Journey, People

Who are the ones that slip and slide through life,
Moving like the waves in a sink,
People, always need a minute or two to think.
Who says they're not going to Hell,
Climbing the stairway to you know where,
People, Oh! so happy until they scare.
Who always has got to talk about somebody else,
Born as a God, they think that's got to be
People, simply just another you and me.