

Greg Jones

"Ordinary"

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As I boy I would run to my school,
Cutting through fields of clover.
Then they were gone: clean, good, and nice.
Covered by roads where cars now drive.

It's just an ordinary day.
I'm much to strange for this ordinary world.
It's just an ordinary day.
I'm much to strange for this ordinary world.

The more than I learn, the less that I know.
Never thought I would want to slow down.
Just focus on clouds in blue skies,
Above all the rain, the sun shines.

It's just an ordinary day.
I'm much to strange for this ordinary world.
It's just an ordinary day.
I'm much to strange for this ordinary world.

It's just an ordinary day.
A circus full of clowns.
It's just an ordinary day.
A circus full of clowns.
It's just an ordinary day.
A circus full of clowns.
It's just an ordinary day.

It's just an ordinary day.
I'm much to strange for this ordinary world.
It's just an ordinary day.
I'm much to strange for this ordinary world

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