

Children of the Universe

John Denver

A heritage of vision
Was given to us all
To smell the rose's fragrance
To hear the songbird's call
To watch the distant moonlight fill
The coming of the tides
To understand that life is more
Than always choosing sides
And some have seen what can be seen
Of sailing ships and kings
And some are given feet of clay
And some are given wings
And some must struggle just to breathe
Some have a golden spoon
And some will never leave the nest
While some walk on the moon
And don't you know the life that lives
Within the silent hills
Is just as rich and beautiful
And just as unfulfilled
As man with all his intellect
His reason and his choice
Oh, who's to say the nightingale
Has any less a voice
The silver dolphins twist and dance
And sing to one another
The cosmic ocean knows no bounds
For all that lives are brothers
The whippoorwill, the grizzly bear
The elephant, the whale
All children of the universe
All weavers of the tale

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