

Fernando Ortega, This Good Day

This Good Day
Morning sun and morning glories
Pouring down the hill,
Through my window
I can feel the ocean breeze.

Noisy sparrows fill the oak trees
Swallows can't stay still,
And in the glad commotion
Lord, You speak to me

Chorus:
If the rain clouds come
Or the cold winds blow,
You're the one who goes before me
And in my heart I know

This good day
It is a gift from You.
The world is turning in its place
because You made it to.
I lift my voice
To sing a song of praise
On this good day.

I will walk to Woodman's Cove,
The fishing boats are leaving,
Seagulls follow just above the water.

I will wait until the sunset
Brings them home again,
Rigging lines and anchors in the harbor.

repeat chorus