

Lloyd Cole

"Grace"

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Once you were an angel
Jesse honey, is it hard to take
Does it feel so bad to be twenty-eight
You were twenty-three and you could do anything
Now you open your mouth and spit the gutter out

I was walking down by the river Thames
I decided that I should throw me in
because you broke my heart and you made me weep
In the name of your sensitivity

Still once you were an angel
Did nobody tell you, Jesse honey
Oh, you look so pale and old
And so very ill at ease these days
So you tell yourself that you'll never win
And you drown your sins in amphetamine

Do you weary so of that bitter taste
So you spit in my face just to keep you entertained
Still I can only love you, I have no option but to
Is hard to take, is it, is it hard to swallow
Is it, is it hard to take from grace

Once you were an angel
Did nobody tell you, Jesse honey, is it hard to take
Does it feel so bad to be twenty-eight
You were twenty-three and you could do anything
Now you open your mouth and you spit the gutter out

Out in the summer rain
You will begin again
Out in the summer rain
We will begin again

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