

Jars Of Clay "These Ordinary Days"

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Not much for conversation
I still find need to pray
Sometimes I get tired of walking
Through these ordinary days

If nothing else I get to see you
Even if we never speak
The harm of words though sometimes
We don't quite know what they really mean

I don't know where
I don't know how
I don't know why
But your love can make these things better

And let me lay down in this field
Stare up at the sky
I hope the days and clouds turn into something
As they pass us by

And maybe you could settle
For a skyline faded blue
I hope that you might settle
For this love I have for you

I don't know where
I don't know how
I don't know why
But your love can make these things better

I don't know where
I don't know how
I don't know why
But your love can make these things better

I don't know where
And I don't know how
I don't know why
But your love can make these things better

Your love can make these things better
Your love can make these things better

Your love can make these things better

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