

Aimee Mann, It Takes All Kinds

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