

## The Ancient Commonsense Of Things

Bishop Allen

There are those who understand  
That long before this all began  
A hammer hit the nail with great sympathy

A clothespin hanging on the line  
The cork on the bottles up your wine  
Strings that bowed concert, make a symphony

And oh oh the ancient commonsense of things  
And oh oh the ancient commonsense of things

There are those who know to look  
Through all the crannies and the nooks  
When I found you dear, what it meant to me

Book to shelf and foot to shoe  
And likewise I belong to you  
My heart is pounding loud just like a timpany

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And oh oh oh oh oh oh oh oh oh oh ...  
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