

These Ordinary Days

Jars of Clay

Not much for conversation
I still find need to pray
Sometimes I get tired of walking
Through these ordinary days
If nothing else I get to see you
Even if we never speak
The harm of words though sometimes
We don't quite know what they really mean
I don't know where
I don't know how
I don't know why
But your love can make these things better
And let me lay down in this field
Stare up at the sky
I hope the days and clouds turn into something
As they pass us by
And maybe you could settle
For a skyline faded blue
I hope that you might settle
For this love I have for you
I don't know where
I don't know how
I don't know why
But your love can make these things better
I don't know where
I don't know how
I don't know why
But your love can make these things better
I don't know where
And I don't know how
I don't know why
But your love can make these things better
Your love can make these things better
Your love can make these things better

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