

The Family of Man

Paul Williams

This tired city was somebody's dream
Billboard horizons as black as they seem
Four level highways across the land
We're building a home for the family of man

One man to lead us with so much to say
Moving the mountains that got in our way
Prayer books and meetings to find a plan
Deciding the fate of the family of man
And it's so hard
Whatever are we coming to
Yes it's so hard
With so little time and so much to do
Mem'ries replacing the loves that we've lost
Burning our bridges as soon as they're crossed
Factories built where the rivers ran
And time running out for the family of man

And it's so hard
Whatever are we coming to
Yes it's so hard
With so little time and so much to do

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