

Put It In A Bin

Iain Gilmour

Verse 1

There's something on the street,
There all day and night,
People think it's harmless but we know they're not right.
A sight that no one likes,
It's a modern sin,
Ev'rybody seems to treat the pavement like a bin.
Yet someone has to deal with it, but people say "not me!"
No one stops to pick it up, well no one except me!

Chorus

Put it in your pocket, take it to a bin,
Keep the planet clean, don't let the messy rabble win.
Doesn't take a minute, doesn't take too long,
When they ask you why then sing this litter picking song.

Verse 2

There's empty cans of pop,
Empty bags of crisps,
Boxes for a burger and boxes for the chips.
A finished bag of sweets, finished choc'late bar,
Even letters from your school that didn't make it far.
On windy days it flies around and ends up evr'ywhere,
People say they hate the mess but do they really care?

Chorus

Put it in your pocket, take it to a bin,
Keep the planet clean, don't let the messy rabble win.
Doesn't take a minute, doesn't take too long,
When they ask you why then sing this litter picking song.

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Bridge

We could make a difference if all of us decide,
Bins are often empty and the trash should be inside!

Chorus

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