

# Everyday People

## Joan Jett and the Blackhearts

Sometimes I'm right then I can be wrong  
My own beliefs are in my songs  
A butcher, a banker, a drummer and then  
Makes no difference what group I'm in  
I am everyday people Then it's the blue ones who can't accept  
The green ones for living with  
The black ones 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  
Still can't figure out the scene I'm in  
I am everyday people Then it's the new man that doesn't like the short man  
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  
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  
I am everyday people

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnyrics.com/>