

# Some People

## The Fixx

Some people make it, some people try  
Some people break it, some people cry  
Some people lose it, some people find  
Some people lead us and some are behind  
It's a slow, slow break up, that's what we find  
It's a so, so make up, make up your mind  
It's a slow, slow break up, that's what we find  
It's a so, so make up, make up your mind  
What is the point of being amused?  
I see the people standing abused  
They keep their faces buried in hands  
They keep their plates clean, but underneath  
Some people drink gin, some people dry  
Some people drive cars and some people fly  
Some people take trains, some people walk  
Some people hold it and some people talk  
It's a slow slow break up, that's what we find  
It's a so so make up, make up your mind  
What is the point of being amused  
I see the people standing abused  
They keep their faces buried in hands  
They keep their plates clean, but underneath  
They like to fly with the jet-setters  
They want to be with the go-getters  
And then the moment comes around  
Once again we'll find  
He's taking pills and drink just  
To find his peace of mind  
Some people do it, some people won't  
Some people do da, some people don't  
Some people Liepzig, some people Prague  
Some people lucid and some people vague  
It's a no go faker, that's what we find  
It's a no no taker, what's on your mind?  
It's a no go faker, that's what we find  
It's a no no taker, what's on your mind?  
What is the point of being amused?  
I see the people standing abused  
They keep their faces buried in hands

They keep their plates clean, but underneath

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