

# Fate of Man

Glen Campbell

Pity a man  
For he don't know  
The trouble he'll pass  
Going down life's road  
When a man is one and twenty, he thinks he knows it all  
He can't see down the road of life where he'll ever fall  
But fall he will as he travels through life  
With all its pitfalls troubles and strife  
Now at fifty, he's going real strong  
He has him a family and a nice little home  
But old age is creeping up his spine  
And the day is coming when the sun won't shine  
Now at sixty, he won't have to guess  
He's already missed the boat that leads to success  
But he's done his best and he can't see why  
The fame of life just passed him by  
Now at seventy, he can see the light  
And he knows he's never been very bright  
But he's done his best as he's traveled by  
And now all he can do is just sit and sigh  
Pity a man  
For he don't know  
The trouble he'll pass  
Going down life's road  
Now at eighty, he's ready for the wreath  
He's wore out his hair and two sets of teeth  
He has rheumatism in his hands and feet  
And nothing seems good to eat  
So you can pity him as he goes up the line  
As he wobbles on the spindle and he's almost blind  
And you can tell by the way that he travels alone  
That it won't be long before he's going home  
But if he's kept the commandments as he's traveled through life  
He'll have a home in heaven where there'll be no strife  
He's worked all his life to get things the way he wants them  
He comes here against his will and he goes away disappointed

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