

# Other People Are Us

Howard Jones

By umberto tozzi

As sung by howard jones I've never been more lonely.

The night is closing in.

I wish for monday morning and the people of the town to heal me,

Opening themselves

Like flowers to a cruel sun.

Going thru the motions

With no chance to show their deep emotion. Chorus

When they sing and cry

When they live and die

Can't we see other people, those people are us Angels live inside

Vultures try to hide

In the mirrors we see other people are us The walls are falling down with the breath of an idea.

See allah in the church and jesus in the mosque.

Our world is turning. Heros leave behind miles (minds? ) of prejudice.

Cowards try to hold the easiness of our division. Chorus As the swallows fly thru leaves of africa

Do they cry as they witness our tears?

Will the hands of needs become the hand of greed?

There will be a time when those people are us. Chorus x2 Living in the world of isolation

Of comfort and tranquility

But sooner or later in this whole world, those people are us Chorus Yes, we are all the same

The nations of the world

Young ones trapped by chemicals, no hope to carry on

The working families

Replaced by metal men

Travelers from the east in their suburban reservations

We are the victims

Of the ruling hands

There will come a time when those people are us Chorus

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