

Tar Sands

Adapted from the words of Celina Harp, Elder, Fort MacKay community, Cree Nation.

***Got no life without water, nothing to drink for my sons and daughters,
Can't catch a fish like I used to, Tar sands – making a killing of me.***

Well we live downriver from the black tar sand,
Where the dirty money keeps a changing hands.
That drip-drop drilling's leaking in the riverbed.
Seeping into anybody who drinks anything

***Got no life without water, nothing to drink for my sons and daughters,
Can't catch a fish like I used to, Tar sands – making a killing of me.***

Hear the sound of the shovel hit the sand,
That's another dead body laying on the ground,
Never used to be so many fall down,
I seen it change since the oil been found.

***Got no life without water, nothing to drink for my sons and daughters,
Can't catch a fish like I used to, Tar sands – making a killing of me.***

We got a good piece of paper sittin' in our hands,
Got the right to live, got the right to our land.
But what damn good can the paper be
When the land keeps a dying – ain't nobody free.

***Got no life without water, nothing to drink for my sons and daughters,
Can't catch a fish like I used to, Tar sands – making a killing of me.***

So just you listen up – gotta make it stop,
'Cause we never signed a paper said we'd fall down dead
So that you could fill your pockets up with dollar bills,
While you're filling up our bodies with them poisoned cells.

***Got no life without water, nothing to drink for my sons and daughters,
Can't catch a fish like I used to, Tar sands – making a killing of me.***