

# 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