

No Blade Of Grass

Roger Whittaker

No blade of grass grows and birds sing no more
No joy or laughter where waves wash the shore
Gone all the answers, lost all we have won
Gone is the hope that life will go on

No fragrant springtime and no autumn gold
Summer and winter, the heart now grows cold
Dreams that we lived for all have to go
Gone with the dawn that we'll never know

When we were younger the earth was green
When we were children the oceans were clean
Flowers were blooming, trees straight and tall
The sky was blue when we were small

We've circled Mars and we've walked on the moon
We reached the stars or one day very soon
But no blade of grass here and no blue above
No you and me, it's the end of life