

# 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