

Art In Me

Jars of Clay

Images on the sidewalk
Speak of dream's descent
Washed away by storms
To graves of cynical lament
Dirty canvases
To call my own
Protest lyrics
Carved by the old pay phone
In your picture book
I'm trying hard to see
Turning endless pages
Of this tragedy
Sculpting every move
You compose a symphony
You plead to everyone
"See the art in me"
"See the art in me"
"See the art in me"
Broken stained-glass windows
The fragments ramble on
Tales of broken souls
An eternity's been won
As critics scorn the thoughts
And works of mortal man
My eyes are drawn to you
In awe once again
In your picture book
I'm trying hard to see
Turning endless pages
Of this tragedy
Sculpting every move
You compose a symphony
You plead to everyone
"See the art in me"
(See the art in me)
"See the art in me"
(See the art in me)
"See the art in me"
In your picture book
I'm trying hard to see
(Trying hard to see)
Turning endless pages
Of this tragedy
Sculpting every move
You compose a symphony
And you plead to everyone

"See the art in me"
(See the art in me)
"See the art in me"
(See the art in me)
"See the art in me"
(See the art in me)
"See the art in me"

Lyrics provided by <https://www.songarea.com/>