

Jump, Little Children "Ocean Grace"

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The southwestern wind
it soon will blow again
blowin' steady at its pace.

And I'm traveling at the measure
of a lonely man's lecher
Sailing across the Ocean Grace

A heavy, heavy burden
on the last of my two dollars
hidden in the neck of my guitar case

and I'm trying to make a pastime
out of living off the last dime
sailing across the Ocean Grace

And you can count the goodbyes
With the tears in my eyes
rolling down this weathered face

with the pocket of a poor man
and the love of a woman
I'm sailing across the Ocean Grace

There's a cradle in the valley
of the Appalachian mountains
where the wood is split to crack in the fireplace

and the winter is a shepard
and she calls me with a soft word
sailing across the Ocean Grace

And the candle in the window
it flickers a reminder
the morning a sun will show its face

and a pally of the traveler
as in passing what he's after
sailing across the Ocean Grace

And the name is in the paper
and it reads across the pages

a sailor lost at sea without a trace

and I'm itching away the hot hand
as I'm stepping off the dry land
sailing across the Ocean Grace

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