

# Cosmic Concerto (Life Is People)

**Bill Fay**

There are miracles,  
In the strangest of places  
There are miracles,  
Everywhere you go  
I see fathers,  
Hold a little child's hand  
I see mothers,  
Holding a little child's hand  
I see trees, trees,  
Blowing in the wind  
I see seeds,  
Being sown by the wind  
It's a cosmic concerto, and it stirs my soul  
I see grandmas,  
Blowing kisses into a pram  
I see grandpas,  
Scratching their head in amazement  
It's a cosmic concerto, and it stirs my soul  
It's a cosmic concerto, and it stirs my soul  
Like my old dad said,  
Life is people, life is people  
In the space of a human face,  
There's infinite variation  
It's a cosmic concerto, and it stirs my soul  
It's a cosmic concerto, and it stirs my soul  
Like my old dad said,  
Life is people, life is people  
In the space of a human face,  
There's infinite variation  
Life is people, life is people, life is people  
Life is people, life is people, life is people  
Life is people

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