

Patching the roof and pitching the hay Is not my idea of a perfect day
When you're extraordinary You gotta do extraordinary things

I'm not the type who loses sleep Over the size of the compost heap
When you're extraordinary You think about extraordinary things

Oh I once knew a man He lived each day the same Safe and sane and swell
When they told me he died I didn't cry All I could say was How could they tell?

Oh, lookin' at life From deep in a rut May give you a view of the sunshine, but
It's unnecessary To someone who is very Extraordinary like me

If the floorboards are squeaking And the doorboards are leaking
And the chimney's in need of repair
If the garden has brambles And the yard is in shambles
Well I'm terribly sorry But I don't care

I've got to be someone who lives All of his life in superlatives
[I'm extraordinary I gotta do extraordinary things](#)

The fact that I'm special is easy to see So why doesn't anybody see it but me?
I'm extraordinary I need to do extraordinary things

4 measures of dance break

Oh give me my chance and [give me my wings](#)
And don't make me think about everyday things
They're so secondary To someone who is very
Extraordinary Liiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiike me