

My Ordinary Days

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Thank you, friend, for blessing all my ordinary days.
I think of you in summer and through the winter haze,
When the canal is frozen over and the year's flowed to an end,
I will see you in the spring time And will set to work again.

Chorus: Along this silver ribbon, with the Sun our only clock
 I'll live my ordinary life 'tween the level and the lock.

As the sun beats down upon us, the years do not erase
All these days of peace and toil and the lines upon my face.
I have gathered up the riches those of wealth would scorn to take,
But if they knew the sweetness here, the yearning and the ache.

They might ask me for my stories of my ordinary life,
Aboard this old canal boat with my children and my wife,
And I'll smile and tip my hat to those who know not what I give,
For in all this world of wonder, there's no other way I'd live.