

# 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 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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I guess I'm ordinary 'cause I don't give a what!