My Dirty Stream

G
Sailing down my dirty stream
Am D7 G
Still I love it and I'll keep the dream
D7 G
That some day though maybe not this year
Am D7 G
My Hudson River will once again run clear.

It starts high in the mountains of the North,
Crystal clear and icy trickles forth
With just a few floating wrappers of chewing gum
Dropped by some hikers to warn of things to come.

At Glens Falls, five thousand honest hands
Work at the Consolidated Paper Plant.
Five million gallons of waste a day.
Why should we do it any other way?

Down the valley one million toilet chains
Find my Hudson a convenient place to drain
And each little city says, "Who, me?
Do you think that sewage plants come free?"

In the ocean they say the water's clear
But I live right at Beacon here,
Halfway between the mountains and the sea
Tacking to and fro, this thought returns to me.

Sailing up my dirty stream
Still I love it and I'll dream
That some day though maybe not this year
My Hudson River and my country will run clear.