

Self, Ordinare

if there's a nowhere, you want to go there
if there's no one, you want to know them
if there's nothing, it equals something
which is still nothing and there's no point to that

i see, your lips are moving but you can't speak

don't waste breath trying to scream it aloud
you've got far more to worry about
can't dismiss it, it's nothing
you're an ordinaire in modern times
ordinaire, you can't hide
ordinaire, You can't hide it away

if we're concious then i'm breathless
do you sleep well
i'm always restless
are you all right
i'm always uptight
which is constantly and there's not point to me

i see your mouth is moving around

wake up late, try to get with the times
there's none left to rehearse all your lines
can't dismiss it as anything
you're an ordinaire in modern times
ordinaire, you can't hide
ordinaire in modern times
ordinaire, you can't hide it away

don't waste breath trying to scream it out
you've got far more to worry about
can't dismiss it, it's nothing
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