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 needI 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 dreamI 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 nowMy machine is blinkin' from a message she left
Her voice sounds so sweet I can't erase it yet
Oh, I probably never willI 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 filmStill 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 evidenceI 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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