IS THIS WHAT WE CALL THE HUMAN RACE

Words & Music: Robert Shumy
Dauer: 3:50

Someone is the hunter, someone is the fox.
One got time for wasting, the other needs the clocks.
One lives for another, the other loves himself.
One sits in a rollin' chair, the other leases health.

So many differences, so many things to repair.
A life of misery, it's time to beware.
Lies and crime, on every place.
Is this what we call the human race?

Someone is the dealer, someone pays the bill.
One got hands for healing, the other was born to kill.
One grows up with silver spoons, the other without bread.
One sleeps in a golden bed, the other wish he's dead.

So many differences, so many things to repair.
A live of misery, it's time to beware.
Lies and crime, on every place.
Is this what we call the human race?

Someone is the judge, the other is balled in chain.
One got everything, the other lives in vain.
One he knows his way, the other stands in between.
One he is the winner, the other is without esteem.

So many differences, so many things to repair.
A live of misery, it's time to beware.
Lies and crime, on every place.
Is this what we call the human race?