

# Evidence

## G.A.S. Drummers

Lipstick impressions on my white collar shirt  
Number on a matchbook so I'll get a hold of her  
Oh, that's all the proof I need I can smell her perfume on my passenger seat  
A strand of long blonde hair that don't belong to me  
Oh, it's not a dream I can't believe it's really happening  
My eyes can see, yeah  
It's not an illusion, I didn't imagine this  
I've got the evidence, let me tell ya now My machine is blinkin' from a message she left  
Her voice sounds so sweet I can't erase it yet  
Oh, I probably never will I bought a picture for five dollars that she talked me into  
I was head over heels, cramped up in the booth  
Oh, I've got it on film Still I can't believe it's really happening  
My eyes can see, yeah  
It's not an illusion, I didn't imagine this  
I've got the evidence, yeah I've got the evidence I can't believe it's really happening  
My eyes can see, yeah  
It's not an illusion, I didn't imagine this  
I've got the evidence, yeah I've the evidence  
I've got the evidence

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