

Three Five O by Fred Small

For the snows of Kilimanjaro, three five o
For the children who will follow, three five o
For the sea sons ever turning,
for the ancient forests burning,
seize the number, heed the warning, three five o

Step it up, we can't slow down now,
take my hand and don't let go,
got to make it to higher ground now, three five o

While we are sleeping the night is deepening.
Lift up your light and let it shine.
Step it up we can't slow down now,
take my hand and don't let go,
got to make it to higher ground now, three five o

Glaciers melting, oceans warming, three five o
Cities flooding, insects swarming, three five o
We took the earth and its sweet wonder,
Paved it over, plowed it under,
Sold it short and still we hunger, three five o.

People dying in the heat now, three five o
People marching in the street for three five o
Blood-red sky, storm tide rising
Can you see that blue horizon?
Keep your eyes on the prize – it's three five o.