

Ordinary

Quadrophenia

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

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