

# Ordinary

## Fu-Tourist

Forty five steps to the liquor store  
Just another breakdown that I can't afford but  
Can't worry about tomorrow's pain tonight  
Alright

Forty five minutes it will all be gone  
I'll be strapped to the tap like nothing's wrong but  
Can't worry about tomorrow's pain tonight  
Alright

These days, these nights are so ordinary  
Smoke filled room conversation slow  
Just leave me alone with the radio  
Can't worry about tomorrow's pain tonight

Alright  
End of the tunnel couldn't light my path  
Souls warring down still running fast but  
Can't worry about tomorrow's pain tonight,  
Alright

Possessions never make good friends  
You can throw it all away  
Freedom is the race to your new beginning  
Possessions never made much sense  
Confessions never made much sense to me  
These days, these nights are so ordinary

Lyrics provided by

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