

Everyday People

Sheila E.

Sometimes I'm right and I can be wrong
My own beliefs are in my song
The butcher, the banker, the drummer and then
Makes no difference what group I'm in

I am everyday people, yeah, yeah
I am everyday people, yeah, yeah

There is a blue one
Who can't accept the green one
For living with a fat one
Trying to be a skinny one
Different strokes
For different folks
And so on and so on
And scooby dooby dooby
Ooh sha sha...
We got to live together

I am no better and neither are you
We are the same, whatever we do
You love me, you hate me, you know me and then
You can't figure out the bag I'm in

I am everyday people, yeah yeah
I am everyday people, yeah yeah

There is a long hair
That doesn't like the short hair
For being such a rich one
That will not help the poor one
Different strokes
For different folks
And so on and so on
And scooby dooby dooby
Ooh sha sha...
We got to live together...

There is a yellow one
That won't accept the black one
That won't accept the red one
That won't accept the white one

We got to live together...

We are the people...