

Kinks, The

"Ordinary People"

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STAR:

I am the image maker. I am the magic maker. I can turn the most ordinary man in the world into a star. To prove my point I am going to find the most mundane little man and turn him into celebrity. Hmm! This looks like a suitably uninteresting house. I wonder if there's anybody here with enough star quality?

He presses the doorbell.

STAR:

Hello. What's your name?

WIFE:

Andrea.

STAR:

Oh, that's a nice name. What's your husband's name?

WIFE:

Norman.

STAR:

His name's Norman. That sounds ordinary enough. I would like you to join in a unique experiment with me. I am going to take Norman's place for a few days. I'm going to research his ordinary dull little existence.

WIFE:

Oh you can't come in now! The place is in a terrible mess!

STAR:

That doesn't matter. I want you to act normally. I want you to treat me as if I

were Norman. I am going to sacrifice
my normal flamboyant life style and
become ordinary, boring little Norman
for a few days.

Ordinary People

It's like another world, being here with you,
It's quite a trip for me, so this is reality.
I'm studying every movement, I'm trying to learn the
part,
Now I want you to be natural, just relax and be as you
are,
'Cos it's all for art, I want to observe the ordinary
people

Tomorrow I shall become Norman,
I shall go to his office,
Mix with his workmates.
And if they ask any questions
I shall say I'm doing research for one of my songs.
Norman and I are changing places
And I'm going to make him a star,
So I'm throwing away my stage suit and I'm packing
away my guitar,
For the sake of art I'm gonna mix with the ordinary
people.

Star:
God these pyjamas are awful!

Wife:
Awful? Well all I can say is my Norman wears them
every night.

Star:
Alright, no sacrifice is too great for art!

The things I've done for music,
The things I've done for art.
So I'll make these sacrifices and I'll take it like a star
For the sake of art I will mix with the ordinary people.

Star:
You'd better come to bed darling.

Wife:
Coming! You'll never get up for work in the morning.

I'm making observations, and character simulations.
I'll mix with his friends and relations,

And he'll be a part of me.

Chorus

He's changing places with Norman,
To get background for his songs.

I'm immortalising his life
And I'll even sleep with his wife,
For the sake of art I'll go to bed like the ordinary
people.

Turn out the light.
Turn out the light.

The Star exchanges his silver stage
suit for Norman's pin stripe suit,
umbrella and briefcase. He forsakes
his customary brandy and cigars and
settles for a cup of hot chocolate before
going to bed.

Live version:

Hey Norman, you're stayin' at home with your wife
And you dream you're a rock-n-roll star
But you've reached the point of no return
And you don't know who you really are
You're livin' in a fantasy world
You don't know what's real
How does it feel, all of your life
In an enchanted lie[?] [could be "eternal lie"?]

[Or possibly it's "Imitating lives of... the ordinary
people"]

The ordinary people
The ordinary people
The ordinary people

Hey mister can you lend me a hand
Can you tell me who I really am
Am I just an ordinary guy
Or do I play in a rock-n-roll band
Are you all in my imagination
Are they only in my mind
'Cause I just don't know what to feel
When everything seems real

With the ordinary people
The ordinary people
The ordinary people

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