

## Last Tree Standing

Said the Whale

My horizon:

Jet-black mountain, crumbling into the sea  
Little city, you're still so young  
But you got so dirty  
Hey old ocean, are you still holding on?  
You look so sad and empty  
Fires burning, forest falling  
Forevergreen, forevergone

I'll say a prayer for the trees by the side of the road  
For the deer in the headlights, and the ashes, of the fires still growing  
And I'll say goodbye to the life of the aquamarine  
To the catch of the day, and moonlight swimming

The heat on my back  
Like two hands more likely to give than to receive  
Standing on the side of the highway  
Taking shelter in the shade of the last big tree for miles around  
There are fires burning for miles around

Ashes to the ground.