

Neil Young, Ordinary People

In a dusty town
a clock struck high noon,
Two men stood face to face.
One wore black and one wore white,
But of fear there wasn't a trace.
Two hundred years later
two hot rods drag race
through the very same place,
And a half a million people,
moved in to pick up the pace.
A factory full of people,
Makin' parts to go to outer space.
A train load of people,
They were aimin' for another place.
Out of town people.

There's a man in the window
with a big cigar,
Says everything's for sale.
The house and the boat
and the railroad car.
The owner's gotta go to jail.
He acquired these things
from a life of crime,
Now he's selling them
to raise his bail.
He was rippin' off the people.
Sellin' guns to the underground.
Tryin' to help the people,
Lose their ass
for a piece of ground.
Rippin' off the people.
Skimmin' the top when
there was no one around.
Tryin' to help the people.

He was dealing antiques
in a hardware store,
But he sure had a lot to hide.
He had a backroom full
of the guns of war,
And a ton of ammunition besides.
Well, he walked with a cane,
Kept a bolt on the door
with five pit bulls inside.
Just a warning to the people,
Who might try to break in at night.
Protection from the people,
Selling safety
in the darkest night.
Tryin' to help the people.
Get the drugs
to the street all right.
Ordinary people.

Well, it's hard to say
where a man goes wrong,
Might be here
and it might be there.
What starts out weak
might get too strong,
If you can't tell foul from fair.
But it's hard to judge
from an angry throng,

Of hands stretched into the air.
The vigilante people.
Takin' law into their own hands.
Conscientious people.
Crackin' down on
the druglord's land.
Government people.
Confiscatin' all
the dealer's land.
Patch-of-ground people.

Down at the factory,
they're puttin' new windows in.
The vandals made a mess of things,
And the homeless
just walked right in.
Well, they worked here once,
and they live here now,
But they might work here again,
They're ordinary people.
And they're livin' in a nightmare.
Hard workin' people.
And they don't know
how they got there.
Ordinary people.
And they think that you don't care.
Hard workin' people.

Down on the assembly line,
they keep puttin'
the same thing out.
But the people today,
they just ain't buyin'.
Nobody can figure it out.
Well, they try like hell
to build a quality end,
They're workin' hard
without a doubt,
They're ordinary people.
And the dollar's
what it's all about.
Hard workin' people.
But the customers are walkin' out.
Lee Iacocca people.
Yeah, they look
but they just don't buy.
Hard workin' people.

Two out of work models
and a fashion slave,
Try to dance away
the Michelob night.
The bartender poured
himself another drink,
While two drunks sat
watchin' the fight.
The champ went down,
then he got up again,
And then he went out like a light.
He was fightin' for the people,
But his timing wasn't right.
For Las Vegas people,
Who came to see a Las Vegas fight.
High rollin' people,
Takin' limos

though the neon night.
Fightin' for the people.

And then a new Rolls Royce
and a company car,
They went flyin' down the street.
Each one tryin'
to make it to the gate,
Before employees manned the fleet.
The trucks full of products
for the modern home,
Set to roll out into the street,
Of downtown people,
Tryin' to make their way to work.
Nose-to-the-stone people,
Some are saints, and some are jerks.
Hard workin' people,
Stoppin' for a drink
on the way to work.
Alcoholic people,
Yeah, they're takin' it
one day, one day at a time.

Out on the railroad track,
they're cleanin' up number 9.
They're scrubbin' the boiler down,
well, she really is lookin' fine.
Ah, she's lookin' so good,
they're gonna
bring her back on line.
Ordinary people.
They're gonna bring
the good things back.
Nose-to-the stone people.
Put the business back on track.
Ordinary people,
I got faith in the regular kind.
Hard workin' people.
Patch-of-ground people.