

These Are Not My People

Joe South

First your mama and your papa sent you to the finest
school.
Never let it be said that their little darlin' was a
fool.
So with a credit card in your good name
You were drawn like a moth to a flame
to the people of the night
Where you more or less lost your cool.

Well, you had 20/20 vision and still you were walkin'
'round blind.
Yes, and whether right or wrong, I'd still tag along
behind.
But you're flyin' too high for
And if this is how it's got to be
Then it's time to say you go your way
And I'll go mine.

It's been a gas.
But I'm gonna have to pass.
These are not people.
No. These are not my people.
And it looks like the end, my friend.
Gotta get in the wind, my friend.

You found yourself naked in the world with no place to
hide.
Then you felt the pulse of your god, and he had died.
And all your rebels that have got no cause
And all your tigers that have got no claws
They promised you the world on a string, but you know
they lied.

Well, you said you'd be back in a black Cadillac
limousine.
But I'm inclined to think it's not the kind you mean.
Cause when you fall down from off your cloud
And you're just another face in the crowd
They're gonna throw you away like last week's
magazines.

Party pals and sociable gals.
These are not my people.
No. These are not my people.
And it looks like the end, my friend.
Gotta get in the wind, my friend.

And it looks like the end, my friend.
Gotta get in the wind, my friend.