

Jeff Bridges

"Grace"

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(J. Buckley/G. Lucas)

There's the moon asking to stay
Long enough for the clouds to fly me away
Well it's my time coming, I'm not afraid, afraid to die

My fading voice sings of love
But she cries to the clicking of time,
Wait in the fire...

And she weeps on my arm
Walking to the bright lights in sorrow
Oh drink a bit of wine we both might go tomorrow
Oh my love...

And the rain is falling and I believe my time has come
And it reminds me of the pain I might leave behind
Wait in the fire...

And I feel them drown my name
So easy to know and forget with this kiss
But I'm not afraid to go, baby it's all because of you
But I'm not afraid to go, but it goes so slow, slow
Wait in the fire, wait in the fire
Wait in the fire...

...don't you take it away from me

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