Ordinary

Lucky Boys Confusion

Forty five steps to the liquior store Just another breakdown that I can't afford but Can't worry about tomorrow's pain tonight Alright

Forty five minitues it will all be gone I'll be strapped to the tap like nothing's wrong but Can't worry about tomorrow's pain tonight Alright

These days, these nights are so ordinary Smoke filled room conversation slow Just leave me alone with the radio Can't worry about tomorrow's pain tonight Alright

End of the tunnel couldn't light my path Souls warring down still running fast but Can't worry about tomorrow's pain tonight, Alright

Possessions never make good friends You can throw it all away Freedom is the race to your new beginning Possessions never made much sense Confessions never made much sense to me These days, these nights are so ordinary