

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.

I don't know where, I don't know how.
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.
Your love can make these things better.
Your love can make these things better.