

THIS GOOD DAY

FERNANDO ORTEGA

MORNING SUN
AND MORNING GLORIES
POURING DOWN THE HILL,
THROUGH MY WINDOW
I CAN FEEL THE OCEAN BREEZE.

NOISY SPARROWS
FILL THE OAK TREES
SWALLOWS CAN'T STAY STILL,
AND IN THE GLAD COMMOTION
LORD, YOU SPEAK TO ME

IF RAIN CLOUDS COME
OR THE COLD WINDS SLOW,
YOU'RE THE ONE
WHO GOES BEFORE ME
AND IN MY HEART I KNOW

**THAT THIS GOOD DAY
IT IS A GIFT FROM YOU.
THE WORLD IS TURNING IN ITS PLACE
BECAUSE YOU MADE IT TO.
I LIFT MY VOICE
TO SING A SONG OF PRAISE
ON THIS GOOD DAY.**

I WILL WALK
TO WOODMAN'S COVE
THE FISHING BOATS ARE LEAVING,
SEAGULLS FOLLOW
JUST ABOVE THE WATER.

I WILL WAIT
UNTIL THE SUNSET
BRINGS THEM HOME AGAIN
RIGGING LINES AND ANCHORS
IN THE HARBOR