People: A Theory

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People can be mean and people can be nice People can be any single way you'd like People can be meaner, people can be greener Than you'd ever thought you'd know

Paris or London or New York or Mars People can be any single way they are Wherever you go you just have know People can be mean or nice

Float far away from all the lights and the paint Makeup and curtain and stage
Away from what you think you are
Away from who you think you are
Away from all the burnt down sights
Away from all the sunken kites

People can be big and people can be small People can be any single shape at all People can be richer, people can be slicker Than you'd ever thought you'd know

Dumpsters or mansions or boxes or barns Everybody lives underneath the stars Wherever you go you just have know People can be real or molds of steel

Float far away from all the lights and the paint Makeup and curtain and stage
Away from what you think you are
Away from who you think you are
Away from all the burnt down sights
Away from all the sunken kites

Float like a cloud in the stratosphere Float like a bubble in the mesosphere Float like a seahorse in the troposphere Float like whatever you are As long as you're in the atmosphere