

Air Supply **"The Vanishing Race"**

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Sun, I can't slow you down
Run, build on sacred ground
All of the leaves 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
Oh, when there's no hope in sight
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

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