

Evening Show

Michael W. Smith

On a cool and cloudless night
In a field of amber grain
A gentle Spirit guides the wind
Oh, and set upon the plain
Big sky, pray it glows
Behold, behold the evening show

I set my face against the sky
I feel my heart at rest
In a palace filled with mighty works
Oh, this might have been His best
Same town, see it glow
It's time to watch the midnight show

A velvet black, the moon burns bright
Orion is on high
A thousand million trails of light
Reminds me of the 4th of July
Aim high, move slow
Stand back and watch the evening show

I cast my worries to the ground
They trouble me no more
A sense of peace is only found
When I wander through Your open door
Aim high, move slow
Stand back and watch the evening show

It's more, more than we can know
Be still and watch the evening show
And watch the evening show
Watch the evening show
Watch the evening show (show)