

Andreas Johnson, People

Some made of steel, some made of glass
Some made to go where others wont pass
Some made to rule, the grand master mind
Some to lose for others to find
Now everybody is running for something
Now that the dream is gone,
developed, disguised
Into a giant cable show...
and you want more
Well you deserve more like immortality, extension
Dope, religion, sex and surgery
Guess Im slipping out of
poetry class here
So many people, with so much to say
So many people, making news today
Some made to sing,
now will you sing along
Some made like God,
and they cant be wrong
Some made of gold,
some made of stone
Some with the confidence to bring it all home
Now everybodys got to be on time...
be on time...
Free, equal, successful, way ahead...
for what.. I dont know...
but it sure feels great running... I guess...
So many people, with so much to say
So many people, making news today
So let me be your lover,
let me be your clown
Let me be your money, you can spend me all around
Let me love you down
Some grow big, some grow small
Some grow fast, some not at all
Some made to glow, some made to shine,
Some to burn just for a brief moment of time... like
So many people, with so much to say
So many people, making news today
So let me be your lover,
let me be your clown
Let me be your money,
you can spend me all around
Just let me love you down