

# Walter Edgar Kennon, An Ordinary Miracle

Imagine someone to love who loves you.  
Imagine to look in her eyes and see.  
Imagine how miraculous it seems to be,  
but its not so very rare.

You can find it anywhere.  
Its an ordinary miracle.  
The kind you find around you every single day  
or maybe its just seasonal like spring and May.  
Theyre so many.

The ordinary miracle.  
A common kind of miracle that runs right by  
or maybe its too gradual to catch your eye  
so you miss it.

A sudden bolt of distant lightning.  
Cathedrals rising out of stone.  
A baby starts to walk and talk one day  
then, shockingly, hes grown  
and in love.

That volcano of emotions  
not ten thousand gypsy-potions  
can undo.

Yes, its love  
Well, of course my view is slanted,  
but people do take love for granted.  
Sad, but true.

Of all the many miracles.  
Mysterious and marvelous and big and small.  
When people fall in love it really beats them all.  
Oh, to see it,  
to feel it,  
to know it

Imagine someone to love who loves you.  
Imagine to look in her eyes and see.  
Imagine how extraordinary it would be  
if an ordinary miracle  
happened to me