

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 limericks 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
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
(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
(Oh trying hard to see)
Turning endless pages of this tragedy
(Oh)
Sculpting every move you compose a symphony
(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
(See the art in me)
See the art in me

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