

Pipeline ©Linda Allen 2000

A G D
We remember how it started
A D E
Plumes of smoke and fire that grew and grew
A G D
We knew a dreadful thing had happened
A D E
We grabbed our kids and waited for the news
D A
A pipeline can demand an awful price
D A
For whose convenience did we sacrifice?
D A F#m
We remember three young boys who died
G E A
With the sweet lands, And the waters where they played
A
We will not sacrifice our children,
E
Will not sacrifice our lands
D
We'll remember that sad day
A
And we will hold each other's hands

We will shout it to the sky until
E
They're weary of the sound
D
Only we will choose what's buried
A
Underneath our town

We believed our homes were sacred
Never noticed where the pipes were laid
We believed all that they told us
We believed until that summer day
Now we believe that it is up to us
There are those we know we cannot trust
We believe we put our children first
And the sweet lands and the waters where they play CHORUS

I remember so well the day the Olympic Pipeline exploded in our town of Bellingham, Washington, killing three boys. It was terrifying. This song is dedicated to them and to their families.

In the US, *for natural gas alone*, the Pipeline and Hazardous Materials Safety Administration has detailed more than 3,200 accidents deemed “serious or significant” since 1987.