

Lucius, Nothing Ordinary

Little bird flying in the breeze
Flying above the trees, he's crying
Because the wind is thick, let it off a sour trick
From the smoky fumes of fire

And there is nothing ordinary
Nothing ordinary, nothing ordinary
Nothing ordinary, nothing ordinary, nothing ordinary

Cattle fields spread across the land
Fills pockets full of cheap thrills, but who's counting?
We've been milking it for its worth
How's about a rebirth?
Plant a seed and watch it grow

And there is nothing ordinary
Nothing ordinary, nothing ordinary
Nothing ordinary, nothing ordinary, nothing ordinary

You can bend another one
You can't glue it back together
You can't glue it back together
You can bend another one
You can't glue it back together
You can't glue it back together
Once it's gone

Man cannot run this place alone
But when nature intervenes, keep trying
New is in, out with all the old
Just watch us make the bed we'll lie in

And there is nothing ordinary
Nothing ordinary, nothing ordinary
Nothing ordinary, nothing ordinary, nothing ordinary