

Maybe When We're Gone

By Brian McLaren

Maybe when we're gone,  
Maybe then they'll see  
When they hear no song singing from the trees.  
When there's no hum or buzz and spring arrives in silence  
Maybe without us they'll be sorry for their violence.

Maybe when we're gone  
They will realize  
When the glaciers melt and when the oceans rise  
Or when the forests burn and few of us survive,  
Maybe then they'll learn.  
"Wish we were alive."

CHORUS:

Well don't it always seem to go we don't know what we got  
And everything will be the same, we know, until it's not.

Maybe when we're gone, the devastated earth  
Will tell them that their money was of deceptive worth.  
Their future and their health depended on the whole.  
They'll despise their wealth for which they sold their soul.

Maybe when we're gone,  
Oh, they will say a prayer.  
Thankful for the soil, the water, and fresh air,  
For us, their fellow creatures,  
For all they have destroyed,  
All they could have saved, treasured, and enjoyed.

CHORUS

Maybe when we're gone  
They will say a prayer  
Remembering the beauty  
When we were all still here.  
They'll mourn their children's fate of famine, guns, and war.  
See that it's too late. Likely not before.

CHORUS

Maybe when we're gone . . .