

# 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!