

Tinman Jones, Evidence

With my eyes, I can gaze at all the finger painted skies
With my ears, I can hear the old man laugh, the baby cry
With my mind, I can fly through the buckle of Orion's belt
Your love takes me to a place that I have never felt

How could I not see your face in everything
The stars are your eyes and the wind is your hand
How could I not release all of my unbelief
When your evidence is more than the sand

Take a good look while you're spinning around
Eyes on the surface, you gotta look deeper
Cause sometimes things aren't what they seem
You're bound to hear the talk that comes much cheaper
Looking down I see a crack in the sidewalk
An old beer can on the side of the road, but
It gets you nothing when you're drawn in white chalk
So heads up, you win, and tails, you know what
Open see the things that are man made
All the fancy things we're scheming today
We gotta wise up, we only have cause God gave
Even made a mind that could dream and create
You say you gotta have some concrete proof
Well, I say you got a fly in your ointment
I guess you thing we all came with a proof
The truth is , we're on divine appointment

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I saw a sould in the night pass from death to life
The change in you is evidence to me