

Ordinary

Ricky Dillon

Chillin' on the West Side, playing my song
Got that kia soul with my cheap shades on
Gonna run right through the night

Jump off the gate, fall to the ground
It don't matter still hitting this town
Oh it never felt so right

Tonight we're running around the boulevard
I couldn't know, I couldn't ask for more

So sick and tired of staying up to see the break of dawn
Everybody's taking shots, 'til they're passed out on the lawn
Broken hearts and Styrofoam and empty double cups
I guess I'm ordinary 'cause I don't give a what
I don't give a what
I don't give a what
I don't give a what
I don't give a what

Chillin' on the sofa with the tank top
Supercalifragilistic down to my socks
Let it go right to my head
TV screen, Mario Kart
Everybody knows that I get a head start
And it's never left unsaid

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I couldn't know, I couldn't ask for more

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I guess I'm ordinary 'cause I don't give a what
I don't give a what
I don't give a what
I don't give a what
(I don't give a what)

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