

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
Just as that ordinary man

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