

# You Am I, Ordinary

We're so ordinary  
Can't seem to break the hold  
Of every clown that's come before us  
And every story that's yet to be told  
And even though the paint's not dry yet  
There's someone with their tongue hanging out  
'Cause something sour don't taste so bad  
When you can muzzle someone needs to shout  
And everyone who's watching now  
At the movie that's always re run  
Can throw a laugh and a stick in the pinks  
Who overrated or loud or were young  
And anyone who's looking out  
Just waiting for tall guys to fall  
Can rest assured in blankets now  
That nobody can be that small

Bring him round the court house now  
We're lying naked and ugly and cold  
Don't play around the edges  
Play with something that's dusted and old  
And when we're lying crying defenseless  
Be sure that you get in a lay  
'Cause something sour don't taste so bad  
Now they'll be forgetting you everyday

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