

# Ordinary (Acoustic Version)

[Ricky Dillon](#)

Chillin' on the West Side, playing my song  
Drive the Kia Soul with my cheap shades on  
Gonna run right through the night Jump off the gate, fall to the ground  
It don't matter still hitting this town  
Oh it never felt so right Tonight we're running around the boulevard  
I couldn't know, I couldn't ask for more So sick and tired of staying up to see the break of dawn  
Everybody's taking shots, till they're passed out on the lawn  
Broken hearts and Styrofoam and empty double cups  
I guess I'm ordinary cause I don't give a what  
I don't give a what  
I don't give a what  
I don't give a what  
I don't give a what Chillin' on the sofa with a tank top  
Super califragilistic down to my socks  
Let it go right to my head  
TV screen, Mario Kart  
Everybody knows that I get a head start  
And it's never left unsaid Tonight we're running around the boulevard  
I couldn't know, I couldn't ask for more So sick and tired of staying up to see the break of dawn  
Everybody's taking shots, till they're passed out on the lawn  
Broken hearts and Styrofoam and empty double cups  
I guess I'm ordinary cause I don't give a what  
I don't give a what  
I don't give a what  
I don't give a what  
(I don't give a what) So sick and tired of staying up to see the break of dawn  
Everybody's taking shots, till they're passed out on the lawn  
Broken hearts and Styrofoam and empty double cups  
I guess I'm ordinary cause I don't give a what  
I don't give a what  
I don't give a what  
Broken hearts and Styrofoam and empty double cups  
I guess I'm ordinary cause I don't give a what!

Songwriters

Richard Dillon Published by

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