

That Great Pacific Garbage Patch

Todd Snider

There is an island made out of garbage
It's twice the size of the state of Texas
It's wall to wall with plastic white trash

Adrift upon the sea of indifference
In between us and our existence
And they call it that great pacific garbage patch

Since nineteen fifty we've turned out plastic
Nine billion tons of it to be exact
And seven billion tons of that nine billion has been thrown in
to your trash

And five billion of that seven billion
Has made its way out into the ocean
Where it is stuck in that great pacific garbage patch

So throw your hands in the air
And wave 'em like you just don't care
Because we don't
Throw your lighters up there, too
They're going to be here longer than me and you
Don't think they won't

Do something, say something
Do something, say something