

Alex Lloyd, Ordinary Boy

So we're setting sail, on a crooked trail,
our broken ships are set to sail again.
Yeah, you've got a voice, yet you made the choice,
tired of all this pulling on your strings.

You've got so much to give,
but now you're moving out,
'cause you've got to live.

This ain't no ordinary, stationery boy,
he waits for you to bear it.
Cover him with joy,
he's been waiting for a long time,
waiting so long...

As you blindly run, stumble in the sun,
mostly 'cause you know your heart is true.
Exit up ahead, with a common thread,
as conversation fills you up in you.

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