

The Kinks, God's Children

Man made the buildings that reach for the sky
And man made the motorcar and learned how to fly
But he didn't make the flowers and he didn't make the trees
And he didn't make you and he didn't make me
And he got no right to turn us into machines
He's got no right at all
'Cause we are all God's children
And he got no right to change us
Oh, we gotta go back the way the good lord made us all

Don't want this world to change me
I wanna go back the way the good lord made me
Same lungs that he gave me to breath with
Same eyes he gave me to see with

Oh, the rich man, the poor man, the saint and the sinner
The wise man, the simpleton, the loser and the winner
We are all the same to Him
Stripped of our clothes and all the things we own
The day that we are born
We are all God's children
And they got no right to change us
Oh, we gotta go back the way the good lord made
Oh, the good lord made us all
And we are all his children
And they got no right to change us
Oh, we gotta go back the way the good lord made us all
Yeah, we gotta go back the way the good lord made us all