

PEOPLE

By Ann Martin Bowler

Chorus

Pe - ople, Pe - ople, oh so ma - ny pe - ople,
 Un - der one sky, un - der one sky.
 We're all u - nique, how dull it would be,
 If every one was just like me.

Verse

Wide and slim, short and tall. Each one
 star - ted oh so small. Al - mond, white, pea - chy, brown,
 Ma - ny skin tones in each town. Blon - dish
 hair, black or brown, cur - ly, straight or
 none a round.

Chorus
D A G A
 People, people oh so many people,
D A G A
 Under one sky, under one sky.
D A G A
 We're all unique, how dull it would be,
A dim E Edim A Adim
 If everyone was just like me.

Verse
D Am
 Wide and slim, short and tall.
Em B
 Each one started oh so small.
Em Em
 Almond, white, peachy, brown,
Em Em
 Many skin tones in each town.
Em Em
 Blondish hair, black or brown,
Em Em
 Curly, straight or none around.

Noses long or quite wide,
 Noses short or to the side.
 Eyes of blue, brown or green,
 Many colors in between.
 Faces, lips, ears and chin,
 So many shapes they come in!

Folks are loud, others not.
 Some talk little, others can't stop.
 Some dress sharp, suit and tie,
 Others like to simplify.
 Ski, sing, bake, read, snowshoe,
 What is it you like to do?

Some are rich, others not.
 Years of schooling, or self-taught.
 Pasta, stew, salad, fish,
 We each have a favorite dish.
 Rock and Roll, Reggae, Blues,
 Jazz is best for some of you.

Newborn babe, Grandmamma,
 Fifteen years or great-grandpa.
 Old or young, frail or strong.
 Some are gentle, others headstrong.
 We're all different, look different too,
 Nobody's just like me or you!