

# Music's What I See

Rhonda Vincent

I was down on lower Broadway  
When I heard a plaintive sound  
There musta been a hundred people  
Gathered all around  
A blind old man sitting on a stool  
No one made a sound  
When he sang

Jesus loves me this I know  
Somewhere bluebirds fly over the rainbow  
God is great and God is good to me  
He gave me music  
Music's what I see

I could almost feel the snow  
When he sang Rocky Mountain High  
He brought me to tears  
With I'm so lonesome I could cry  
I shivered in the chorus  
When he played cold Kentucky rain  
But he really got to me  
When he sang music  
Music's what I see

He said my imagination  
These songs and this guitar  
Have taken me around the world  
I've even touched a star  
He sang for nothin' but he smiles  
When the money hits the jar

And he sings  
Jesus loves me this I know  
Somewhere bluebirds fly over the rainbow  
God is great and God is good to me  
He gave me music  
Music's what I see

I've been busted flat in Baton Rouge  
On a long black train  
Felt the tracks of my tears  
With blues eyes cryin' in the rain  
I faced a ring of fire with  
Sunday morning coming down  
He was looking straight at me when he said music  
Music's what I see

God is great and God is good to me  
He gave me music and  
Music's what I see