

Day One, Ordinary Man

There is a woman, who lives in this town
that has my heart, held in her hand
i see her in the, streets everyday
but i can't find, the words to say

But if were a writer, and could write a good hand
i'd write of this love, that i don't understand
but 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 sculpter, and had a good eye
i'd carve out her her beauty, in marble or ice
But these hands of mine, are far from refined
i guess i'll have to accept that im
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 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 im
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

Just as that ordinary man