

Emerson Drive, Evidence

Lipstick impressions on my white collar shirt
Number on a matchbook so I'll get a hold of her
Ohh that's all the proof I need
I can smell her perfume on my passenger seat
A strand of long blonde hair
That don't belong to me
Ohhh it's not a dream

CHORUS

I can't believe
It's really happening
My eyes can see yeah
It's not an illusion
I didn't imagine this
I've got the evidence
Let me tell ya now

My machine is blinkin'
From a message she left
Her voice sounds so sweet
I can't erase it yet
Ohh I probably never will
I bought a picture for 5 dollars
That she talked me into
I was head over heels
Cramped up in a booth
Ohh I got it on film

CHORUS

Ya I got the evidence

CHORUS

I've got the evidence
Yeah I've the evidence
I've got the evidence