

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