

Air Supply, The Vanishing Race

Sun, I can't slow you down
Run, build on sacred ground
All of the leavesd have blown away
Ghosts on a distant highway
In a vanishing race

Sleep, if your eyes must close
Weep, over a poisoned rose
Soon all the tears will blow away
Dust on a distant highway
In the vanishing race

Fly, closer to the sun
Fight, 'till your world is one
Soon all the stars will burn away

Ghosts on a different highway
In the vanishing race

Oh, shall we sleep tonight
Take all your dreams and drive away
Smoke on a distant highway
From the vanishing race

All my people
Respect your Mother Earth
Thank you for this life and this breath
And all my people's strength