

## Braid

# "Grace Car Part One"

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i saw your picture today on a card  
i tried so hard  
to remember that smiling face you placed  
on my prince's pillow in that broken down car  
last summer  
you sang to me so beautifully  
you were promised to me like a ring to a tree  
but you cut it all off and  
that's what kills me

pilot of lies  
who sat at the bat while i sat home and cried  
your hands were not tied  
you knew exactly where to hide  
and hitch a ride  
to  
one two three  
caliFORnia

"now; honey i'm so sorry  
if i whistle hollywood happy  
look where it gets me."

you show so painfully long  
but i sat and stared as if nothing was wrong  
as for the songs  
the beauty is there  
but the grace car's gone

and i don't want to be a part  
of music vs. the heart.  
we all stay in tune  
we all swear it's true

(without going overhead or upperhanded jests just fly  
by more time to get to know you and less of me, you  
can't buy my time)

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