

## **Kinks, The**

### **"God's Children"**

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Man made the buildings that reach for the sky  
And man made the motorcar and learned how to drive  
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's got no right to turn us into machines

Oh, 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

I 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 breathe 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 of the same to Him  
Stripped of our clothes and all the things we own

Oh, 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

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