# Ordinary

## Bleud

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

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