

Diamond Rugs

"Beauty's Grace"

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A gentle rain on a warm night
Hits the glass as I drive by
The distant lights of a town's eye
That pulls on me inside

How I wish words I could say
To bring this all to better days
Beyond beauty's grace
Beyond this age

The more you tire the more you can't sit

The more you bleed the more you get hit
Will anybody arise to save you
When the man arrives to claim you?
When the debt comes due?

How I wish words I could say
To bring this all to better days
Beyond beauty's grace
Beyond this age

Beyond this age

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