

Deborah Gibson, People

We travel single-o
Maybe we're lucky but, I don't know
With them just let one kid fall down
And seven mothers faint
I guess we're both happy
But maybe, we ain't

People, people who need people
Are the luckiest people in the world
We're children needing other children
And yet letting our grown up pride
Hide all the need inside
Acting more like children than children

Lovers are very special people
They're the luckiest people in the world
With one person, one very special person
A feeling deep in your soul
Says you were half now you're whole
No more hunger and thirst
But first be a person who needs people

People who need people
Are the luckiest people in the world