

Phil Wickham

"The New Neil Young"

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I used to run around and shoot my mouth at anyone I
thought was worth the time
I had a run in with my next door neighbour stealing all
my clothing off the line
You have to set to forget the record's getting wet
I've got to find respect before I die
And if you shut your mouth and sit this out
Then everything will work itself out fine

These are such ordinary times
We lead such ordinary lives

Well it can't win if I don't let it
But I'll never get this credit off my mind
I do believe that you just said it best
When pointing out that polar bears are white
Well what you get is what you get
I ain't got nothing left
I've got to find respect before I die
You know I never thought I'd end up as the connoisseur
of truck stop suicide

These are such ordinary times
We lead such ordinary lives
These are such ordinary times
We lead such ordinary lives

Well the track is worn and the road is tight
I'm rolling down the railroad with some dynamite
I'm fishing for compliments but those things don't bite
I'm talking to a girl that knows a guy that might, alright

We want the new Neil Young, new Neil Young, new Neil
Young
Bring us the new Neil Young, new Neil Young, new Neil
Young

These are such ordinary times
We lead such ordinary lives
These are such ordinary times
We lead such ordinary lives

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