

Stephen Covell "Ordinary Love"

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Well isn't this perfect
She's thinks
Folding her ordinary clothes
Her ordinary life
Is complete

A working class daydream
Staring out the window
On an ordinary street
An ordinary night
Repeats

So why isn't that what I see
She's a goddess to me
When our paths sometimes meet
She sings

No time for sad songs
No time at all
She's got a baby to feed
And between other needs
She crawls

So now repunzul
How the view from up there
Behind a door with no key
Look far you can see
Out that window

Can you see what I see
I believe in you more than you know
And while your hair grows
I'll sing

Well isn't this perfect
He thinks
Holding her ordinary love
In his ordinary heart
He's complete

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