
In seventy-two they told us law and order was the key,
How are we gonna save tomorrow?

CHORUS

Here's to the canary that we took down in the mine.
Here's to the Hudson striper, may his warning come in time.
Here's to all the young folks singing, "This land is yours and mine!"
That's how we're gonna save tomorrow.

CHORUS 2:

Don't throw away that shad net; don't junk that hook and line.
We can build a better world; we can start in time.
Clearwater, Clearwater, this land is yours and mine.
And somehow we're gonna save tomorrow.

The longest journey taken needs a first step to begin.
The world wasn't given us to lose, we've got a world to win.
Clearwater says to lend a hand, a paw, a wing, a fin.
All together, we can save tomorrow.

CHORUS 2