

# Ordinary People

Neil Young

In a dusty town a clock struck high noon, two men stood face to face.  
One wore black and one wore white, but of fear there wasn't a trace.  
Two hundred years later two hot rods drag through the very same place,  
And a half a million people  
Moved in to pick up the pace, a factory full of people.  
Makin' parts to go to outer space, a train load of people.  
They were aimin' for another place, out of town people.

There's a man in the window with a big cigar, says everything's for sale.  
The house and the boat and the railroad car, the owner's gotta go to jail.  
He acquired these things from a life of crime, now he's selling them to raise his bail.  
He was rippin' off the people.  
Sellin' guns to the underground, tryin' to help the people.  
Lose their ass for a piece of ground, rippin' off the people.  
Skimmin' the top when there was no one around, tryin' to help the people.

He was dealing antiques in a hardware store but he sure had a lot to hide.  
He had a back-room full of the guns of war and a ton of ammunition besides.  
Well, he walked with a cane, kept a bolt on the door with five pit bulls inside,  
Just a warning to the people  
Who might try to break in at night, protection from the people.  
Selling safety in the darkest night, tryin' to help the people.  
Get the drugs to the street all right, ordinary people.

Well, it's hard to say where a man goes wrong, might be here and it might be there.  
What starts out weak might get too strong, if you can't tell foul from fair.  
But it's hard to judge from an angry throng of hands stretched into the air,  
The vigilante people.  
Takin' law into their own hands, conscientious people.  
Crackin' down on the drug-lord's land, government people.  
Confiscatin' all the dealer's land, patch-of-ground people.

Down at the factory, they're puttin' new windows in.  
The vandals made a mess of things, and the homeless just walked right in.  
Well, they worked here once, and they live here now, but they might work here again,  
They're ordinary people.  
And they're livin' in a nightmare, hard workin' people.  
And they don't know how they go there, ordinary people.  
And they think that you don't care, hard workin' people.

Down on the assembly line, they keep puttin' the same thing out.  
But the people today, they just ain't buyin', nobody can figure it out.  
Well, they try like hell to build a quality end, they're workin' hard without a doubt,  
They're ordinary people.  
And the dollar's what it's all about, hard workin' people.  
But the customers are walkin' out, leech people.  
Yeah, they look but they just don't buy, hard workin' people.

Two out of work models and a fashion slave try to dance away the Michelob Night.  
The bartender poured himself another drink, while two drunks sat watchin' the fight.

The champ went down, then he got up again, and then he went out like a light  
,  
He was fightin' for the people.  
But his timing wasn't right, for las vegas people  
Who came to see a las vegas fight, high rollin' people.  
Takin' limos though the neon night, fightin' for the people.

And then a new Rolls Royce and a company car they went flyin' down the street.  
Each one tryin' to make it to the gate before employees manned the fleet.  
The trucks full of products for the modern home, set to roll out into the street  
Of downtown people.  
Tryin' to make their way to work, nose-to-the-stone people.  
Some are saints, and some are jerks, hard workin' people.  
Stoppin' for a drink on the way to work, alcoholic people.  
Yeah yeah, they're takin' it one day, one day at a time.

Out on the railroad track, they're cleanin' up number nine.  
They're scrubbin' the boiler down, well, she really is lookin' fine.  
Awe, she's lookin' so good, they're gonna bring her back on line,  
Ordinary people.  
They're gonna bring the good things back, nose-to-the stone people.  
Put the business back on track, ordinary people.  
I got faith in the regular kind, hard workin' people,  
Patch-of-ground people.