

Jars Of Clay, These Ordinary Days

Not much for conversation, I still find need to pray
Cause 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 is 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

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
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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
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Your love can make these things better