

Smalltown Poets, Anything Genuine

Test this gold for its worth is the same as testing me
And the fire burns easily today

The net is the good that's left after the metal is refined
As I melt, look at what I've got and
Separate it all from what I need

I'll take anything, anything genuine.
Looking up from where I went I could take whatever I get
I'll take anything, anything genuine

More interesting is my faith than the fear of what I'll miss
And those things are temporary anyway

Still on this side getting fit for a
faith that's been tried
And I smile more believably while
getting just enough to know I need

I'll take anything, anything genuine
Looking up from where I went, I could take whatever I get
Falling from Your hands or falling from Your lips
As long as it's from You, I know
that I can take it, I can take it

And I'll rejoice.