

Joe South, These Are Not My People

well, your momma and your poppa sent ya to the finest school
never let it be said that their little darlin was a fool.
with a credit card and your good name
you were drawn like a moth to a flame
to the people of the night where you more or less lost your cool

it's been a gas but i'm gonna have to pass
chorus

these are not my people no
these are not my people
and it looks like the end my friend
gotta' get in the wind my friend

well you find your self naked in the world with no place to hide
and you felt for the pulse of you're god and he had died
now you're rebels that have got no cause
lord, you're tigers that have got no claws
well they promised you the world on a string but you know they lied

oh, you said you'd be back in a black cadillac limousine
but you know im 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
there gonna throw you away like last weeks magazine

note: repeat its been a gas but i'm gonna have to pass
before each chorus