

Folks

Cody Jinks

Some folks like to look, they like to point
They like to push, they like to shove
Some folks like to talk about the things they have
The things they love
But things are that, just things, and I don't give a damn
I must seem trite

I'm not that old, I'm not too young
I'm not too smart, I sure ain't dumb
I walked around and round and round, most every place
I've been found and all I've found
Is most places usually seem the same to me

And I talk with people off the street
My line of work
I tend to meet the kind of folk that seem like-minded
Those of us just trying to find our way
So let's just meet up at some place
We can sort it out

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This god-forsaken world, it chews you up and spits you out
It scuffs your shoes, it takes most everything you got
And then it tries you with the blues
But that's alright
The blues is somethin' proves that you still feel

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And I'm alright