

Ordinary People

Neil Young

Two out of work models and a fashion slave
Try to dance away the Piccolo night
The bartender poured herself another drink
While two drunks were watchin' the fight
The champ went down and he got up again
Then he went out like a light
Fightin' for the people But his timing wasn't right
The high rollin' people
Takin' limos in the neon light
The Las Vegas people
They came to see a Las Vegas fight
Fightin' for the people There's a man in the window with a big cigar
Says everything's for sale
He had a house and a boat and a railroad car
The owner's gotta go to jail
He acquired these things from a life of crime
Now he's sellin' them to make bail
He was rippin' off the people Sellin' guns to the underground
Livin' off the people
Skimmin' the top when there was no one around
Tryin' to help the people
Lose their ass for a piece of ground
A patch o' ground people He was dealin' antiques in a hardware store
But he sure had a lot to hide
He had a back room full of the guns of war
And a ton ammunition besides
Yeah, he walked with a cane
Kept a bolt on the door with five pit bulls inside
Just a warnin' to the people In case they might try to break in at night
Protection from the people
He's sellin' safety in the darkest night
Tryin' to help the people
Get the drugs to the street all right
Tryin' to help the 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 up in the air

Vigilante peopleTakin' the law into their own hands
The conscientious people
Crackin' down on the drug lord and his bands
Government people
Confiscatin' all the dealer's land
The patch o' ground peopleA new Rolls Royce, a company car
They were racin' down the street
Each one was tryin' to make it to the gate
Before employees manned the fleet
The trucks full of products for the modern home
Were set to roll out into the street of ordinary peopleTryin' to make their way to work
The downtown people
Some are saints and some are jerks
That's me, everyday people
Stoppin' for a drink on their way to work
Alcoholic people, takin' it one day at a timeDown on the assembly line
They keep puttin' the same things out
The people today, they just ain't buyin'
Nobody can figure it out
They try like hell to build a quality in
They're workin' hard without a doubt
Ordinary peopleBut the dollar's what it's all about
Lee Iaccoca people
But the customers are walkin' out
The nose to the stone people
Yeah, they look but they just don't buy
The patch o' ground peopleIn a dusty town the 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
A hundred and eighty years later
Two hot rods drag through the very same place
A half million peopleThey 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 leavin' for another place
Out of town peopleDown 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
The ordinary peopleThey're just livin' in a dream
Hard workin' people
Just don't know what it means

To give up people
They're just like they used to be
Patch o' ground people Out on the railroad track they're cleanin' ol' number nine
They're scrubbin' the boiler down
She really is lookin' fine, a beauty, that number nine
Times'll be different soon they're gonna bring her back on line
Ordinary people They're gonna bring the good things back
Hard workin' people
They put the business back on track
The everyday people
I got faith in the regular kind
Patch o' ground people

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