

Lyrics by: Lee

Gaggle: Tucson

Tune: The Caissons Go Rolling Along

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Science Here, Science There

Sci-ence here, sci-ence there,

cli-mate science ev-rywhere!

But the cli-mate de-ni-ers are blind.

It's the land of the free,

so we can't force them to be

well in-formed or to o-pen their mind.

Wher-e-ver they go, corp-or-a-tions follow dough

no mat-ter the plan-et-wide harm.

Pho-ny corp'rate sci-ence is the biggest foe

of the o-cean, the for-est, and farm.

When they say they are "green"

it doesn't really mean

that they care about trees or the grass.

They're just look-in' for a way

to plun-der them for pay

on the sly, while they cov-er their ass.

Wher-e-ver they go, corp-or-a-tions follow dough

no mat-ter the plan-et-wide harm.

Pho-ny corp'rate sci-ence is the biggest foe

of the o-cean, the for-est, and farm.

Call your leg-is-lators now.

Tell them you have made a vow

to un-**seat** them the **next** time a-**round**

un-**less** they'll sup-**port**

taking **big** bizness to **court**

and pro-**mote** only **sci**-ence that's **sound**!

We must **end** this **war** on our **plan**-et near and **far**

and **pro**-secute all **guil**-ty parties **too**!

Our suc-**cess** does not de-**pend** on **wish**-in' on a **star**...

WE'RE THE MANY AND THEY ARE THE FEW!

(shout) ACT NOW!