

Everyday People

Joan Jett and the Blackhearts

Sometimes Im 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 Im in
I am everyday people

Then its the blue ones who cant 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
Were all the same whatever we do
You love me you hate me
You know me and then
Still cant figure out the scene Im in
I am everyday people

Then its the new man
That doesnt 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 wont
Accept the black one
That wont accept the red one
That wont 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