

# 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