

People Like Us

Howard Goodall & Original London Bend it Like Beck

There once was man with a dream in his heart
With a dream just the same as you
There once was a man with a gleam in his eye
But the gleam in your eye given time will die
If the dream that you dreamt is a dream that you can't pursue
People like us don't join the clubs
Jump the queues, get served in pubs
People like us must learn where we fit in
People are decent, true enough
Decent till you call their bluff
For people can't see beyond one mortal sin
The colour of your skin
Basic freedoms, basic rights
Yes it's true, we have these prizes in our sights
In this England, in these times
Many acts which once were common, now are crimes
And strong or weak, all men are equal
clearly, oh, well, nearly
People like us can serve in shops
Varnish nails, wipe table tops
People like us are free to muddle through
People will tell you you'll succeed
Brains or brawn are all you need
People like us are only free to do what they allow us to
There once was a man with a gleam in his eye
But the gleam disappeared and the dream ran dry
People like us don't fit the bill, don't run the world and never will
But then, it was ever thus, for people like us
For people like us

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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