

# I Want to Live

John Denver

There are children raised in sorrow  
On a scorched and barren plain  
There are children raised beneath the golden sun  
There are children of the water  
And children of the sand  
And they cry out through the universe  
Their voices raised as one

I want to live I want to grow  
I want to see I want to know  
I want to share what I can give  
I want to be I want to live

Have you gazed out on the ocean  
Seen the breaching of a whale?  
Have you watched the dolphins frolic in the foam?  
Have you heard the song the humpback hears five hundred miles a  
way  
Telling tales of ancient history of passages and home?

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For the worker and the warrior the lover and the liar  
For the native and the wanderer in kind  
For the maker and the user and the mother and her son  
I am looking for my family and all of you are mine

We are standing all together  
Face to face and arm in arm  
We are standing on the threshold of a dream  
No more hunger no more killing  
No more wasting life away  
It is simply an idea  
And I know its time has come

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