

All His Children

Kitty Wells

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
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

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