

Stephen Covell, Ordinary Love

Well isn't this perfect
She thinks
She folds her ordinary clothes
Her ordinary life
Is complete

A working class daydream
Staring out the window
On an ordinary street
An ordinary night
Repeats

But that's not what I see
She's a goddess to me
When our paths sometimes meet
She sings

No time for sad songs
No time at all
She's got a baby to feed
And among other needs
She crawls

So now Rapunzel
How's the view from up there?
Behind a door with no key
Look far you can see
Out that window
That window

Oh, can you see what I see?
I believe in you more than you know
And while your hair grows
I'll sing

I believe in you more than you know
And while your hair grows
I'll sing

Well isn't this perfect
He thinks
Holding her ordinary love
In his ordinary heart
He's complete