

Utopia, One World

One world

Whoa, it's our world

Yeah, yeah, one world

Whoa, it's our world

Yeah, yeah

When I walk on the street I feel glad I was born

Music comes a'ringin' out of every door

I see faces I know and they give me a sign

We got something between us and it feels all right

I see Chrissy the clipper, she colors my hair

Micky and Margaret make the clothes that we wear

And there's Gene who runs the club where we dance all night

When you live in our world everything's all right

Politicians and dictators and the guys with the dough

They think they run the world but they just don't know

'Cause down here on the street we got it under control

From Berlin to San Francisco, from New York to Tokyo