

The Ancient Commonsense Of Things

Bishop Allen

There are those who understand
That long before this all began
A hammer hit the nail with great sympathy

A clothespin hanging on the line
The cork on the bottles up your wine
Strings that bowed concert, make a symphony

And oh oh the ancient commonsense of things
And oh oh the ancient commonsense of things

There are those who know to look
Through all the crannies and the nooks
When I found you dear, what it meant to me

Book to shelf and foot to shoe
And likewise I belong to you
My heart is pounding loud just like a timpany

And oh oh the ancient commonsense of things
And oh oh the ancient commonsense of things
And oh oh oh oh oh oh oh oh oh oh ...
Oh oh the ancient commonsense of things

And oh oh the ancient commonsense of things
And oh oh the ancient commonsense of things
And oh oh oh oh oh oh oh oh oh oh ...
Oh oh the ancient commonsense of things