

Songs Not Speeches – Lyrics to Live By



Center for Health, Environment & Justice
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Songs Not **Speeches** – Lyrics to **Live By**

Center for Health, Environment & Justice

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Mentoring a Movement

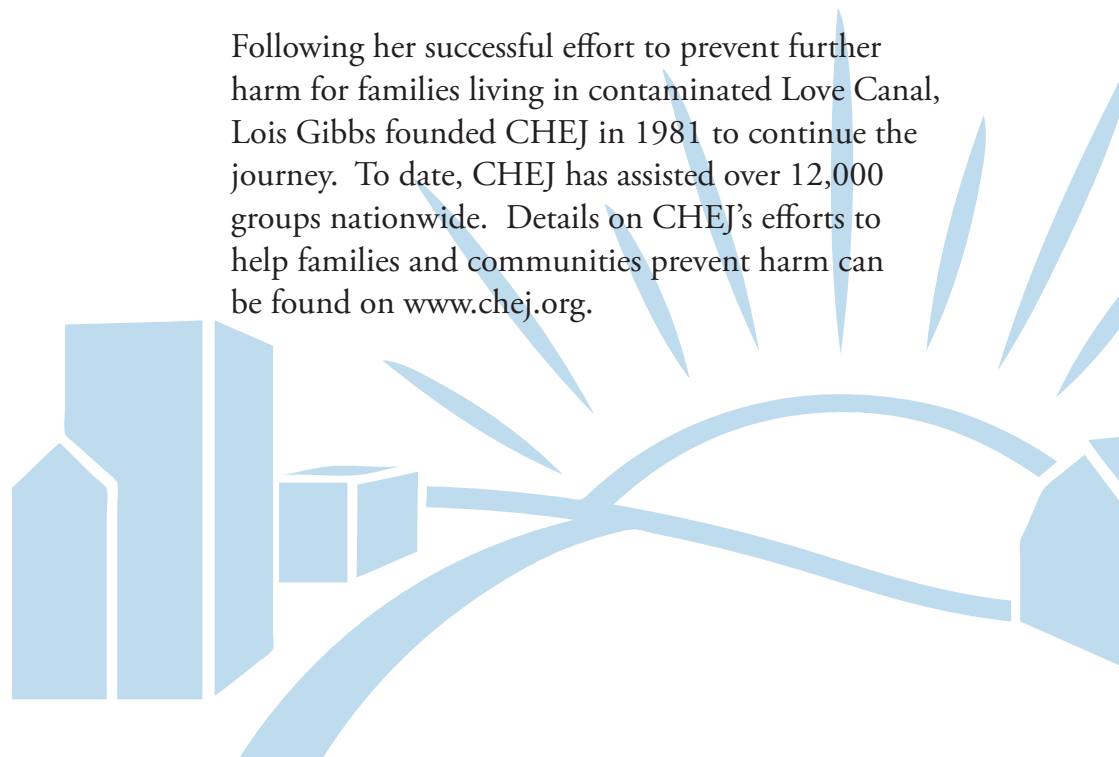
Empowering People

Preventing Harm

About the Center for Health, Environment & Justice

CHEJ mentors the movement to build healthier communities by empowering people to prevent the harm caused by chemical and toxic threats. We accomplish our work by connecting local community groups to national initiatives and corporate campaigns. CHEJ works with communities to empower groups by providing the tools, strategic vision, and encouragement they need to advocate for human health and the prevention of harm.

Following her successful effort to prevent further harm for families living in contaminated Love Canal, Lois Gibbs founded CHEJ in 1981 to continue the journey. To date, CHEJ has assisted over 12,000 groups nationwide. Details on CHEJ's efforts to help families and communities prevent harm can be found on www.chej.org.



TOGETHER, WE CAN WIN

By Lois Marie Gibbs

I learned about the relationship between social justice and the environment as a young housewife at Love Canal. The Love Canal homeowners were perceived as powerless, but after exposing the injustice of the chemical contamination at Love Canal, people across the country responded in the spirit of democracy.

This story of the Love Canal struggle is now a piece of American History. It's an example of how to fight to win that people nationwide are duplicating every day. The people in this country are crying out for justice once again. Government and large corporations have been throwing us bones from their table of greed and power for years. And we've had enough!

Poor, rural and minority communities continue to be the targets for unsafe waste disposal facilities. These toxic facilities are posed as the answer to the cries for jobs and economic development in depressed areas. But they also pose health risks that no one should be asked to bear.

It is sad that after so many strong social justice movements, poor and working class people must continue to be victims of an unjust society. It is frustrating to hear over and over of another young black person who died in the street, or a worker killed in the plant, or a woman who just lost her child to poisons in her home.

At the same time, I see hope. People are beginning to reach out and organize again. More and more people are getting involved to fight for their rights. These efforts by minorities, poor, homeless, workers and leaders of grassroots environmental groups, collectively and individually, will aid us all. We all have a common bond: victimization. And we all have a common goal: justice for all.

If you just look at our movement alone, you'll see men, women, and children organizing for the first time. I can remember back in 1978 when I first became involved in Love Canal, only a handful of people saw the true dimensions of the problems that Love Canal symbolized. Since then, CHEJ has worked with over 12,000 of these groups representing millions of active people. It is these types of grassroots efforts that make America great and bring about change. These efforts are critical for change. Our history has shown us this as far back as the Boston Tea Party.

The American people are fighting for their rights. It's not easy, for as Frederick Douglass said, "He who wants change without struggle is like the farmer who wants crops without plowing." Social Justice movements are regaining momentum. As these movements grow we'll see more and more protests and demonstrations. As the saying goes, "When the people lead, the leader follows." People are leading and, yes, we will force our leaders to follow us on the pathway of justice.

WHY A SONGBOOK?

In the history of people struggling for justice, music has always played a key role. In fact, there's hardly been a successful movement for social justice that didn't prominently feature music.

How does music fit into the fight for justice? People have historically used music to:

- Lift their spirits
- Tell their story
- Celebrate
- Mourn
- Poke fun at their opponents
- Teach others
- Keep alive their traditions
- Pray

So, too, we see these roles for music in the Grassroots Environmental Health Movement. And, we're pleased to present this Songbook as the evidence that the people in this movement like those in movements that have come before us, have instinctively felt and used the power of music.

Many of the songs in this book are examples of the classic use of the "Zipper Song." A "zipper song" is a song whose words and tune are commonly known, but which has been adapted with new words "zipped in" to tell a new story. The Civil Rights church hymns became the foundation on which the rich library of music for the Civil Rights Movement was founded. Even the Movement anthem, "We Shall Overcome," was adapted from a much older song that was composed for an entirely different reason.

Other songs in this book are original, both in words and melody. They're good songs and we reasonably hope that some future movement will see them, too, as potential "zipper songs" to be adapted for their struggle.

By no means have we captured all the songs that have been circulated through this movement. These are but a few that hit close to home for CHEJ and that people shared with us. We in turn want to share them with you.

Finally, we've included some classic songs of struggle, such as "This Little Light of Mine," "This Land Is Your Land," "We Shall Not Be Moved," "Will the Circle Be Unbroken?" and "Amazing Grace." They not only speak to what we all feel and believe in their original form, but also represent a wonderful opportunity for yet more "Zipper Songs."

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Chapter 1

Songs

ACRES OF DRUMS

Tune: "Acres of Clams"

Adapted by: Chemtones, of Louisa, Kentucky.

I've lived all my life in this country
I love every flower and tree
I expect to live here 'til I'm 90
The toxics must go and not me.

Now Pyrochem incorporated says
They'll keep our environment clean
Just whom do they think they are kidding
With their poison and profile machine.

Louisa, Kentucky's a swell town
It's there where we're taking a stand
Why wait for disasters and meltdowns?
Come fight for your freedom and lands.

They call us hysterical housewives
Radicals, Commies and bums
But I'd rather have names thrown at me
Than be buried in acres of drums.

AIN'T GONNA TAKE IT NO MORE

By: Terry Kelleher (Copyright 1995)

CHORUS

Ain't gonna take it no more, no more
Ain't gonna take it no more!
Ain't gonna take it no more, no more
Ain't gonna take it no more!

A chemical company came to town
Put in a dump one day
Filled their dump and their pockets too
Then went on their merry way!

CHORUS

The bureaucrats at the EPA
Say there's nothing to fear
Makes you wonder why they stay away
And never come around here!

CHORUS

If the EPA won't do its job
Issuing enough citations
We sure ain't gonna hold our breaths
And wait for mass mutations!

CHORUS

Now the leaders of the USA
Who sing the nation's praises?
Vote for cuts in clean-up fund
Instead of needed raises!

CHORUS

We don't want dumps neither here nor there
In case you haven't guessed
And the cost of clean up should be paid
By the ones who made the mess!

CHORUS

AIN'T YOU GOT A RIGHT

By: Mike Honey and Terry Kelleher

This earth is a treasure
This treasure's our right
But they're killing the roots
To the tree of life

Ain't you got a right
Ain't you got a right
Ain't you got a right
To the tree of life

The children are dying
Their parents are too
Poisons in their food

The companies are swimming in big dollar bills
While the people are dying
From their chemical spills

You can tell Union Carbide
You can tell Hooker, too
All those big corporations
Making money off of you

We'll fight here in (___)
In Washington too
To clean up the toxics
They must be removed

Cause we've got a right...

Tell it to the Congress
They'd better vote right
To side with the people
In the Superfund fight

Cause we got a right...

AMAZING GRACE

Amazing Grace, how sweet the sound
That saved a wretch like me.
I once was lost, but now am found
Was blind, but now I see.

'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear
And Grace my fears relieved
How precious did that grace appear?
The hour I first believed.

Thro' many dangers, toils and snares
I have already come
'Tis grace hath bro't me safe thus far
And grace will lead me home.

AMERICA THE BEAUTIFUL

By: Katherine Lee Bates and Samuel A. Ward

Oh beautiful for spacious skies,
 For amber waves of grain
 For purple mountain majesties
 Above the fruited plain
 America! America!
 God shed His grace on thee
 And crown thy good with brotherhood
 From sea to shining sea.

Oh beautiful for heroes proved
 In liberating strife
 Whom more than self their country loved
 And mercy more than life,
 America! America!
 May God their gold refine?
 'Til all success be noblesse
 And every gain divine

Oh beautiful for patriot's dream
 That sees beyond the years
 Thine alabaster cities gleam
 Undimmed by human tears
 America! America!
 God shed his grace on thee
 And crown they good with brotherhood
 From sea to shining sea.

BALLAD OF THE WATTS FARM

Tune: "Tom Dooley" by The Kingston Trio

Adapted by: Lou Zeller

REFRAIN (begin with)

I dreamed I was in Wilkes County
 Dreamed I was there last night
 Went up to the Watts Farm
 And it was glowing bright

Finley Clay Watts was up there
 Where he could not be seen
 Working with radiation
 And poison toluene

Cover up that trench boys
 Bury it so long
 Payday's due on Friday
 Say there's nothin' wrong

REFRAIN

Courtroom filled with people
 Never to know why
 Many of our neighbors
 Taken sick and die

County blames the Watts Farm
 Problems on the state
 Paid a lot of money
 Left us to our fate

REFRAIN

Water off that mountain
 Washes down our stream
 Flows on down the river
 Poisons all my dreams

Finley Clay Watts is still there
 But he cannot be seen
 Spreading radiation
 And poison toluene

REFRAIN

BIO-MEDICAL'S FIREBOX

Tune: "Paradise" by John Prine

Adapted by: Lou Zeller

(Chorus)

Oh Mamawon't you take me to Mecklenburg County
Down to Matthews Town and that big old smokestack
Well I'm sorry my son, but your too late in askin'
Bio-Medical's firebox has turned it all black.

It's state-of-the-art, said Mr. Guller
DEP regulates with your welfare in mind
Believe me, he said, but it will not hurt you
Mr. Barry keeps sayin', we're doin' just fine.

Chorus

The promises made are crafted by liars
And the best politicians that money can buy
We call and complain, but they say not to worry
It isn't so bad to have flames in the sky.

Chorus

So the trucks bring in waste, from New York to Georgia
They've turned Matthews Town to a city of ash
Now the smokestacks rise high and the fire burns
brightly
But our clean air and water are sold out for cash.

Chorus

The dioxins and furans that greet every sunrise
Are filling our skies with a terrible blight
Mr. Guller gets rich, but our lungs are his landfill
His pockets are lined, and our health sacrificed.

Chorus

We now are all gathered to stop the expansion
Of the poison and smoke and the fear in our eye
We are people united with knowledge and power
We're determined to close this landfill in the sky.

Chorus

BLOWING THE WIND

By: Bob Dylan

How many roads must a man walk down,
Before you call him a man?
How many seas must a white dove sail,
Before she sleeps in the sand?
And how many times must the cannonballs fly,
Before they're forever banned?
The answer my friend, is blowing in the wind.
The answer is blowing in the wind.

How many years can a mountain exist,
Before it is washed to the sea?
How many years can some people exist,
Before they're allowed to be free?
How many times can a man turn his head,
Pretending he just doesn't see?
The answer my friend, is blowing in the wind.
The answer is blowing in the wind.

COMMONWEALTH OF TOIL

By: Ralph Chaplin, 1918

In the gloom of mighty cities
Mid the roar of whirling wheels
We are toiling on like chattel slaves of old
And our masters hope to keep us
Ever thus beneath their heels
And to coin our very life blood into gold.

CHORUS:

But we have a glowing dream
Of how fair the world will seem
When we can live our lives secure and free
When the earth is owned by labor
And there's joy and peace for all
In that Commonwealth of Toil that is to be!

They would keep us cowed and beaten
Cringly meekly at their feet
They would stand between each worker and his bread
Shall we yield our lives up to them?
For bitter crust we eat?
Shall we only hope for heaven when we're dead?

CHORUS

They have laid our lives out for us
To the utter end of time.
Shall we stagger on beneath their heavy load?
Shall we let them live forever
In there gilded halls of crime
With our children doomed to toil beneath their load?

CHORUS

When our cause is all triumphant
And we claim our Mother Earth
And the nightmare of the present fades away
We shall live in love and laughter
We, who now are little worth,
And we'll not regret the price we had to pay.

CHORUS

COUNTRY ROADS, KEEP THEM FREE

Tune: "Country Roads"

Adapted by: Victoria Fleming/Ken Natco

Almost Heaven, West Virginia
Blue Ridge Mountains, Shenandoah River
Life is old there
Older than the trees
Younger than the mountains
Blowing like a breeze.

CHORUS

Country roads, keep them free
From toxic loads, it just can't be
West Virginia, save Mountain Mama
Country roads, keep them free.

Dark and dusky, painted on the sky
By dirt polluters who don't care if we die
Save West Virginia
Keep her blue skies clear
Don't let the profiteers
Poison all her years.

CHORUS

I smell the stench
'Cause the chemicals are ruining her
The dumpers are all coming here
From so far away
Driving down the road
I remember how it used to be
Yesterday, yesterday.

DON'T HOG OUR AIR

Tune: "What's Time to a Hog" by The Dillards

Adapted by: Lou Zeller

Don't Hog Our Air

Don't make clean air we share too foul or rare

Don't Hog Our Air.

Well let me tell you all about Wendell Murphy

Has a lot of hog farms

And ain't it funny

That Murphy's Law

Is the law of the land.

What's money to a hog,

What's a bottom line

or a swindle to a swine?

Don't Hog Our Air.

Well Carroll and Murphy and Prestage Inc.

Make a pile of money but the Cape Fear Stinks

Well hell we need

Clean water to drink.

What's a home to a sow

Is it family farms

Or a corporate factory now

Don't Hog Our Air.

Well now its time to wake up

And smell the bacon

And regulate the few who're makin'

The Tarheel State

The place to pig out.

Don't hog our air

Don't hog our water

It's time to make 'em do what they oughta

Don't Hog Our Air!

DON'T THROW YOUR JUNK

IN MY BACK YARD

Adapted by: Sue of the Kentucky Superfund Singers

(NOTE:) This is a three-part round. It can either be done with each group repeating its same part, or each group can work its way through the three parts.

Part I

Don't throw your junk in my back yard,

My back yard, my back yard.

Don't throw your junk in my back yard

My back yard's full.

Part II

Leaching into aquifers, aquifers, aquifers.

Poisoning our aquifers,

When will it stop?

Part III

One drum of slop, two drums of slop, three drums of slop,

Four drums of slop, five drums of slop, six drums of slop,

Seven drums of slop. Stop!

DON'T WORRY – IT'S CRAPPY
Tune: "Don't Worry, Be Happy"
Adapted By: Anonymous

Some people say that pollution is bad,
It's destroying everything we have.
But don't worry, be happy.

When we've got hungry mouths to feed,
Rain forests are something we don't need.
Don't worry, be happy.

Hamburgers came from cows you know,
Rain forests are where the cows can grow,
People kill em, we eat em.

So who cares if the earth gets hot,
A hungry man needs to eat quite a lot.
Just drop it, don't stop it.

Now let's talk about pollution at home,
You noticed, our forests are just overgrown,
Don't stop it, just chop it.

We've got some old trees since the indian's time,
Primeval forests may look sublime,
Don't stop it, just chop it.

Speaking of Indians, they're primitive, too
Get em out of here, we hate voodoo
Just move em, don't groove em.

But we don't need poisons for our food to grow,
Old time farmers even they know
Get clean food – organic.

Ain't real farmers here anymore,
Agribusiness got the whole store,
It's business – big business.

Big, big, big now that's the best –
Who gives a damn about all the rest,
It's business – big business.
Do you think that the corporations care,
About your soil, about your air,

You kidding? – big business.

It's profit that drives that corporate mind,
If things turn out okay, that's fine,
You kidding? – Big business.

Corporate profit and corporate need,
Corporate greed makes us bleed,
But don't worry – big business.

DOWN AT THE LANDFILL

Tune: "Down in the Valley"

Adapted by: Lance Hills Heyer Point Coalition of S.W. Spokane County, Cheney, WA.

Millions of dollars, both yours and mine
City officials pour them like wine.
Millions for bonds, love
Options to buy,
Delude the people
Then bleed us dry.

CHORUS

Just tell them no, love
Just tell them no
City officials, they learn so slowly
They learn so slowly, love
They learn so slowly
City officials, they learn so slowly.

Down at the landfill
Oh how it grows
Late in the evening
See the ash blow
Out at the airport, into the sky
Plumes from the burner rising so high.

CHORUS

Truck loads of ash, love
Tracking the ground
Spreading dioxins
Around and around.

CHORUS

DOW'S RUSTY BARRELS

Tune: "John Brown's Body"

Adapted by Beth DeSombre & Tom Hoffman of the Superfund Singers

Dow's rusty barrels are a mould' ring in the dump
Dow's rusty barrels are a mould' ring in the dump
Dow's rusty barrels are a mould' ring in the dump
And the waste keeps piling up.

Superfund is what is needed
Superfund is what is needed
Superfund is what is needed
'Cause the waste keeps piling up.

Dow's rusty barrels need to be returned to Dow
The water in my river is no longer fit to drink
The benzene and the arsenic are slowly killing me
We're hauling all the toxic waste to Washington, DC.

DUPONT, DUPONT

Tune: "Daisy, Daisy"

Adapted by: Kenny Bruno

(NOTE: This song made its debut in a "singing briefcase." That is, a briefcase with a tape deck hidden inside, at the 1987 Dupont Annual Shareholders meeting in Washington, DC. The singing briefcase was chained to a shareholder at the time.)

Dupont, Dupont

Stop making toxic waste

Source reduction is the way

No need to incinerate

Landfill is obnoxious

And burning forms dioxins

It's not too late

Don't incinerate

Source reduction of toxic waste.

Dupont, Dupont

Stop making CFCs

Chlorine in the stratosphere

Kills animals people and trees

Ozone holes are forming

While the earth is warming

We know what we want

We can't wait for Dupont

To stop making CFCs.

ENVIRONMENTAL RAP(E)

By: Shelly Nelkens

Our ozone layer is so depleted,
Do you believe we are defeated? Oh, no.
Global warming is bearing down,
Do you want us to wear a frown? Oh, no.

But they say, "Don't worry, be happy,
It's all mind over matter."

Well they say, "Don't worry, be happy,
I don't mind and you don't matter."

Profitable products get tossed away
To turn another profit the very next day.
Addiction to convenience makes necessity
Of the good things brought to life
Through electricity. Oh, no.

Corporate minded moguls drill for oil beneath thesea,
Pumping out black gold to politicize eternity.
For a hundred billion dollars up—indemnified
Contractors will try to clean themes they've made of
DOE'S reactors.

But they say, "Don't worry, be happy,
It's all mind over matter."

Well they say, "Don't worry, be happy,
I don't mind and you don't matter."

Waste Age thinkers hug the bottom line,
Hey! If people get wasted well, guess that's fine.
Agripest resistance thrives on each new pesticide
As our chemical dependence promotes infanticide.
Oh, no.

The folly of our days believing all is well.
While progress is developing the earth into a hell.
Pollution dilution is the "Final Solution"
To the advancement of our evolution. Oh, no.

So we say, "Don't worry, be happy.
It's all mind over matter."

We say, "Don't worry, be happy,
I do mind and you do matter."

GO TRY AND DUMP IT

By: Kate Long, West Virginia.

Barney was a trucker, and he drove Route 64,
Till the company went under, and Barney worked no
more
Till a guy with lots of money, he said, I got something
funny,
If you drive it where I tell you, then you won't be poor
no more.

CHORUS

So go try and dump it when nobody is around
Pump it all into the river or a hole in the ground
It might get in your tomatoes, or creep up in your
potatoes,
So don't dump it near where I live, take it to some
other town.

Don't go asking any questions, I'm not paying you to
poke,
Don't tell tales out of the schoolhouse,
If you don't want your head broke.
It's not stuff you'd want to swallow, so just take it up
some holler,
And if folks start asking questions, let them see your
tailpipe smoke.

Barney used abandoned mine shafts,
And then once a highway grade,
And each time he saw a vision of the money he had
made.
And to protect his wife Nina, he dumped down in
North Carolina,
But the trucks from North Carolina passed him
going the other way.

HARK! THE POLITICIANS SELL

Tune: "Hark! The Herald Angels Sing" by Charles
Wesley

Adapted by: Citizens of Millstone, Clarksburg,
New Jersey.

Hark! the politicians' sell
They won't breathe the toxic smell
Scratch our backs and we'll scratch yours
Poison water, air and shores,
We don't care if children die
Just don't catch us in a lie
Elected officials are who we fear
Monday talks is what we hear
Elected officials are who we fear
Money talks are what rings clear.

HOLD THE FORT
(19TH Century Labor Movement Classic)

We meet today in freedom's cause
And raise our banners high!
We'll all join hands in union strong,
To battle or to die.

CHORUS: Hold the fort, for we are coming
Union folk be strong
Side by side, we battle onward
Victory will come!

See our numbers still increasing
Hear the bugles blow,
By our union we shall triumph,
Over every foe!

CHORUS

Fierce and long, the battle ranges
But we will not fear,
Help will come whene're it's needed
Cheer, my comrades, cheer!

CHORUS

HOME IN THE HILLS
Tune: "Home on the Range" by Brewster Higley
Adapted by: Pine Creek Headwaters Protection
Group

Oh give us a home where the garbage won't roam
Where it won't find its way to or streams
And the people won't fear that the water from wells is
unclean.

CHORUS
Home, home in the hills
We don't want a humongous landfill
Phoenix birds have you heard
Our discouraging word
Drop your lead somewhere else if you will!

Please appreciate how our soil percolates
For it acts very much like a sieve
If the liner bag busts all the stuff which disgusts
Will seep into the land where we live.

CHORUS

You'll not find us naive and we truly believe
Even garbage deserves a good home
But these hills are so fine and they're riddle with
mines
So pollutants are likely to roam.

CHORUS

HOME OF THE BARGE

Tune: "Home on the Range" by Brewster Higley
Adapted by: Victoria Fleming and Ken Natco

CHORUS

Home, home of the barge
Of every man-awful creation
Of landfills and ash
Incinerators and trash
Ohio the dump of it all.

O, give me a home
Where there's no Styrofoam
Where the beer cans and bottles don't lay
Where seldom is seen any polyethylene
And the skies are not smoggy all day.

CHORUS

O, give us chemical waste
Our EPA and Governor don't care
Just trucks it all in
Even though it's a sin
Ohio, the dump of it all.

CHORUS

Poor, poor Ohio
Her politicians don't care
The land it is fouled, the water polluted
And who will be selling us air?

CHORUS

Get out, Get out GSX,
Waste Management and PPG
Envirosafe isn't safe
They all wreck our ecology
And so would Ohio Technology.

CHORUS

It's time to save Ohio
Together we can, right now
Stand up for your State
Before it's too late
So we won't be the dumps of it all.

CHORUS

I DON'T WANT YOUR TOXICS, MISTER

Tune: "I Don't Want Your Millions, Mister" by Jim
Garland

By The "Superfund Singers" of KFTC

I don't want your toxics mister
I don't want your benzene rings
All I want is the right to live mister
Give me back again my health.

I don't want your Arsenic mister
I don't want your poison waste
All I want is health for my babies
These awful problems must be faced.

Think me dumb if you wish mister
Turn me green or red or blue
There's just one thing that I know Mister
You got to take back all your goo.

We have worked to build this country
While you enjoyed a life of ease
You've poisoned all that we built mister
Now our children are diseased.

We'll organize together mister
In one big united band
And with a Superfund clean up
We will win our just demands.

IF I HAD A HAMMER

By: Pete Seeger

If I had a hammer, I'd hammer in the morning
 I'd hammer in the evening
 All over this land
 I'd hammer out danger
 I'd hammer out warning
 I'd hammer out love between
 My brothers and my sisters
 All over this land.

If I had a bell, I'd ring it in the morning
 I'd ring it in the evening,
 All over this land
 I'd ring out danger
 I'd ring out warning
 I'd ring our love between
 My brothers and my sisters
 All over this land.

If I had a song, I'd sing it in the morning
 I'd sing it in the evening,
 All over this land
 I'd sing our danger
 I'd sing out warning
 I'd sing out love between
 My brothers and my sisters
 All over this land.

Now I have hammer, and I have a bell
 And I have a song to sing all over this land
 It's the hammer of justice
 It's the bell of freedom
 It's the song about love between
 My brothers and my sisters
 All over this land.

INCINERATOR WATZ

Tune: "Tennessee Waltz" by Patti Page

Adapted by: Lance Hills, Heyer Point Coalition of S.W. - Spokane County, Cheney WA

I was living with my darlin' on the land we were
 a farmin'
 When a long came a mass burner plan
 And I know they were a-trying just to fool me
 with their lyin'
 For I knew they'd pollute all my land.

I remember the night when we all had to fight
 And my darlin' and I wept with pain
 For they'd ruin all our dreams with their dirty little
 schemes
 And our loss would be Wheeabrator's gain.

So we told them to start packin' and to stop
 their silly yakin'
 For we wanted no part of their plan.
 Now I'm living with my darlin' on the land we
 are a farmin'
 And I'm thankful to be free again.

KEEP YOUR EYES ON THE (PRECAUTION-
ARY) PRIZE

Adapted by: Lou Zeller

Paul and Silas bound in jail
Had no money for to go their bail
Keep your eyes on the prize, hold on.

Chorus after each verse:

Hold on, hold on
Keep your eyes on the prize,
Hold on.

Paul and Silas began to shout
Jail door opened and they walked out
Keep your eyes on the prize, hold on.

Freedom's name is mighty sweet
Soon one day we're gonna meet
Keep your eyes on the prize, hold on.

Got my hand on the gospel plow
Wouldn't take nothin' for my journey now
Keep your eyes on the prize, hold on.

The only chain that we can stand
Is that chain of hand in hand
Keep your eyes on the prize, hold on.

The only thing that we did wrong
Stayed in the wilderness a day too long
Keep your eyes on the prize, hold on.

But the one thing we did right
Was the day we started to fight
Keep your eyes on the prize, hold on.

We're gonna board that big Greyhound
Carryin' love from town to town
Keep your eyes on the prize, hold on.

We're gonna ride for civil rights
We're gonna ride for both black and white
Keep your eyes on the prize, hold on.

Stop pre-empting our state laws
Based on supremacy clause
Keep your eyes on the prize, hold on.

We must change WTO
Or else it'll just have to go
Keep your eyes on the prize, hold on.

Seventh generation shouldn't have to pay
For what we fail to do today
Keep your eyes on the prize, hold on.

How much poison can we stand
Take precaution across the land
Keep your eyes on the prize, hold on.

KEEP YOUR PLANET CLEAN & GREEN

By: Cathy Cook (Copyright 1981)

CHORUS

Keep your planet clean and green,
 Keep my planet clean and green,
 Fresh air, clean streams, are real goals and not just
 dreams
 We can keep our planet clean and green.

Keep that litter in your hand,
 Keep it till you find an old trash can,
 When I go walking on the shore,
 Don't wanna find you been there before,
 Why can't we keep our planet clean and green?

Can't you stop pumping poisons in the air?
 If it makes a profit the man don't care,
 Kills the leaves right off the trees,
 Can't imagine what it's doin' to you and me.
 Why can't we keep our planet clean and green?

Now nuclear power is the latest scheme,
 For protecting that material American dream.
 They aim to just ignore our fears,
 But that waste is deadly for thousands of years,
 Why can't we keep our planet clean and green?

Keep your garbage off my land,
 Don't want no toxic ash in the piney wetlands,
 Recycle and conserve or keep that garbage you de-
 serve,
 We're gonna keep this part of the planet clean and
 green.

LET'S GIVE A DAMN

By: Andy Shapiro

I came back late one day to find
 We couldn't stay at home.
 A gas tank in the ground had
 Been leaking all around our home.
 Then they told us to return that we
 Shouldn't be concerned but now we know better.

The men from A.E.C. said we should
 Wait and see what goes—
 we could wait all our lives
 if we believed their lies I know.
 They said our levels were very low—
 That we didn't have to go
 But now we know better.

CHORUS

Let's give a damn about the land we live on.
 Let's give a damn about the air we breathe.
 Let's give a damn about the water we're drinking.
 Let's give a damn about humanity.

My pregnant wife and son have had their lives be-
 come insane.
 The benzene in the air, has caused our lives despair,
 we're drained.
 The Health Department wouldn't take a stand,
 Roberta Coffin shouldn't lead the band
 But now we know better.

LITTLE BARRELS

Tune: "Little Boxes" by Pete Seeger
Adapted by: Nancy Hoffman, Tom and Beth DeSombre

Little barrels on the hillside
Little barrels full of chemicals
Little barrels on the hillside
And they all leak just the same.
They leak green stuff, they leak red stuff,
And yellow stuff, and purple stuff,
And they're all full of chemicals
And they all leak just the same.

And the poison in the barrels
Trickles down into the town below,
And it gets into the water and the gardens,
And the schools.
And the people in the houses,
Get headaches and leukemia,
And the companies continue
Putting barrels on the hill.

Little tombstones on the hillside
Little tombstones springing everywhere
Little tombstones like the barrels
Are dotting the land.
Some for Daddies, some for Mommies,
Some for children and for babies, too.
And they're buried with barrels
And they all died just the same.

MICHAEL CAN'T ROW

Tune: "Michael Row Boat Ashore"
Adapted by: Beth DeSombre, Rema Boscov,
Tom Hoffman, and Si Kahn, all members of the
Superfund Singers of Kentucky.

Mike can't row the boat ashore.
Toxic Waste dissolved the oars.

Michael's boat is a garbage scow.
Melts in waters destroyed by Dow.

Cuyahoga is a muddy and wide.
Flames are rising from side to side.

() River is smelly and cold.
Rots the body; pollutes the soul.

Sister helped to skim the crud.
Her finger fell off in the mud.

Michael's future is in doubt.
Superfund can't help him out.

MR. RUBBISH WANTS A DUMP

Tune: "99 Bottles"

Adapted by: No Dump, Howell, MI.

CHORUS

Oh, Mr. Rubbish wants high point a dump
To bury your garbage there.
Don't you worry, it won't leak.
And get in your aquifer.

If it leaks, you won't care
The pollution will be small.
The solution is dilution
So you won't care at all.

CHORUS

Think of all the birds and gulls
That you and I will see,
And all those trucks a rumbling
Through the country.

CHORUS

A dump is a place to bury your waste
To rot for years and years,
The "sanitary" solution
To all your garbage fears.

CHORUS

NIMBY NATIONAL ANTHEM

Tune: "America the Beautiful"

Adapted by: Middlesex County Environmental Coalition, Old Bridge, NJ.

Oh Beautiful, polluted skies
For amber wave of ash,
Incinerators destroy our air
Freeholders must need cash.

Our cries for help
They go unheard
And no one seems to care
But all we want
And all we need
Is unpolluted air.

Dioxins kill
We all know that
Ask a Vietnam Vet
But we can beg
And plead and cry
We'll fight till our last breath.

What happened to
Our basic right?
We demand they be restored.
This is our country after all.
Let's recycle forever more!

NO PLACE FOR NUCLEAR WASTE

By: Mike Jenkins

A short while ago
Everybody was told
Our state would be offerin' a place
To endanger our lives, hear everyone cry
We won't take your nuclear waste

REFRAIN

So together we'll stand
Arm in arm, hand in hand
With all of the families that would lose their land
Let the ones that make it
Keep it at their own place
We won't take your nuclear waste

Say goodbye to your land
It's outta your hands
They can just take what they need
We'll stand together and fight
For our land and our right
The people will never concede

REFRAIN

We'll fight for our kids, too young to understand
We'll fight for our families
We'll fight for our land
If you plan to keep peace in this place
Stop making that nuclear waste

REFRAIN

OH FREEDOM!

(Classic Civil Rights "zipper song")

Oh, freedom. Oh, freedom
Oh, freedom over me
And before I'm be a slave
I'll be buried in my grave
And go home to my Lord and be free.

No segregation, No segregation
No segregation over me
And before I'll be a slave
I'll be buried in my grave
And go home to my Lord and be free.

(Add your own verses)

OUR DAY WILL COME

Tune: "Our day will come" by Ruby & the Romantics
Adapted by: Middlesex County Environmental Coalition, Old Bridge, NJ.

Your day will come
And you'll have everything
You'll share the cash
Incineration brings
No one can tell us that we're too young to die
From ash that flies.
But our votes will count.

PCB BELLS

Tune: Jingles Bells

Adapted by: Participants of KFTC'S toxics conference in Somerset, Kentucky.

CHORUS

PCBs PCBs, not for us this year
 Oh what fun it us to live
 Where the land and air is clear
 Clean it up, clean it up,
 Clean it all the way
 Oh what fun it really is
 To haul the stuff away.

When Carbide came to town
 They tried to sneak around
 But when the folks found out
 What it was all about,
 We got to work real soon
 Before out town was doomed,
 There's no way we're gonna see
 An ounce of PCBs today.

CHORUS

We organized a ban
 Against the Carbide plan
 And ran them out of town
 Dressed up like a clown
 From Paducah to Warsaw
 We kept them all away
 That's why we are all here
 To sing with you today.

CHORUS

PYROCHEM

Tune: "Open that door" by Ricky Skaggs

Adapted by: Lawrence County Concerned Citizens

PYROCHEM, PYROCHEM, PYROCHEM

Leave us alone
 This is still Louisa an it's still our home
 Wesaidwe'dkeepyououtandwe'restillpushingon.
 PYROCHEM leave us alone!

PYROCHEM, PYROCHEM, PYROCHEM

Shut your door.
 This is our sweet county
 We don't want your waste here.
 It's been two years, lets all give a cheer.
 PYROCHEM shut your door.

RECYCLYRICS

Tune: "Battle Hymn of the Republic"

Mine eyes have seen the garbage
This is smoldering the grate
We must stop incineration now
Before it is too late
Unless we want the dangers
We had better separate
And we must do it NOW!!!

We don't want incineration
Don't give us incineration
We cry out in desperation
We know there's a better way!!!

Mine eyes have seen the burning
Of the garbage in our town
People build incinerators
While we all just stood around
Now they want to regulate them
Just to keep our voices down
And we won't buy it NOW!!!

The county's deemed appropriate
The burning of our trash
And the builders and the owners
Are just raking in the cash
But we citizens believe the move is foolish and rash
And we won't buy it NOW!!!

We urge our legislators
To undo what they have done
And to stop incineration now
Before the harm is done
We are here today together
In our strength and unison
And we won't buy it NOW!!!

Though we recognize our landfills
Are all swelling with the waste
Still it doesn't justify
A bad decision made in haste
Let us put our heads together
So the crisis may be faced
We've got to do it NOW!!!

Our valley has pollution
Which is cancer in our air
And the politicians know it
But there are few who even care
So we better stick together
And we'll fight for what is fair
And we must do it NOW!!!

RENEWABLE RESOURCES

Tune: "Freer Jacques"

Adapted by: Marjorie Roswell

Sun and windmills, Sun and windmills
Waves and trees, waves and trees
Renewable resources, renewable resources
Energy, Energy.

ROLL OUT THE BARRELS

Tune: "Roll out the barrels"

Adapted by: Joe P. Fisher & Nan Hoffman

Roll out the barrels; we'll have a barrel of fun
Roll out the barrels, expose them to the sun
Tell old Monsanto, Dow, Hooker and Union Carbide
Roll out the barrels; let's see what's inside.

Rolloutthebarrels,there'ssomethingthatyou'dbet-
ter show
We're sick of hearing that we have no right to know
We're asking the corporations, "What have you got to
hide?"
Roll out the barrels; let's see what inside.

Roll out the barrels of kepone, arsenic and lead
Roll out the barrels; we're tired of being misled
What's in the barrels, it is benzene or cyanide?
Roll out the barrels; let's see what's inside.

Roll out the barrels, right up to the Capitol dome
Roll out the barrels; we really don't need them at
home
Take them to the Congress, toxics we cannot abide
So roll out the barrels, clean up what's inside!

ROLL THE UNION ON

By: John Handcox

(Included here in dedication to our friend H. L. Mitchell, founder of the Southern Tenants Farmers Union in the 1930's. Mitch died on August 1, 1989. John Handcox wrote this song for STFU in the mid-1930's.)

REFRAIN:

We're gonna roll

We're gonna roll

We're gonna roll the Union on

We're gonna roll

We're gonna roll

We're gonna roll the Union on

If the boss gets in the way

We're gonna roll right over him

We're gonna roll right over him

We're gonna roll right over him

If the boss gets in the way

We're gonna roll right over

We're gonna roll the union on!

REFRAIN

If the sheriff gets in the way

We're gonna roll right over him...etc.

*For the Grassroots Environmental Movement, substitute movement for union and in the verses, simply add and adapt whomever it is you're fighting. Mitch and Mr. Handcox would want it that way!

SAVE THE SUPERFUND

Tune: "When Johnny comes marching home"

Adapted by: Tom Chalkley, MD Citizen Action

(Note: Sing deliberately with a strong march beat)

We're driving down to Washington -
hurrah, hurrah!

To make a tougher Superfund the law, the law!

Ten billions dollars must be found

To clean up poisons underground

And we won't give up till we Save the
Superfund!

The folks who run the EPA are lazy slobs

They need a deadline everyday to do their jobs

In Bureaucrats we never trust

A cleanup schedule is a must

And we won't give up 'till we Save the
Superfund!

The poison leaking down below our towns and
homes

Is causing death and damage to our
chromosomes

So clean it up and make it fair

Tax the ones who put it there!

And we won't give up 'till we Save the
Superfund!

You Congresswomen, Congressmen, --take
note! Take note!

Beware your own constituents—We vote! We
vote!

So you had better be voting too

For the Right to Know and the Right to Sue

And we won't give up 'till we Save the
Superfund.

SHE'LL BE COMING 'ROUND MT. TRASH-MORE

Tune: "She'll be coming 'round the mountain"

Adapted by: Citizens Against Rural Exploitation - Carsonville, MI.

CHORUS

She'll be coming 'round Mt. Trashmore when she comes.

She'll be coming 'round Mt. Trashmore when she comes

She'll be coming 'round Mt. Trashmore when she comes.

If the toxic fumes don't kill her

Then the dazzling heights will thrill her.

She'll be coming 'round Mt. Trashmore when she comes.

Bridgeton once was just a level stretch of land.

Pioneers who came here made their final stand.

Then Waste Management came in!

What they did here was a sin

They built Trashmore Mountains on our level land.

CHORUS

We will greet her when she comes 'round Trashmore Mountain.

She will drink the water from our poison fountain.

We will feed her from a crop

Grown in shade from Trashmore's top

If alive we'll sing again about Trashmore Mountain.

CHORUS

Let's recycle and refrain from building mountains.

Let's stop poisoning all our food and water fountains.

Let's recycle everything

So we'll never have to bring

All our trash to build another Trashmore Mountain.

CHORUS

16 TONS

By: Margie Roswell

Come gather round and listen well

A story of recycling's, the one that I'll tell.

Well, paper, you know is nearly half our trash?

And here at COPO we can turn it into cash.

You load one ton, and what do you get?

You save \$55.00 on the tipping fee debt.

Mass burn don't cha call me 'cause I can't go

I owe my paper to the folks at COPO.

You load two tons, and we can agree

That you've saved from a forest

About 35 trees

Well loggers don't cha call me 'cause I can't go

I owe my paper to the folks at COPO.

You load 8 tons, and who would've known

That you've saved enough energy to heat 4 times

Power plant don't call me 'cause I can't go

I owe my paper to the folks at COPO.

You know loading papers

Just a part of the plan

You've got to buy recycled paper

And use it again

Buy recycled paper, sell recycled paper

Play it again Sam, play it again.

You load 16 tons, and what do you get?

You get community recycling

That we won't forget

Save money, save trees, save energy-o

I'm gonna recycle with the folks at COPO!

SOLIDARITY FOREVER

By: Ralph Chaplin

When the Union's inspiration
Through the worker's blood shall run;
There can be no power greater
Anywhere beneath the sun.
Yet what force on earth is weaker
Than the feeble strength of one?
But the Union Makes Us Strong!

CHORUS:

Solidarity forever!
Solidarity forever!
Solidarity forever!
For the Union Makes Us Strong!

It is we who plowed the prairies;
Built the cities where they trade;
Dug the mines and built the workshops;
Endless miles of railroad laid.
Now we stand outcast and starving,
Midst the wonders we have made
But the Union Makes Us Strong!

CHORUS

They have taken untold millions
That they never toiled to earn;
But without our brain and muscles,
Not a single wheel can turn.
We can break their haughty power;
Gain our freedom when we learn
That the Union Makes Strong!

CHORUS

Is there aught we hold in common
With the greedy parasite?
Who would lash us into serfdom
And would crush us with his might?
Is there anything left to us
But to organize and fight?
For the Union Makes Us Strong!

CHORUS

In our hands is placed a power
Greater than their hoarded gold;
Greater than the might of armies,
Magnified a thousand-fold.
We can bring to birth a new world
From the ashes of the old.
For the Union Makes Us Strong!

SOMEWHERE OVER THE WASTE DUMP

Tune: "Somewhere Over the Rainbow" by Judy Garland

Adapted by: KFTC

Somewhere over the waste dump
Way up high
Fumes rise over the waste dump
Burning a young child's eyes.

Somewhere barrels are leaking
Into sand
Toxics poisoning our water
Ruining our scared land.

Someday I'll wish upon a star and wake
Up where the poison's far behind me.
Where benzene's stored in leak-free bins and
PCB can't trickle in to kill us slowly.

Somewhere town folks are saying,
"Don't dump here!"
Clean up all of the waste sites,
Children can't live in fear.

STEP BY STEP
(Labor Classic)

Step by step, the longest march can be done,
Can be done
Many stones can build an arch, singly none, singly none
And by union, what we will
Can be accomplished still
Many drops to turn a mill, singly none
Singly none.
(Repeat Twice)

STOP MAKING IT

Tune: "Do Re Mi" by Woody Guthrie
Adapted by: Kenny Bruno
(Note: A loophole in FIFRA allows Vesicol, the most notorious polluter in the Memphis region, to manufacture heptachlor to sell abroad even though its use is banned in the U.S.)

On the Mississippi River in Memphis Town
There's some pesticide production going down
Take a drive on Warford St.
Just beyond the tracks
There's company called Vesicol
It's not too big, not too small
Making very nasty things
Things like "heptachlor"
Now call on down to the EPA
Ask for "heptachlor" and here is what they'll say.

CHORUS

Banned in the USA! Banned in the USA!
But Vesicol goes and sells it
To Thailand, Pakistan, Netherlands,
Guatemala, Chile, Paraguay
Oh heptachlor is dangerous
Hurts your liver and causes cancer
If it's wrong to sell it here
It ain't right to send it there
Stop making it, that's the only answer.

Where Vesicol has been before
They've brought harm to rich and poor
Like the big old toxic dump
They call North Hollywood
Now they've got a fence that goes all around
But the toxic chemicals leak underground
Get in the river and in the fish
Wind up on your supper dish
Now you might think the problems gone away
But you better not eat those fish even today.

CHORUS

Banned in the USA! Banned in the USA!
But Vesicol goes and sells it
To Argentina, Australia, Belgium, Brazil, Bolivia,
Costa Rica, Dominican Republic, Finland, French
West Indies, Israel, Ivory Coast, Indonesia,
Singapore, Thailand, Pakistan, Netherlands,
Guatemala, Chile, Paraguay.
Oh heptachlor is dangerous
Hurts your liver and causes cancer
It's wrong to sell it here
It ain't right to send it there
Stop making it, that's the only answer.

STOP WASTE AT THE SOURCE

Tune: "Home, Home on the Range"

by Brewster Higley

(This is a song Waste Watchers and other Tennessee groups sang on August 17, 1989 at the state capitol when releasing the NTCF report.)

Please protect our home
So the land does not foam
With poisons of hazardous waste—
And seldom are found
Leaking deep in the ground
Contaminants buried in haste.

CHORUS

Stop waste at the source!
We want a clean Tennessee.
We're ranked very low,
And still lower we'll go,
If nothing is done, don't you see?

Please protect our air
Don't incinerate there—
The emissions are killing us all.
The tests may be passed,
But enforcement is lax,
When later contaminant fall.

CHORUS

Good water we need
To drink and to feed
To plants and animals all.
The toxics are strong
And if left very long
Eat through a facility's wall.

CHORUS

Oh please do not fail:
The Cap* must curtail
Generation of waste at the source.
We the people demand
Good air, water, and land—

God's gifts and our greatest resource.

CHORUS

*CAP: Capacity Assurance Plans. A twenty-year plan which the EPA requires each state to submit outlining how the state will handle its hazardous waste.

SWING LOW, SWEET CHARIOT

REFRAIN:

Swing, sweet chariot,
Coming for to carry me home
Swing low, sweet chariot
Coming for to carry me home.

I looked over Jordan
And what did I see?
Coming for to carry me home
A band of angels coming after me
Coming for to carry me home.

REFRAIN

If you get there before I do,
Coming for to carry me home
Tell all my friends
I'm coming there, too
Coming for to carry me home.

REFRAIN

TALKIN' TRASH DUMP BLUES

Adapted by: Lou Zeller

Back in 1991

Trash dumps filled up, one by one
But someone had a bright idea
To build a great big landfill here.

REFRAIN: BFI
 IOU
 EPA
 Waterloo

Back then it was the height of fashion
To dig big holes and dump the trash in
From towns and cities across the nation
And legislate contamination.

They promised us that we'd get rich
By dumping trash in a plastic-lined ditch
But the rains came, and the story goes
That the water table rose and rose.

REFRAIN

Well, now it's 2021, and
Thirty years have come and gone
The waste piled high, it ain't too pretty
But they still bring trash from New York City.

The poisons that we buried there
Are leaking out, more each year
Our water's bad and the county's poor
But if it's trash you want, no place has more.

REFRAIN

When BFI has gone away
The cleanup costs we'll have to pay
The smell of that deal makes us gag
The taxpayer's left holdin' the bag.

(Spoken)Plasicliner...stateofheart...subtitleD...
art of the state.

REFRAIN x 2 with everyone!

THE ATOMIC RIDDLE SONG

Tune: "Riddle Song"

Adapted by: Nan Hoffman

I gave my love a cherry, that had no stone.
I gave my love a chicken, that had no bone.
I gave my love a story, that had no end.
I gave my love a baby, with no crying?

How can there be a cherry that has no stone?
How can there be a chicken that has no bone?
How can there be a story that has no end?
How can there be a baby with no crying'?

A cherry when it's poisoned, it has no stone.
A chicken when its mutant, it has no bone.
The story of a "half-life", it has no end!
A baby when it's still born has no crying.

THE BEST OF ME

By: Geneva France Burton (Lawrence County
Concerned Citizens)

Verse 1:

They pollute our rivers
They destroy our streams
They plan our futures
On bureaucrat dreams
We don't have to like it
It's just the way it's gonna be
But they're not gonna get
The best of me.

Verse2:

They put up their factories
And tears down the trees
They put poison
In the air we breathe
They shut out the sun
With smoke and debris
But they're not gonna get
The best of me.

Verse3:

So hold your head high
And march to your own song
Don't be afraid
To show'em you're strong
They don't have to like it
But it's the way it's got to be
And they're not gonna get
The best of me.

CHORUS:

Let's all join hands now
And work together
We can make tomorrow
So much better.

We can teach our children
What it means to be free
Because they're not gonna get
No, they're not gonna get the best of me.

THE DUMP SONG

By: POWER, Ontario, Canada

This is a tale of Halton Hills
Children growing up in these rolling hills
Bruce Trail hikes and gardens to grow.
Oh how the people did love it so.

Now one day did loom a forbidding plan
A garbage dump would invade this land
What will happen to our water, the people feared?
Don't you worry, the dump is engineered.

CHORUS

Save our water now!
Our children need this land!
Recycle now for the future.
Recycle now for the future.

Well Ruth and Kevin and Francine and Ken
Around the kitchen tables said we need more men
So they rounded up the hills in the early hours
Now we've got our hundreds, our name is
POWER.

CHORUS

Well the people they talked and planned on the
phone,
Gees by gosh we'll save our homes,
We've got to organize and form our plans
Hey everybody we're going to make a stand.

CHORUS

They met once a week in the Limehouse School,
They sure didn't want to look like a fool,
They researched and planned and raised some funds,
Watch out Comcor, we'll have you on the run.

CHORUS

The story has not ended; it's just begun,
The group is growing daily, one by one.
We're going to win this fight you watch and see
A dump in our Hills there will never be.

CHORUS

THE EPA IS ON THE WAY

By: Johnnie Burgess - Louisiana, KY.

We hear each day on the news
And read in the papers too
The EPA is on the way
They will know what to do.
The incinerator couldn't burn
The toxic waste and make the poisons disappear
Some escaped into the air
The Lord only knows where it went from there
The EPA is on the way
They will know what to do!

Some toxic chemical was left in the holding tanks

And is seeping into the ground
If it gets into the water supply
For years it will be around
The EPA is on the way
They will know what to do.

These words strike fear in a mother's heart
"Oh Lord she prays when will this nightmare end?
My babies are dying and the poisons keep coming in
The EPA is on the way
They will know what to do.

The water we can't drink, the air is no longer safe to breathe.

They told us the poisons wouldn't harm us.
But the babies are dying can't they see.
They say the EPA is on the way
They will know what to do.

Meanwhile the Giant Shell game goes on
Who will be next is anyone's guess
While the poisons move, from place to place
Leaving land once so fertile now only a mess
The EPA is on the way
Will they know what to do?

THE FLOWER SONG

Tune: "The B.S. Song"

Adapted by: Will Colette

If you want your dump cleaned up
All you have to do
Is go and ask EPA for it
And they will do it for you
They will do it for you, my friend,
They will do it for you
Cleanup your dump?
Just watch them hump
Oh they will do it for you!

CHORUS

Ohhhhh put it on the ground
Spread it all around
Dig it with your hoe
It'll make your garden grow!

If you want polluters to pay
All you have to do
Is go and hire a lawyer for it
And he will win it for you
He will win it for you, my friends
He will win it for you,
Polluters must pay?
Without delay?
Oh, he will win it for you!

CHORUS

If you want to block that site
All you have to do
Is go and find some experts to help
And they will speak for you,
They will speak for you, my friend
They speak for you
To block that site?
Without a fight?
Oh, they will do it for you!

CHORUS

THE GREAT SOUTHEAST

By: Terry L. Fox

Writer's Note: It is shame this song is so graphic, but it is not as bad as the final result of our problem with toxic nuclear waste.

For years it seems the Pantex dream
was to put toxics in the ground
After 24 years eight states are in tears
Cause no pit liner was found
There's no solution to the toxic pollution
That flows in the water supply
Everything's getting scary near my home on the prairie
With every day that goes by.

CHORUS

Oh let's go out to the Great Southwest and live
in a home on the range
We'll take showers in toxic waste and make our
bodies look strange
We'll take a swim with the creatures in the pool
then ride giant horseflies all day
Then when the sun goes down we'll sit on the
porch and watch our flesh melt away.

I'm in Amarillo dodging armadillos with toxic
waste in their jaws
There's a spike on their shell and they look like
Freddy with long razor blade-like claws
There's ladies looking weird with long neon beards
that really glow in the dark
Everything's looking hip 'cause everything sips from
the toxic lake in the park.

CHORUS

There's three-eyed bass and saber-toothed
catfish cruising around our creek
There's four-winged buzzards with seventeen
eyes and green foam covering their beaks
There are two-headed cats, snakes-bodied bats
and grasshoppers three feet high
One trip to our lovely paradise is a pretty neat way to
die.

CHORUS

I'm going home to get out my bags and pack up
all of my clothes
I'll go into town and when the bus comes around
I'll go into town and when clean water flows
To get to a place that's really clean
I may have to cross the sea
But I will never really be safe until the world is nuclear
free!

CHORUS

THE OBJECTIVE OF YOUR AFFECTIONS

Tune: "The Objective of your affections"

Adapted by: Middlesex County Environmental Coalition, Old Bridge, NJ.

The objective your affections
Is winning the election
In November of this year
Environmentalists unite
To show you we will fight.

The thing we object most to
You want us to be host to
A garbage-burning plant
But pollution can like us its true
And the blame will go to you.

We'll show up in November
Each one of us will remember
How you feel for us
And we will cast our votes you see
You'll no longer ride for free.

So, when Election Day comes
We'll vote out all of you bums
And then we will be free
From corruption and of course gross dishonesty.

THE TOXICS SHUFFLE

(Copyright 1987 by Terry Kelleher)

Written for and dedicated to the participants of the 1987 Kentucky Toxics Organizing Conference, especially those who attended Lois Gibbs' Group Maintenance workshop who have proven they have the ability to motivate anyone to do anything.

CHORUS

It's the toxics shuffle
It's the toxics shuffle
It's the toxics shuffle
It's the same old song and dance.

We all know the style of the EPA
When they see a toxics problem, they look the other way.

CHORUS

They put it in the water, they put it in the air
They try and keep it hidden, but we know it's still there.

CHORUS

They fill up the dumps with more and more
And they fill up their pockets with green galore.

CHORUS

The nerve gas disposal and Pyrochem
And the secret solution at Henderson.

CHORUS

We've been saying all along, this waste gotta go
We've gotta fight back 'cause now we all know.

CHORUS

THEY CALL IT THE STATE OF THE ART

Tune: "That Good Old' Mountain Dew"

Adapted by: Linda Wallace Campbell of Alabamians for a Clean Environment

CHORUS

Oh, they call it the state of the art
But we knew right from the start
If they bury or they burn
They show no concern
They just grab the money and run.

Up on the hill
Chem. Waste wants to build
What they call a facility
But we knew from the start
Down deep in our heart
It would kill both you and me.

CHORUS

Chem. Waste came to town
Put some pits in the ground
Spread the money both far and near
The mayors said, "AMEN, Let the progress begin"
Now we all live in fear.

CHORUS

I dug my heels in
The fight did begin
We rose up and gave them hell!
The battle lingers on
And so could my song,
But I'm on my way to Emelle!

CHORUS

THEY'LL FIX IT I'M SURE
(CHEMICAL COUNTDOWN)
By: Mike Honey

Well I'm kind of quiet, I've never been bold
This country's just great; I've always been told
I live in the suburbs, I do very well
There's nothing wrong here from what I can tell
Still some folks complain and they get very sore
They say that they're worried about a nuclear war.

And people keep talking about chemical plants
They say they ain't safe they scream and they rant
But there's a chemical plant just right down the road
I can't believe that they're gonna unload!
The people that run it are careful as hell
If something went wrong, I'm sure they'd tell us.

What are they so damned worried about?
That ain't no reason to scream and to shout
People who complain are just insecure
If something goes haywire they'll fix it I'm sure.

But the man next door just went to the lab
Next week he came home all-layed out on a slab
His wife who's been pregnant miscarried today
Her hair's falling out and her face is all gray
Now I'm getting nervous and kind uptight.

And it seems everybody's got a frown on their face
Used up rockets are falling from space
The river it stinks and lets off sparks
The rocks in the neighborhood glow in the dark
Maybe those corporate men ain't so wise
Just cause they wear nice suits and dark ties.

I'll tell you what I'm worried about
I think there's a reason to scream and to shout
Those men who are spreading those chemical dusts
Run corporate monopolies and put profits before us.

THIS DUMP IS YOUR DUMP
Tune: "This Land Is Your Land" by Woody Guthrie
Adapted by: Margie Roswell

This dump is your dump, this dump is my dump
It's time we think how we manage our junk
From Maryland's forests to her Chesapeake waters
Recycling can work for you and me.

As I was walking Maryland's highways
I saw beside me garbage in my way
The cans and bottles and wrappers waving
Recycling can work for you and me.

No matter how far your pay to haul it
No matter how small you try to maul it
The simple truth is that there is no away
Recycling can work for you and me.

There was a time we thought it didn't matter
If dumps kept growing bigger and fatter
But we are growing a little wiser now
Recycling can work for you and me.

The sun came shinning as I was strolling
Collecting cans to keep recycling going
Selectman dancing, everyone chanting
Recycling can work for you and me.

This world is your world, this world is my world
From North America to the shores of Thailand
From the south of Africa to the Soviet Union
This land was made for you and me.

THIS LAND IS YOUR LAND

By: Woody Guthrie

CHORUS

This land is your land, this land is my land
From California to the New York Islands
From the Redwood Forests to the Gulf Stream water
This land was made for you and me

As I was walking that ribbon of highway
I saw above me that endless skyway
I saw below me that golden valley
This land was made for you and me.

CHORUS

I've roamed and rambled and followed my footsteps
To the sparkling sands of her diamond deserts
And all around me a voice was sounding
This land was made for you and me.

CHORUS

The sun came shining and I was strolling
And the Wheatfield's waving and the dust clouds
rolling
As the fog was lifting, a voice was chanting
This land was made for you and me.

CHORUS

Additional Versees by Grassroot Leaders

We're telling Lee Thomas and Winston Porter
That we won't stand for any more stalling
You've had five years to cover the dumpers,
But, this land was made for you and me!

It's time you acted; it's time you got to work
To clean the land, to save the children
No more back-room deals and bogus cleanups!
This land was made for you and me!

In five hundred counties, there are leaders working
To join the people, hand in hand, all searching
To find a way to say, so all can hear it:
This land was made for you and me!

All across the country, the People are rising
They're getting together and they are fighting
They're telling Big Business and all the dumpers
This land was made for you and me!

Lets sparkling rivers, and lakes and streams
With fish and wildlife, untainted flow
So all creation can live together
This land was made for you and me!

Reduce pollution, reduce pollution
From California to the New York Island
From the Redwood Forest to the Gulf Stream
waters
This land was made for you and me.

All across the country, the people are rising
They're getting together, and they are fighting
They're telling Big Business, and all the dumpers
This land was made for you and me.

In four hundred counties, there are leaders
working
To join the people, hand in hand, all searching
To find the way to say, so all can hear it
This land was made for you and me.

(Words by Carol Maher, Little town, PA.)

The mountain's garbage
It's full of Toxics
From where they come—we do not know
It taints our water
It stinks our air up
This land is ours---please help us stay.

This land is C.U.R.E. land
This land is P.A.C.E. land
From Union Township to Carroll County
This now a mountain that was a valley
This land is ours—we're here to stand.

(Words by Pauline Graver)

This soil is your soil, This soil is my soil
Let it be healthy, let it be free
Let is grow gardens, let it grow pastures'
This land was made for you and me.

No falling ashes, no silent killers
But blue and clear, and fresh and pure
This air was made for you and me.

In a six-room office in Arlington, Virginia
There's a band of people,
And they work for the Clearinghouse
They do a bunch of stuff,
But mainly they sing and shout
This land is made you for you and me.

THIS LITTLE LIGHT OF MINE

This little of mine, I'm gonna let it shine,
This little of mine, I'm gonna let it shine,
This little of mine, I'm gonna let it shine,
Let it shine, let it shine, let it shine.
Everywhere I go, I'm gonna let it shine, etc.

'Till we all get clean air,
I'm gonna let it shine, etc.

Till there's no more toxic wastes,
I'm gonna let it shine, etc.

Keep those rivers wild and free,
I'm gonna let shine, etc.

Equal rights for everyone,
I'm gonna let it shine, etc.

THREE CHEERS FOR SHERRY BANARD
Tune: "Tom Dooley" by The Kingston Trio
Adapted by: Lance Hills Heyer Point Coalition of
S.W. Spokane County, Cheney, WA.

Hang down your head, Joel Crosby
Hang down your head, and cry
Hang down your head, Joel Crosby
Your plan is gonna die.

We're gonna stop the burner
We'll stop the landfill too
You will never tell us what to do.

Three cheers for Sherry Banard
Three cheers for our dear friend
Three cheers for Sherry Banard
She'll help us to the end.

TOXIC SMELLS
Tune: "Jingle Bells"
Adapted by Citizens of Millstone, Clarksburg, NJ.

Trashing through Millstone
Big business wants its way
Through the Greenfield's we go
Laughing all the way
Politicians sing
Changing wrong to right
They'll double talk and whitewash this
Just praying we won't fight.

Oh, Ho, Ho,
Cancer cells, toxic smells
Tons of it a day
Benzene, lead and dioxin
Phenol and lindane
Cancer cells, toxic smells
No big deal they say
Of course it's no dig deal to them
Cause they live so far away.
This air is your air, this air is my air.

TOXIC TRUCKS ARE COMING

Tune: "Jimmy Cracked Corn"

Adapted by: "Toxic Toners" of ETCO
(East Toledo Community Organization)

Toxic trucks a coming and they don't care
Toxic trucks a coming and they don't care
Toxic trucks a coming and they don't care
And we don't think it's fair—we don't think it's fair.
Toxic trucks dumping day and night—and we don't
think it's fair.

Water lines sitting in a toxic dump
Water lines sitting in a toxic dump
Water lines sitting in a toxic dump
And we don't think it's fair—and we don't think it's
fair
Water lines sitting in a toxic dump—and we don't
think it's fair.

WASTE WHORE

By: Gregg Beckley, Berge, VA.

Ecos is full of crap. What can we say?
They'll lie to you by night and by day
It makes a body shiver and shudder
And your blood run cold
To think what could happen if Ecos gets a hold.

PICS, POCS, dioxins, nerve gas, and heavy metal
compounds
Will drift from their stacks, float in the air
And settle on our little towns
In the air that we breathe, on the soil that we love
This type of thing is allowed
The laws of our land are written this way
It's time to change them and now.

Ecos is full of crap that's plain to see
They'll dump on you; they'll dump on me
So I have devised this little plan
We'll grind Ecos up and use them to fertilize
Every square inch of our land.

For forty thousand a year plus expenses
You can become a waste whore
Spread your toxins across this great land
Or even work door to door
You don't need a great body, just your Audi
To travel from town to town
Those bastards from Ecos will do anything
To buy a section of ground.

Ilene says it's safe
But what the hell does she know
Dollar signs in her eyes
And a run up the back of her hose
And lies she's been telling
Have been described as bold
From that spreader of fiction
Right there under her nose.

Ecos is full of crap that we all know
They're gonna give us the waste, and keep the gold
Pens in their pockets and printed silk ties
And a line of BS that just flows
Echo is full of crap, and it shows
Yes Ecos is full of crap and they'll have TO GO!

WE ARE SOLDIERS
(Civil Rights Movement Classic)

CHORUS

We are soldiers in the Army
We've got to fight, although we have to cry
We've got to hold up the freedom banner
We've got to hold it up until we die.

My mother, she was a soldier
She had her hand on the freedom banner
But one day she got old and couldn't fight any-
more
But she stood there and fought anyhow.

(Add Verses)

I'm glad that I'm a soldier
I've got my hand on the freedom plow
But one day, I'll get old and can't fight anymore
But I'll stand here and fight anyhow!

CHORUS

WE CAN, WE CAN, WE CAN GET IT DONE
Tune: "We shall not be moved"
Adapted By: Dave Beckwith

CHORUS

We can, we can, and we can get it done
We can, we can, and we can get it done
We'll march and flight, and always stand together
WE CAN GET IT DONE.

Bring about a world of change
We can get it done
By working hard and staying strong,
We can get it done
We're people fighting toxic dumping everywhere
WE CAN GET IT DONE.

CHORUS

Arm in arm and hand in hand,
We can get it done,

One by one, then two by two
We can get it done
Protect our farms our cities and our families
WE CAN GET IT DONE.

CHORUS

WE DON'T WANT IT HERE

Music and Lyrics by: Coco Kallis (Copyright, 1985)
From: The Heart of the Mountain.

They tell us our backyards may soon be in their
control
They'll dig beneath our mountains and fill them
full of holes
Then they'll fill them up again with a lasting lethal
load
How far can we travel down this nuclear road?

We don't want it here; they don't want it there
There stands the problem we can't put it any-
where
Tell me, why do we make it if there's nowhere to
take it?
We say, not Vermont, not in Maine or Tennessee,
We don't want the garbage of this nuclear greed.

They tell us we need it for our quality of life
But who would call that living if we can't sleep at
night?
Knowing that those poisons may soon seep into
our wells
How can we live in a nuclear hell?

When we think about our children and the
choices now at hand
Do we hand to them a time bomb planted in their
land?
Ten thousand years of poison, is this the gift we
give
Or do we stop this madness that our children
might live.

WE NEED CLEAN UP MONEY RIGHT AWAY

Tune: "Ain't Gonna be treated this A-way"

Adapted by: Tom Hoffman and Beth DeSombre
of "The Superfund Singers" KFTC.

We're driving down the road for Superfund
We're driving down the road for Superfund
We're driving down the road for Superfund,
Lord, Lord

We need clean up money right away.

No DDT and PCB for me (3x)

We need cleanup money right away.

Union Carbide's waste is killing (3x)

We need cleanup money right away.

The fish are floating belly to the sky (3x)

We need cleanup money right away.

The land is dying more and more each day (3x)

We need cleanup money right away.

I don't want to see my children die (3x)

We need cleanup money right away.

We're driving down the road for Superfund (3x)

We need cleanup money right away.

WE WISH YOU SAFE DRINKING WATER

Tune: "We Wish You a Merry Christmas"

Adapted by: NO DUMP, Howell, MI.

We wish you safe drinking water
We wish you safe drinking water
We wish a safe drinking water
And a healthy aquifer.

A day or two ago

They thought they passed the site

But what they did not know

Was how much we would fight

We will fight to the end

To those atrocities

We are fighting for the rights and lives of all families.

Oh, Ho Ho

Cancer cells, toxic smells

Victory we say

We do not care how long it takes

We will fight it all the way

Cancer cells, toxic smells

Victory we say

We don't care how long it takes

We'll fight it all the way.

WE'D LIKE TO KEEP OUR COUNTY CLEAN

Tune: "I'd like to teach the world to sing."

Adapted by: Lawrence County Concerned Citizens

We'd like to keep our county clean,
The air we'd like to breathe
Tell Martha Layne, to hear our claim
And tell Jim Neil to leave.

We think the facts should be made clear,
And all folks would agree.
We don't need Jim or Pyrochem
So take your plans and leave!

Jim, hit the road and don't come back,
Take Clyde and Howard, too.
We don't want your lies and alibis,
Lawrence County's through with you!

WE'RE GOING TO CLOSE IT DOWN

Tune: "Camptown Races"

Adapted By: "Toxic Toner" of ETCO (East Toledo Community Organization)

Envirosafe has had its day
Do dah, do dah
Now the town will have its way
All the do dah day.
We're gonna close it down,
Not gonna run all night
Not gonna run all day
We've got our sights on a better way
We're gonna close it down!

WHAT SHALL WE DO WITH A
TOXIC WASTE DUMP

Tune: "What shall we do with a Drunken Sailor?"

Adapted by: Beth DeSombre and Tom Hoffman

What shall we do with a toxic waste dump?
What shall we do with a toxic waste dump?
What shall we do with a toxic waste dump?
Make this earth a safe one!

CHORUS

Come on; let's clean it up now,
Come on; let's clean it up now,
Come on; let's clean it up now
Make this earth a safe one!

Leave it there and watch us mutate (3x)
Make this earth a safe one.

CHORUS

Send it to Reagan and see how he likes it (3x)
Make this earth a safe one.

CHORUS

Dump it on the White House lawn (3x)
Make this earth a safe one.

CHORUS

Fund Superfund to clean it up now (3x)
Make this earth a safe one.

CHORUS

That's what we do with a toxic waste dump (3x)
Make this earth a safe one.

CHORUS

WHICH SIDE ARE YOU ON?
A classic by Florence Reese

Come all of you go workers,
Good news to you I'll tell
Of how the good old union
And come in here to dwell.

CHORUS
Which side are you on?
Which side are you on?
Which side are you on?
Tell me which side are you on?

My daddy was a miner
And I'm a miner's son
And I'll stick with the union
Till every battle's won.

CHORUS

They say in Harlan County
There are no neutrals there,
You're either with the union
Or a thug for J.H. Blair .

CHORUS

Oh, workers, can you stand it?
Oh, tell how you can.
Will you be a lousy scab?
Or will you be a man?

Don't scab for the bosses,
Don't listen to their lies
Us poor folks haven't got a chance.
Unless we organize!

WILL THE CIRCLE BE UNBROKEN
(Adapted by: Tim Sampson, 1981)

Will the circle be unbroken?
By and by, Lord, by and by
There's a better world awaiting
If we try, Lord, if we try!

Will their system soon be broken?
By and by, Lord, by and by.
There's better world awaiting
If we try, Lord, if we try.

There have long been people's struggles
Many folks have gone before,
Don't have to do it any different,
Just got to keep on doing it more!

Oh the law is complicated
And some lawyers say, " trust us "
But when you get right down to it,
All the law is, is just-us!

Many folks have fought for freedom,
Many folks have fought and died;
But I'm not afraid to fight for freedom.
With folks like you FIGHTING BY MY SIDE.

WMI CAME TO OUR COUNTY

Tune: "The Bear went over the mountain"

Adapted by: NO DUMP, Howell, MI.

WMI came to our County,
 WMI came to our County,
 WMI came to our County,
 To see what they could see.

They saw some beautiful land,
 They saw some beautiful land,
 They saw some beautiful land,
 And they thought they'd put in a dump.

They saw some beautiful land,
 They saw some beautiful land,
 They saw some beautiful land,
 And raised a real stink.

Not over our drinking water,
 Not over our drinking water,
 Not over our drinking water,
 You're not going to poison us.

Get out, get out, and get out
 Get out, get out, and get out
 Get out, get out and get out
 We want High Point Farms to get out.

Save our precious water,
 Save our precious water,
 Save our precious water,
 You see it's all we have.

WMI, WMI, GO AWAY

Tune: "Row, Row, Your Boat"

Adapted by: NO DUMP, Howell, MI.

WMI, WMI, Go away
 Leave our water alone
 Drink, Drink, Drink, Drink.
 Our water is our own. (Repeat)

YESTERDAY

Tune: Yesterday

Adapted by: KFTC

Yesterday
 All those waste dumps were so far away.
 Now they're dumping where my kids should play.
 Oh, bring us back to yesterday.

Suddenly

Sickness spreading in the folks we know.
 Stillborns common and the cancers grow.
 Oh, bring us back to yesterday.

That dumps have to go,
 They must know, its out of hand
 Why don't leaders see?
 What we need to save our land?

Superfund

Money voted to clean up the mess.
 Will it sit there just like all the rest?
 Or give us back our future days?



Chapter 2

Verses

ELEGY TO AN AGENCY

By: Laraine Hofstetter,
Albuquerque, New Mexico.

The EPA's reassuring us
That doom is not at our door
They say the added cancer risk
Is ten to the minus four.
Just ten to the minus four.

While somewhere down in San Jose
A woman confides in me—
"Our water makes us vomit
And I bleed internally."
Ten to the minus three.

An infant fights with life and death.
It is said the child turned blue.
From drinking poisoned water.
In a place called Mountainview.
Ten to the minus two.

Yet, it seems to go unnoticed
That the death toll has begun.
I am pleading for my family,
For my daughter and my son...
And ten to the minus everyone.

FOR THE LOVE OF OUR CHILDREN

By: Nancy A. Prunty

When I was a child, I loved to play
In the golden sunlight everyday.
But today my child must stay indoors.
For the ozone layer protects, no more.

When I was a child my mother would say.
"An apple a day keeps the doctor away."
But after news of toxic stories.
For the love of my child, I threw them away.

When I was a child we fished in clean streams
I swim in fresh waters, now only dreams
My child sees oil, dead wildlife, and debris
As the world's destroyed by our industry.

When I was a child the sky was bright blue.
And the stars shined at night, near the cities too.
But the air hangs heavy with a stagnant veil
And the brightest stars seem very pale.

I fear for my children, the water they drink.
And air they breathe, the food they eat!
I fear for their future, and what it will be...
If we their protectors, can't turn destiny!

For the love of children, no task is too great.
We must, "Save our Environment" before it's too
late!

GREEN IS CLEAN!

By: Georg and Doran

Let me tell you a story of a town I once knew in
A state in the U.S. where flowers once grew.

One day was decided they needed some funds
so land then was decided to some mighty big guns.

And soon they had started on a mountain so
high to dig out a deep pit for this reason why.

On top of our maintain all covered
with green they started a landfill with
trash from latrine.

They dump in some poisons and
added a touch of wastes radioactive,
toxic, and such.

Of course though 'twas all lined well
with plastic and dirt it started in leaking
but what would it hurt.

It seeped toward the waters flowing
swift and so clean and soon no more fishes
or otters were seen.

Then gradually green was all turning brown,
Astrees ceased their growing and sickness abound.

People very soon started their hair all to lose
As slowly but surely wastes started to ooze.

The kids there are strange now their minds
Seem quite slow.
Just what the reason
I fear we all know.

They'll never be able
the hills just to climb
Hills covered with dead trees
And pools of thick slimes.

And still it is seeping
This poison so rank
Still why would some care
Their hearts at the bank.
Someday they'll know
Though for some it's too late
Money really is worthless with
A cesspool as your state.

Please don't let this happen
To Our Town, U.S.A.
Please leave to our children
Clean land for work and play.

So let's pool our talents
To help our great nation
Think twice 'fore you toss things
Try selective incineration.

Recycling is the "in" thing
Decrease waste where you can
And soon you'll be proud
Of our sparkling clean land.

For don't we all owe to the next
Generation a land clean and green
Free from contamination.

Though this story is fiction
Just a message in rhyme
Why couldn't it happen
In this day and time?

So let's do our part
And all of us strive
To keep this great country
Both green and ALIVE!

WE DEMAND THE RIGHT TO KNOW

By: Ken Silver, copyright 1985.

What's in that business over there?
WE DEMAND THE RIGHT-TO-KNOW!
Is it a time bomb a-ticking?
To protect us from death and disease
We need the chemical identities
Of the stuff you're using in that plant
WE DEMAND THE RIGHT-TO-KNOW!

Now some companies like to tell us how the
world is full of risks.
"Why if it weren't for our chemicals, life itself
might not exist!"
But one thing you'll never hear them say is the
awful price a lot of people pay.
From living and working day-to-day with the
stuff that makes them sick.

What's in this stuff we're working with?
WE DEMAND THE RIGHT-TO-KNOW
The boss told us that it was safe
But...Joe died two weeks ago.
He's the fifth with that kind of cancer.
So quit the double talk just answer.
What's in this stuff we're working with?
WE DEMAND THE RIGHT-TO-KNOW!

I don't claim to be an expert, but I've learned a
thing or two.
About folks who've died from toxics and how
they never knew
That the stuff that they were breathing'
drinking, bathing in or eating'
Could rob them of their house, their home, their
kids' health and futures too.

Yes I've heard tell of Midland, Kin-Buc,
Williamstown and Triana
Of Vickery, Deer Park, Chem. Control and Emelle,
Alabama
Times Beach, Woburn, Love Canal.
String fellow—and now Bhopal
Oh the time has come to put an end to this
poisoning right now!

What's in that stuff you're dumping there?

WE DEMAND THE RIGHT-TO-KNOW!

Is it harmful, is it toxic?
Can you prove that it ain't so?
Get on with it, ya' better remove it.
Don't dump it here in our backyards
It's our right to tell you no.

There's asbestos, lead and benzene,
Dioxin, PCBs, nickel, cadmium, chromium,
vinyl chloride, DDT,
EDB, COME, DES, DBCP,
MOCA, Mirex arsenic, coal tar pitch,
acrylonitrile and mercury.

What's in that stuff you're spewing out?
WE DEMAND THE RIGHT-TO-KNOW!
If my kids eat it - drink it - breathing it.
Then it's no company's trade secret
It's a travesty and a tragedy that you've killed so
many -
But you won't kill me!
What's in that stuff you're spewing out?
WE DEMAND THE RIGHT-TO-KNOW!

Now there's something that's stirring across this
mighty land.
In places where the toxic threat has worked its
evil hand.
Folks are saying loud WE'VE HAD ENOUGH,
we're organized and we're getting tough
On the companies who dump their stuff on our
jobs and communities.

What's in that business over there?
WE DEMAND THE RIGHT-TO-KNOW!
Is it a time bomb a-ticking?
Will it gas us or explode?
To protect us from death and disease
We need the chemical identities.
Of the stuff you're using in that plant.
WE DEMAND THE RIGHT-TO-KNOW!

And when your experts say we're the safest
Behind their stoic, poker faces
I see an attitude that's completely shameless
And a record full of past disgraces
Of massacres and other outrages
That could fill a book of 10,000 pages
That tells me we need to find many ways
TO USE OUR RIGHT-TO-KNOW!

“CHEJ is the strongest environmental organization today – the one that is making the greatest impact on changing the way our society does business.”

Ralph Nader

“CHEJ has been a pioneer nationally in alerting parents to the environmental hazards that can affect the health of their children.”

New York, New York

“Again, thank you for all that you do for us out here. I would have given up a long time ago if I had not connected with CHEJ!”

Claremont, New Hampshire



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