

# Ordinary Man

Day One

There is a woman  
Who lives in this town  
That has my heart  
Held in her hand

I see her in the  
Streets every day  
But I can't find  
The words to say

But if I were a writer  
And could write a good hand  
I'd write of this love  
That I don't understand

The words in my head  
They come and they go  
I'm thinking I love her  
But she'll never know

And if I were a sculptor  
And had a good eye  
I'd carve out her beauty  
In marble or ice

But these hands of mine  
Are far from refined  
I guess I'll have to accept that I am  
Just an ordinary man  
I'm just an ordinary man

Now, if I were good looking  
And had a pretty face  
And if I could walk  
And speak with grace

And if I had style  
Then I  
Wouldn't have to look down when she walked by

And if I were a singer  
And could sing a good key  
I'd sing of this love  
In melody

But this voice of mine  
Is far from refined  
I guess I'll have to accept that I am  
Just an ordinary man  
I'm just an ordinary man

I know one day she'll look  
I know one day she'll see me  
And maybe that one day  
She'll want to be with me  
And maybe she'll love me  
For who I am

Just as that ordinary man  
Just as that ordinary man