

Kitty Wells, All His Children

When you're standing alone with the mountains and the sea

Where the arms of the world are opened wide

Where the truth is as plain as the falling rain and as sure as the time and the tide

You know we're all his children his next of kin that's the way it's began

No matter where you're going or where you've been you're part of the family of men

When you walk down the road and the sun is on your side

With the sweet river breeze for your face

Though you don't hear a sound as you look around everything sort of fall into place

You know we're all his children...

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