This Good Day

Fernando Ortega

Morning sun, morning glories
Pouring down the hill
Through my window
I can feel the ocean breezeNoisy sparrows fill the oak trees
Swallows can't stay still
And in the glad commotion
Lord, You speak to meIf rain clouds come
Or the cold winds blow
You're the one who goes before me
And in my heart I knowThat this good day, it is a gift from You
The world is turning in its place
Because You made it to
I lift my voice to sing a song of praise
On this good dayI will walk to woodman's cove
The fishing boats are leaving
Seagulls follow just above the waterI will wait until the sunset
Brings them home again
Rigging lines and anchors in the harborIf rain clouds come
Or the cold winds blow
You're the one who goes before me
And in my heart I knowThis good day, it is a gift from You
The world is turning in its place
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