

# Lucky Boys Confusion, Ordinary

Forty-five steps to the liquor store  
Just another breakdown that I can't afford  
But can't worry about tomorrow's pain tonight  
Alright  
Forty-five minutes it'll all be gone  
I'll be strapped to the tap like nothing's wrong  
Can't worry about tomorrow's pain tonight  
Alright

(Chorus)  
These days, these nights are so ordinary (3x)  
These days, these nights

Smoke-filled room, conversations 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  
Soles worn down still running fast  
Can't worry about tomorrow's pain tonight  
Alright

(Repeat chorus)

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

(Chorus 2x)