

Pippin, Extraordinary

[PIPPIN]

Patching the roof and pitching the hay
Is not my idea of a perfect day
When you're extraordinary
You gotta do extraordinary things

I'm not the type who loses sleep
Over the size of the compost heap
When you're extraordinary
You think about extraordinary things

That's the reason I'll never be
The kind of man who dwells
On how moths got into the tapestry
Or why the dungeon smells

Oh, it's hard to feel special, it's hard to feel big
Feeding the turtle and walking the pig
It's so secondary
To someone who is very
Extraordinary like me

If the moat won't stop leaking
And the goat won't stop shrieking
And the griffin keeps losing its hair
If the west wing is rotting
And our best wine is clotting
Well, I'm terribly sorry but I don't care

I've got to be someone who lives
All of his life in superlatives
When you're extraordinary
You gotta do extraordinary things

Every so often a man has a day
He truly can call his
Well, here I am to seize my day
If someone would just tell me when the hell it is

Oh give me my chance, and give me my wings
And don't make me think about everyday things
They're unnecessary
To someone who is very
Extraordinary
Like me!