

Miss Kittin

"Grace"

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There is a place on the planet
Where I can lean where I can rest
It's in your arms, on your chest
I'm not of balance
In the state of grace
State of grace

I'm stead of taking to space
For was it was always the case
I'm on the way to find a place
Here and now in a taste of grace
Taste of grace
Taste of grace

I hear a sound
I hear the bass
Like a fist in my face

I was touched by grace
Touched by grace
Touched by grace

I hear the bass
I hear the bass
In my face
In my face

Touched by grace
Touched by grace

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