

He's Just An Ordinary Guy

Kristin Chenoweth

He's just an ordinary guy.
He doesn't occupy a seat of government,
Or anything like that.
He works hard everyday.
Saturday, brings home his pay.

He may take a glass of beer sometimes, I'd bet.
He's never had his name in lights,
He's never front-paged news,
He stands up for his rights,
Yet doesn't beef, or sing the blues.

He's just an ordinary guy.

But when he comes home
and he holds me tight,
and we make that light,
it makes all things right.
And when he goes out
all the lights go out.

He's just an ordinary guy.

He likes the radio on,
He wears his baseball cap,
He drinks his beer on tap.
Nothing much does he say,
But what he says, he says his way.

He likes meat.
He likes potatoes.
That is that.
When we go dancing once a week,
He's no Astaire, he's meek,
But don't call the police!
Believe me, I'm no Cyd Charisse.

He's just an ordinary guy.
But when he comes home and he holds me nice,
and I melt like ice,
It's like paradise.
And when he goes out
All the lights go out.

He's just an ordinary guy.
He's just an ordinary guy.

There's no other guy like mine to tuck me in.
Why? Because he's my ordinary guy.