

I see God in symmetry  
I see God in our make-believe  
I see God in our grand attempts  
To make something beautiful before life ends

I see God in irony  
In fragile heirlooms within children's reach  
And I see God in our damaged goods  
But you see God in ways I wish I could  
You see God in ways I wish I could

Without instruction, without obstruction you believe  
Without container or dualistic framework  
You see the Holy Ghost in broad daylight  
And I see the reflection in your eyes

I see God in healing bones  
In the sanctuary of our homes  
I see God in the wilderness  
In our magnetism to recklessness

Black or white we're vivid color  
After a while it all runs together  
Our stained glass means nothing without light

I see God in our damaged good  
But you see God in ways I wish I could  
You see God in ways I wish I could

Without assurance, without insurance you believe  
Without condition or the promise of heaven  
You see the Holy Ghost in broad daylight  
And I see the reflection in your eyes  
I see the reflection in your eyes