

Ordinary Man

Day One

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