

Green Apple Quick Step, Kid

Looking under the washing machine
I'm picking up our loveline
Of dirtier change
Maybe my old blue jeans
I haven't worn in a year
But deep in a pocket
I've found the whole dollar bill

Nothing ordinary when you're a kid
There's nothing ordinary when you're a kid

Collecting my tickets
I've been scratching all day
And maybe I'll get lucky
I think of move away
And maybe end of zone, oh
Or maybe nights...
And deep in a pocket
I'm gonna see

Nothing ordinary when you're a kid
There's nothing ordinary when you're a kid

Oh yeah, I think I'm a kid
Oh yeah, I think I'm a kid
Oh yeah, I think I'm a kid
Oh yeah, I think I'm a kid

I live in a sun baby
What else could I do?
I live in a sun baby
Little too hot for you
A little too hot for you
A little too hot for you
A little too hot for you
A little too hot for you
Ooh