

Where Have All the Average People Gone

[Roger Miller](#)

The people in this city call me country
Because of how I walk and talk and smile
Well, I don't mind them laughing in the city
But the country folks all say I'm citified
The fighting men they say that I'm a coward
Because I never push no one around
Gentle people call me trouble maker
'Cause I'll always fight and stand my ground
Funny I don't fit
Where have all the average people gone?
Some pious people point and call me sinner
Because to them I've never seen the lights
Other folks think of me as a preacher
I'm just doing what I think is right
The wealthy people think that I am a hobo
Lean and hungry, writing mournful songs
And the poor, poor people think I am a rich man
But really, I'm just trying to get along
Yes, it's funny I don't fit
Tell me where have all the average people gone?
And the government has given me a number
To simplify my birth and life and death
And still my woman thinks I'm awful important
Like the moon and the sun and the sea and the sky and breath
Yes, it's funny I don't fit
Where have all the average people gone?
Funny I don't fit
Where have all the average people gone?

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