

Three Dog Night, The Family Of Man

(P.Williams/J.Conrad)

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

And it's so hard whatever we are coming to
Yes it's so hard with so little time
And so much to do
Time running out 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

Memories 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