

(b. walker & c. lloreë)

An amalgam of people,
All groovin' under one steeple.
Ain't no brother better than the other.
I wish we could take away all the water.
So we could all live in one big ;@ol country.

(chorus)

Everything is going to be alright.
We're all just working people.
Ain't no keys in the car tonight.
Only thing left that we can drive home is the music now people.
So we work it, work it now.

The sun is shinin' bright.
I think I'll go outside.
'cause' I've worked too hard to swallow my pride.

(chorus)