

# Day One, Ordinary Man

There is a woman, who lives in this town  
that has my heart, held in her hand  
i see her in the, streets everyday  
but i can't find, the words to say

But if were a writer, and could write a good hand  
i'd write of this love, that i don't understand  
but 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 sculpter, and had a good eye  
i'd carve out her her beauty, in marble or ice  
But these hands of mine, are far from refined  
i guess i'll have to accept that im  
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 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 im  
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