Tinman Jones, Guitar Saint

A million to one, take a shot
Lose it all, not a lot
Dig it in, facing east
Mind your armor, love the least

Sing the song of the brave
Bring a saving grace
Throw your jam out boy
Make it all count don't let it sway
You've got to take it to a level
That in time breaks the fall
Throw your jam out boy
You've got to reach the stars
You've got to turn out
Take it to a level or in time you will burn out
Throw your jam out boy

Do your thing what you do
Load them on two by two
Just make sure you scratch that paint
You look like a guitar saint

This little light that we possess
We got to take it to the point of no return and just
Learn from those many itty bitty mistakes
Its inevitable, we got to learn what makes
This talent that you possess
And bring to the table
Its as vital as can be to a boy born in a stable
Able to carry the world upon His shoulders
Got to use what you got cause what you got can build soldiers