

Day One "Ordinary Man"

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There is a woman
Who lives in this town
That has my heart
Held in her hand
I see her in the
Streets every day
But I can't find
The words to say
But if I were a writer
And could write a good hand
I'd write of this love
That I don't understand
The words in my head
They come and they go
I'm thinking I love her
But she'll never know
And if I were a sculptor
And had a good eye
I'd carve out her beauty
In marble or ice
But these hands of mine
Are far from refined
I guess I'll have to accept that I am
Just an ordinary man
I'm just an ordinary man
Now if I were good looking

And had a pretty face
And if I could walk
And speak with grace
And if I had style
Then I
Wouldn't have to look down when she walked by
And if I were a singer
And could sing a good key
I'd sing of this love
In melody
But this voice of mine
Is far from refined
I guess I'll have to accept that I am
Just an ordinary man
I'm just an ordinary man

I know one day she'll look
I know one day she'll see me
And maybe that one day
She'll want to be with me
And maybe she'll love me
For who I am
Just as that ordinary man
Just as that ordinary man

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