

# Everyday People

Nicole C. Mullen

Sometimes I'm right and I can be wrong  
My own beliefs are in my songs  
The butcher, banker, the drummer and then  
Makes no difference what group I'm in I am everyday people  
Yeah yeah, listen There is a blue one  
Who can't accept the green one  
For living with the big one  
Tryin' to be a skinny one Different strokes for different folks  
And so on and so on and scooby dooby dooby Ooh sha sha  
We gotta live together I am no better and neither are you  
We're all 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  
Yo, hear me when I sing 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 scooby dooby dooby Ooh sha sha  
See 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 Different strokes for different folks  
And so on and so on and scooby dooby dooby Ooh sha sha  
Well, I am everyday people  
Hear me when I tell you now  
I am everyday people I am everyday people  
Oh yes I am, yes I am, yes I am, yes I am  
I am everyday people  
[Incomprehensible] Ooh sha sha  
See we got to live together  
Ooh sha sha  
I said, we got to live together I said  
I am everyday people

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