

## These Ordinary Days

Jars of Clay

Not much for conversation, I still find need to pray.  
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 and 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.

Your love can make these things better.  
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Your love can make these things better.