

TREES COUNT

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There's carbon in the atmosphere, it's rising as we speak

It's past three eighty parts per mil, and heading for a peak

It's higher than it's ever been, than we've ever seen before

Says old air trapped in ice, from an Antarctic core.

The Arctic ice is melting, and the sea is on the rise

We've got to slow emissions; we've got to stabilise

It's burning coal that's done it, and oil and gas and peat

Those fossil fuels of yesteryear; our transport, power and heat

It's time to turn to cleaner fuels, the wind, the waves, the sun

They've been around for long enough, but their use has just begun

Sequester C O 2 away, or pump it underground

We've got to curb emissions, and turn the trend around

You can help to lock some carbon up, if you plant a tree

It's just a little gesture, but it helps posterity

It seems a little seed at first, but it germinates and shoots

And stores the carbon that it breathes, in branches, twigs and roots

So when your grandchild asks you, 'what was there you could do?'

Show the tree you planted, and say 'I planted it for you'

Ptolemy.