

## It Takes All Kinds

Aimee Mann

As we were speaking of the devil  
You walked right in  
Wearing hubris like a medal  
You revel in  
But it's me at whom you'll level  
Your javelin'

Wasn't that just our dear friend Ron?  
Throwing your weight around the sun  
Happier now that you've become  
What you hated

I'm surprised I even thought I  
Had half a chance  
I was just one in a million  
Of also-rans  
Who was sure to be your victim  
Of circumstance

Once you were just our dear friend Ron  
Selling the soul you swore upon  
Spreading the word that you've become  
What you hated

And if I don't understand...  
Well, I guess it takes all kinds

I would like to keep this vision  
Of you intact  
When we'd hang around and listen  
To Bacharach  
And you loved the world you lived in  
And it loved you back

Once you were just our dear friend Ron  
Now you look out for number one  
Who would've guessed that you'd become  
What you hated

And I guess it takes all kinds