

Bill Fay

"Cosmic Concerto"

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There are miracles,
In the strangest of places
There are miracles,
Everywhere you go
I see fathers,
Hold a little child's hand
I see mothers,
Holding a little child's hand
I see trees, trees,
Blowing in the wind
I see seeds,
Being sown by the wind
It's a cosmic concerto, and it stirs my soul
I see grandmas,
Blowing kisses into a pram
I see grandpas,
Scratching their head in amazement
It's a cosmic concerto, and it stirs my soul
It's a cosmic concerto, and it stirs my soul
Like my old dad said,
Life is people, life is people
In the space of a human face,
There's infinite variation
It's a cosmic concerto, and it stirs my soul
It's a cosmic concerto, and it stirs my soul
Like my old dad said,
Life is people, life is people
In the space of a human face,
There's infinite variation
Life is people, life is people, life is people
Life is people, life is people, life is people
Life is people

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