

Mercy Mercy Me

Marc Broussard

Woah, ah mercy mercy me
Ah things ain't what they used to be, no
Where did all the blue skies go?
Poison is the wind that blows
From the north and south and east

Woah mercy, mercy me
Oh things ain't what they used to be, no
Oil wasted on the oceans and upon our seas
Fish full of mercury

Woah mercy, mercy me
Ah things ain't what they used to be
Radiation under ground and in the sky
Animals and birds who live nearby are dying

Woah mercy, mercy, mercy, mercy, mercy me
Ah things ain't what they used to be, no no
What about this overcrowded land
How much more abuse from man can she stand?

Woah mercy, mercy
Oh my sweet love ooh
Woah oh...