To escape from the smog you've smogged-up around here.

"What's more," snapped the Lorax. (His dander was up.)
"Let me say a few words about Gluppity-Glupp.
Your machinery chugs on, day and night without stop
Making Gluppity-Glupp. Also Schloppity-Schlopp.
And what do you do with this leftover goo?
I'll show you. You dirty old Once-ler man, you!

You're glumping the pond where the Humming-Fish hummed!
No more can they hum, for their gills are all gummed.
So I'm sending them off. Oh, their future is dreary.
They'll walk on their fins and get woefully weary
In search of some water that isn't so smearly.

And I got mad.
I got terribly mad.
I yelled at the Lorax, "Now listen here, Dad!
All you do is yap-yap and say, 'Bad! Bad! Bad! Bad!'
Well, I have my rights, sir, and I'm telling you
I intend to go on doing just what I do!
And, for your information, you Lorax, I'm figgering
On biggering and BIGGERING and BIGGERING and BIGGERING,
Turning MORE Truffula Trees into Thneeds
Which everyone, EVERYONE, EVERYONE needs!

No more trees. No more Thneeds. No more work to be done.
So, in no time, my uncles and aunts, every one,
All waved me good-bye. They jumped into my cars
And drove under the smoke-smoggered stars.

Now all that was left' neath the bad-smelling sky
Was my big empty factory...
The Lorax...
And I.

The Lorax said nothing. Just gave me a glance...
Just gave me a very sad, sad backward glance...

As he lifted himself by the seat of his pants.
And I'll never forget the grim look on his face
When he heisted himself and took leave of this place,
Through a hole in the smog, without leaving a trace.

And all that the Lora left here in this mess
Was a small pile of rocks, with the one word...
"UNLESS."
Whatever that means, well, I just couldn't guess.

That was long, long ago.
But each day since that day
I've sat here and worried
And worried away.
Through the years, while my buildings
Have fallen apart,
I've worried about it
With all of my heart.

"But now," says the Once-ler,
"Now that you're here,
the word of the Lorax seems perfectly clear
UNLESS someone like you
Cares a whole awful lot,
Nothing is going to get better It's not.

"SO..."
Catch!" calls the Once-ler.
He lets something fall.
"It's a Truffula seed.
It's the last one of all!
You're in charge of the last of the Truffula Seeds.
And Truffula Trees are what everyone needs.
Plant a new Truffula. Treat it with care.
Give it clean water. And feed it fresh air.
Grow a forest. Protect it from axes that hack.
Then the Lorax and all of his friends may come back."
Get over here fast! Take the road to North Nitch
Turn left at Weehawken. Sharp right at South Stitch
And, in no time at all,
In the factory I built,
The whole Once-ler Family
Was working full tilt.
We were all knitting Thneeds
Just as busy as bees,
To the sound of the chopping of Truffula Trees

Then...
Oh! Baby! Oh!
How my business did grow!
Now chopping one tree
At a time was too slow.

So I quickly invented my Super-Axe-Hacker
Which whacked off four Truffula Trees at one smacker.
We were making Thneeds
Four times as fast as before!
And that Lorax?
He didn't show up anymore

But the next week
He knocked
On my new office door

He snapped, “I’m the Lorax who speaks for the trees
Which you seem to be chopping as fast as you please.
But I’m also in charge of the Brown Bar-ba-loots
Who played in the shade in their Bar-ba-loot suits
And happily lived, eating Truffula Fruits.

“Now... thanks to your hacking my trees to the ground,
there’s not enough Truffula Fruit to go ’round.
And my poor Bar-ba-loots are all getting the crummies
Because they have gas, and no food, in their tummies!

“They loved living here. But I can’t let them stay.
They’ll have to find food. And I hope that they may.
Good luck, boys,” he cried. And he sent them awa.

I, the Once-ler, felt sad
As I watched them all go.
BUT...
Business is business!
And business must grow
Regardless of crummies in tummies, you know.

I meant no harm. I most truly did not.
But I had to grow bigger. So bigger I got.
I biggered my factory. I biggered my roads.
I biggered my wagons. I biggered the loads
Of the Thneeds I shipped out. I was shipping them forth
To the South! To the East! To the West! To the North!
I went right on biggering... selling more Thneeds.
And I biggered my money, which everyone needs.

Then again he came back! I was fixing some pipes
When the old-nuisance Lorax came back with more gripes.
“T am the Lorax,” he coughed and whuffed.
He sneezed and he snuffled. He snarggled. He sniffed.
“Once-ler!” he cried with a cruffulous croak.
“Once-ler! You’re making such a smogulous smoke!
My poor Swomee-Swans... why, they can’t sing a note!
No one can sing who has smog in his throat.

“And so,” said the Lorax,
“—please pardon my cough—
they cannot live here
So I’m sending them off.

“Where will they go?...
I don’t hopefully know.
They may have to fly for a month... or a year...