

# Lucius, Nothing Ordinary

Little bird flying in the breeze  
Flying above the trees, he's crying  
Because the wind is thick, let it off a sour trick  
From the smoky fumes of fire

And there is nothing ordinary  
Nothing ordinary, nothing ordinary  
Nothing ordinary, nothing ordinary, nothing ordinary

Cattle fields spread across the land  
Fills pockets full of cheap thrills, but who's counting?  
We've been milking it for its worth  
How's about a rebirth?  
Plant a seed and watch it grow

And there is nothing ordinary  
Nothing ordinary, nothing ordinary  
Nothing ordinary, nothing ordinary, nothing ordinary

You can bend another one  
You can't glue it back together  
You can't glue it back together  
You can bend another one  
You can't glue it back together  
You can't glue it back together  
Once it's gone

Man cannot run this place alone  
But when nature intervenes, keep trying  
New is in, out with all the old  
Just watch us make the bed we'll lie in

And there is nothing ordinary  
Nothing ordinary, nothing ordinary  
Nothing ordinary, nothing ordinary, nothing ordinary