

These Are Not My People

Joe South

First your mama and your papa
Sent you to the finest school
Never let it be said
That their little darlin' was a fool
So, with a credit card in your good name
You were drawn like a moth to the flame
To the people of the night
Where you more or less lost your cool
You had 20/20 vision
And still you were walkin' 'round blind
Yes and whether right or wrong
I'd still tag along behind
But you're flyin' too high for me
And if this is how it's got to be
Then it's time to say
You go your way and I'll go mine
It's been a gas but I'm gonna have to pass
These are not people, no
These are not my people
And it looks like the end, my friend
Gotta get in the wind, my friend
You found yourself naked
In the world with no place to hide
Then you felt the pulse of your God
And He had died
Then your rebels that have got no cause
And your tigers that have got no claws
They promised you world on a string
But you know they lied
You know, you said you'd be back
In a black Cadillac limousine
But you know, I'm inclined to think
It's not the kind you mean
'Cause when you fall down from off your cloud
And you're just another face in the crowd
They're gonna throw you away
Like last week's magazines
It's been a gas but I'm gonna have to pass
These are not people, no, no
These are not my people
And it looks like the end, my friend
I gotta get in the wind, my friend
It looks like the end, my friend
Gotta get in the wind, my friend

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