

# Just a Song

## The Ordinary Boys

Oh, to get ahead in this world,  
Takes a lot of kind words,  
And ruthless damning actions,  
And I hope I never have to hurt you,  
Though I gladly will do,  
My friend

And I'll be reading in the kitchen,  
Sipping lazy cups of tea, I won't be,  
Brooding in my bedroom with the,  
Shutters down on me,  
And this song is not cathartic,  
Because I've done nothing wrong,  
It's just a song, it's just a song

Ah, you see the more you're trying,  
The more I know you're lying,  
The more I start to hate the sight of you,  
Well tell me what would you do?  
Pulled by both arms,  
Nearly torn in two

And I'll be reading in the kitchen,  
Sipping lazy cups of tea, I won't be,  
Crying in my bedroom with the,  
Covers over me,  
And this song is not cathartic,  
Because I've done nothing wrong,  
It's just a song, it's just a song

And I'll be reading in the kitchen,  
Sipping lazy cups of tea, I won't be,  
Brooding in my bedroom with the,  
Shutters down on me,  
And this song is not cathartic,  
Because I've done nothing wrong,  
It's just a song, it's just a song

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