

People

Barbra Streisand

We travel single-oh
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!

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