

## **Tinman Jones**

### **"Guitar Saint"**

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A million to one, take a shot  
Lose it all, not a lot  
Dig it in, facing east  
Mind your armor, love the least

Sing the song of the brave  
Bring a saving grace  
Throw your jam out boy  
Make it all count don't let it sway  
You've got to take it to a level  
That in time breaks the fall  
Throw your jam out boy  
You've got to reach the stars  
You've got to turn out  
Take it to a level or in time you will burn out  
Throw your jam out boy

Do your thing what you do  
Load them on two by two  
Just make sure you scratch that paint  
You look like a guitar saint

This little light that we possess  
We got to take it to the point of no return and just  
Learn from those many itty bitty mistakes  
Its inevitable, we got to learn what makes  
This talent that you possess  
And bring to the table  
Its as vital as can be to a boy born in a stable  
Able to carry the world upon His shoulders  
Got to use what you got cause what you got can build  
soldiers

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