

To Each His Own

Patrice Rushen

A person came to my front door just yesterday
Wanting to know if I believed in what they say
I cannot say if your ideas are right or wrong
But you have yours and I have mine
To each his own
Oh-oh, hmm, yeah

To them that's got the best will come or so they say
The ones we love won't care or miss it anyway
If all men have the right to taste prosperity
I wonder why this choice is such a rarity
A baby's born a chance in life he does deserve
The choices that he has to choose from he soon learns
Are they determined by the colour of his skin
Or do we take the time to see what lies within
To each his own
Understanding is the real thing
Oh, ooh
To each his own
Sacrifice, compromise, through foolish pride
We'll even lie, yeah
To each his own
Hmm, yeah, yeah yeah
To each his own

Ooh, ooh, ooh
Ohhh, You do it your way
Hmm
Your own thing, your own thing
Your own thing, your own thing, your own thing

Sometimes a thousand questions seem to plague your mind
Somedays the answer are impossible to find
And everybody has advice on what to do
Just carry on with what you feel for you is true
With all we are we never seem to satisfy
The expectations others have of you and I
So critical of who I am and what I do
Looking at me when you should be looking at you

To each his own
Understanding is the real thing
Understanding is the real thing
Understanding is the real thing
Oh, ooh
To each his own
We sacrifice, compromise, through foolish pride
We'll even lie

To each his own
Ooh, ooh, ooh
Carry on

To each his own
Hmm
So they say

To each his own
Understanding is the real thing

To each his own

Ooh, ooh, ooh

To each his own

Tell me it's inside of me

To each his own

Ohhh

To each his own

Yeah