

People

Barbra Streisand

We travel single-o,
Maybe we're lucky, but I don't know
With them just let one kid fall down and seven mothers faint
Maybe we're happy, but maybe
We ain't. People, people who need people,
Are the luckiest people in the world
We're children, needing other children
And yet letting a grown-up pride
Hide all the need inside
Acting more like children than children. Lovers are very special people
They're the luckiest people in the world
With one person one very special person
A feeling deep in your soul
Says you were half now you're whole
No more hunger and thirst
But first be a person who needs people
People who need people
Are the luckiest people in the world. With one person one very special person
No more hunger and thirst
But first be a person who needs people
People who need people
Are the luckiest people in the world...

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