

Everyday People

Joan Jett

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

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